



William Austin

LITERARY PAPERS

OF

✓
WILLIAM AUSTIN

With a Biographical Sketch

BY HIS SON

JAMES WALKER AUSTIN



BOSTON

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

WILLIAM AUSTIN, the author of the Papers included in this volume, was the son of NATHANIEL AUSTIN, — of the Austin family that settled in Charlestown, Massachusetts, about 1638, — and of MARGARET RAND, a sister of Dr. Isaac Rand, well spoken of by Lorenzo Sabine in the Biographical Sketches of American Loyalists.

The earliest recorded notice of the Austin name in the Charlestown Records is that of Richard Austin, who was admitted a freeman in 1651, probably when he became twenty-one years of age. From this Richard descended Benjamin Austin, commonly known as “Honestus;” Jonathan Loring Austin, secretary to Dr. Franklin at Paris, and afterward Secretary of State and Treasurer of Massachusetts; and the late Attorney-general, James Trecothick Austin. During the Revolution all of the Austin name were patriots, stanch and active; and Benjamin, the father of “Honestus,” was one of the number of those whose appointment as councillors was vetoed by Governor Gage.

There is a tradition that two boys, brothers, came to Charlestown in 1638, — one of whom was Richard (admitted freeman in 1651, as before stated), and the other named Anthony, who first went to Rowley, Massachusetts, and thence to Suffield, Connecticut. That one of the same race as Richard of 1651 removed to Connecticut is

beyond doubt, but at what particular time we have no evidence. It is stated that from this Connecticut branch was descended Stephen Fuller Austin, by whose forecast, wisdom, and energy, in a large measure, Texas became a part of the Union.

The two boys mentioned above were probably the "two children" accompanying that Richard Austin of Bishopstoke, England, enumerated by John Camden Hotten in his "Original Lists of Emigrants" as embarking from Southampton, bound for New England, in the ship "Bevis" in May, 1638. No further trace of Richard, senior, has been found; and he is unaccounted for, unless identical with the Austin mentioned in Winthrop's Journal, who arrived in New England in 1638, and whose subsequent capture by the Turks on his return voyage to England by way of Spain is considered by Winthrop a judgment of God for his dissatisfaction with the new country and withdrawal therefrom. This may be the Richard, as the date of his arrival, 1638, corresponds with the year of his departure from England; but if so, Winthrop is in error in stating that he with "his wife and family were carried to Algiers and sold there for slaves." Such may have been the fate of Richard and his wife, but not of the children, who seem to have remained in this country, and afterward appear as Richard and Anthony. There seems to be more than common obscurity in the history of the family until we begin with Richard of 1651, who appears from the Charlestown Records to have been a man of some note, and who held various public offices. From his time the family descent is clearly traced.

WILLIAM AUSTIN, the subject of this sketch, was born at Lunenburg, in the County of Worcester, Massachusetts, March 2, 1778, and died in Charlestown, June 27, 1841.

The house of his father was burned in the conflagration at Charlestown, June 17, 1775, during the battle of Bunker Hill; and on the same day the family left for Lunenburg, there to remain until the house was rebuilt. During the burning of Charlestown Mrs. Austin hastened with her son Nathaniel (William's elder brother), then about four years old, over Charlestown Neck to Malden. She never forgot the anxiety and distress of the day; and in after years, still cherishing her Tory prejudices, she was always careful to remind that son when arrayed in regimentals as general of the militia, to celebrate the 17th of June, that he was celebrating a defeat, and also her flight with him from the burning town.

The life of William Austin was not without incident. He was graduated from Harvard College in the Class of 1798, — a class of ability and good character. Among its members were William Ellery Channing, Samuel Phillips Prescott Fay, Joseph Story, Richard Sullivan, Stephen Longfellow, John Varnum, and Humphrey Devereux, — the last named his room-mate for four years. Mr. Austin was chosen a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, but declined for two reasons, — one, because he had a strong dislike to secret societies, and the other, because he thought injustice had been done to one of his classmates.

In 1799 Mr. Austin was appointed schoolmaster and chaplain in the Navy, being, I believe, the first commissioned chaplain in the service. He sailed with Commodores Nicholson and Talbot in the frigate "Constitution," and among his pupils was John, afterward Commodore, Downes, who years after, when in command at the Charlestown Navy Yard, gratefully said that there was one man, William Austin, to whom he could always cheerfully take off his hat. During the cruise of the

"Constitution," Commodore Talbot commanding, the ship "Amelia," owned in Hamburg, was captured from the French, and in 1800 the court decreed that the captors were entitled to one sixth of the value for salvage. Commodore Talbot had expected more, and sent Mr. Austin to engage Alexander Hamilton to manage the case. At the interview, Hamilton said:—

"Who are you, sir?"

"I am the chaplain," was the reply.

"You do not look much like a chaplain."

"I intend, as soon as I can afford it, to study law."

"Well, here is my library; make yourself at home. Study out this case, and determine for yourself what is the proper amount of salvage, as you are interested."

Mr. Austin accepted the invitation, examined the authorities, and came to the same conclusion with Mr. Hamilton, who highly commended the researches and arguments of the young chaplain.

After his cruises in the "Constitution" Mr. Austin went to England, and while there enjoyed the society of Washington Allston and John Blake White, artists, Edmund Trowbridge Dana, son of Judge Francis Dana, and Arthur Maynard Walter. Walter was a classmate, who took his degree at Columbia College, New York, because he had had some difficulty with the Harvard authorities, and Dana severed his connection with the College in his junior year. They were all genial men, and their political or other differences did not affect their social relations. These young men, having been intimate in America, their good-fellowship in London was but natural, and they remained cordial friends as long as life lasted. Austin gave a somewhat different version of the visit of the young men to see George III.

from that given by his classmate Willard, in the "Memories of Youth and Manhood." The account given in Mr. Austin's own words, is as follows: —

"I walked with White, Allston, Dana, and Walter to Windsor to see the royal family parade on the terrace. We all had canes, as was the fashion of the time, and to our surprise, upon entering the grounds these were taken away by an usher. I said, 'I hope you do not think we came to cane his Majesty.' I had seen the king before and knew his person. The others spoke almost in one breath, —

" 'Austin, which is the king?'

"I said, 'Do you see that man there?' pointing to the king.

" 'Yes.'

" 'Well, that is the rascal who burned my father's barn' "

Both house and barn had been burned at Charlestown, but the burning of the barn was treated as the meaner offence. Willard states that: —

"Austin was not born until nearly two years after the battle of Bunker Hill,¹ but in his childhood he could see ample proofs of the awful conflagration in the cellar walls and naked chimneys and fragments of timber, charred, but not wholly consumed."

I do not know that I can give any better description of Mr. Austin, with some slight qualifications and additions, than that to be found in the "Memories of Youth and Manhood," to which I have before referred. Mr. Willard says: —

"At no time, so far as I can remember, did Mr. Austin while at college show any desire to excel in the prescribed studies, being doubtless of the opinion that one has as good a right of choice in the studies he shall pursue as in the companions with whom he shall choose to associate. Apart from this, which was unjust to

¹ He was born nearly three years after the battle.

himself, he employed much of his time usefully, and was among the most distinguished belle-lettrists (if I may use a word of Coleridge's coining) of his class, and wrote with far more facility and sprightliness than the generality of its members. Soon after he received his degree he went to England as a literary amateur and observer, and wrote many letters home, which after his return he collected and published in a volume. They embrace a variety of topics, and among them descriptions of some of the most distinguished Parliamentary speakers at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, which form an interesting part of the book. For his professional life he studied law, and practised in this profession as an attorney, counsellor, and advocate. His ideas indeed were quick and often brilliant, but his temperament was impulsive, and he failed in that degree of illustrative amplification and that continuity of thought which are necessary to lead common minds to the desired conclusion. As a companion he was entertaining and instructive,—one whom it was pleasing to meet even casually in the street; for there was always something uppermost in his mind, and one might perceive in his approach that he had something to say, and he said it very abruptly perhaps, and sometimes it was very odd, but not infrequently suggestive of more than was said. While in active life, Austin belonged to the Democratic party, and for two years, beginning in May, 1822, he was a member of the Massachusetts Senate for the County of Middlesex. It was a time when party politics interfered little with legislation. He was also in 1820 a delegate from Charlestown to the Convention for revising the Constitution of Massachusetts, and upon some of the proposed amendments he took an active part in the debates. In the debate concerning the government of Harvard College he manifested a liberal spirit. With his usual frankness he acknowledged that he had formerly entertained prejudices, but they had long since been dissipated. It is a remarkable fact that there were eight members of the class graduated at Harvard College in 1798 who were members of this Convention; namely, John Abbot, William Austin, Samuel P. P. Fay, Isaac Fiske, Henry Gardner, Joseph Story, Richard Sullivan, and Joseph Tuckerman.

“Though Austin wrote with facility from a mind well stored, I am not aware that he contributed largely to the literature of his

times. His story of Peter Rugg, published in the "Galaxy" (a paper conducted by Joseph T. Buckingham), had great celebrity, and was copied in many newspapers and miscellaneous journals. It is a story unsurpassed in its kind, and so well and consistently sustained that the reader cannot fail to follow the hero in his perpetual motion with a feeling of sympathy and anxiety for his fate."

What is said of Mr. Austin as an advocate is partially true. He could make a close and able argument, but I think that from the bent and formation of his mind, unless he thought his client had a just cause he could not with energy enforce his arguments. He was however a most faithful counsellor, and when he officiated on trials as a justice for the County of Middlesex, all the Boston Bar, with scarcely an exception, brought their Middlesex actions to his court.

In England Mr. Austin made acquaintance with gentlemen of varied qualities, as will be seen by his account in the "Letters from London." Among others he became acquainted with the celebrated Lord Erskine. On a warm summer day he attended the Sessions, when it was known that Mr. Erskine was to address the Court. Erskine said, "Why, Mr. Austin, what can keep you in the court such an oppressive day?" "A gentleman, sir, by the name of Erskine keeps me here; he is responsible," — a reply which greatly pleased Erskine.

After spending about eighteen months at Lincoln's Inn in the study of law, Mr. Austin returned to Massachusetts, and soon after entered upon the practice of his profession. From this period until his activity of life ceased, he had a throng of attached clients in Charlestown and Boston, who kept him so much engaged that there was small opportunity for literary production.

On the 17th of June, 1801, three years after his gradu-

ation, Mr. Austin delivered an oration on Bunker Hill, before and at the request of the Charlestown Artillery Company. It was published, and is worth reading as a specimen of the style of the times. The essay on "The Human Character of Jesus Christ," written when the author was less than thirty years of age, is remarkable for its depth of thought, its beauty of language, and its reverent appreciation of the Son of Man.

Through the kindness of Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, I am permitted to include in this Sketch a part of his interesting essay published in "The Independent" of March 29, 1888, in which William Austin is called "A Precursor of Hawthorne." Colonel Higginson writes as follows : —

"The tale which will, perhaps, keep him in lasting memory is 'Peter Rugg, the Missing Man.' The tale was first printed in Buckingham's 'New England Galaxy' for Sept. 10, 1824; and that editor says of it: 'This article was reprinted in other papers and books, and read more than any newspaper communication that has fallen within my knowledge.'¹

"The original story purports to belong to the year 1820, and the scene of a later continuation is laid in the year 1825, both these being reprinted in the 'Boston Book' for 1841. It is the narrative, in the soberest language, of a series of glimpses of a man who spends his life in driving a horse and chaise — or more strictly 'a weather-beaten chair, once built for a chaise-body' — in the direction of Boston, but never getting there. He is accompanied by a child; and it subsequently turns out that he really left Boston about the time of the Boston massacre (1770) and has been travelling ever since, — the explanation being that he was once overtaken by a storm at Menotomy, now Arlington, a few miles from Boston, and that being a man of violent temper he swore to get home that night or never see home again. Thenceforth he is always travelling; a cloud and a storm always follow

¹ Personal Memoirs, i. 87.

him, and every horse that sees his approach feels abject terror. The conception is essentially Hawthorne-like ; and so are the scene and the accessories. The time to which Rugg's career dates back is that borderland of which Hawthorne was so fond, between the colonial and the modern period ; and the old localities, dates, costumes, and even coins are all introduced in a way to remind us of the greater artist. But what is most striking in the tale is what I have called the *penumbra*, — a word defined in astronomy as that portion of space which in an eclipse is partly but not entirely deprived of light ; and in painting, as the boundary of shade and light, where the one blends with the other.

“It is this precise gift which has long been recognized as almost peculiar to Hawthorne, among writers of English. Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Hawthorne's sister-in-law, stated it admirably when she wrote in a paper on ‘The Genius of Hawthorne :’¹ ‘He does not seem to know much more about his heroes and heroines than he represents them to know of each other ; but recognizing the fact that most outward action is of mixed motives, and admits of more than one interpretation, he is very apt to suggest two or three quite diverse views, and, as it were, consult with his readers upon which may be the true one ; and not seldom he gives most prominence to some interpretation which we feel pretty sure is not his own.’ Then she points out by way of illustration, that in ‘The Marble Faun’ the author does not seem really to know whether Donatello has pointed and furry ears or not ; and such illustrations could easily be multiplied. Now, it is precisely this method which we find in full force throughout the story of ‘Peter Rugg, the Missing Man,’ published while Hawthorne was yet a student at Bowdoin College.

“At every point in the narrative of this enigmatical man we are thrown into this borderland between light and shade. When the driver points out in the thunder-cloud, after Rugg and his weird child have driven by, the form of the man, horse, and vehicle, the writer admits that he himself saw no such thing, and suggests that ‘the man's fancy was doubtless at fault,’ and that it is ‘a very common thing for the imagination to paint for the senses.’ When an old citizen tells the tradition of Rugg's ill-temper, that he be-

¹ Atlantic Monthly, September, 1868.

came 'so profane that his wig would rise up from his head,' the dispassionate historian is careful to tell us: 'Some said it was on account of his terrible language; others accounted for it in a more philosophical way, and said it was caused by the expansion of his scalp, as violent passion, we know, will swell the veins and expand the head.' When the author mentions the rumor that on the only occasion when Rugg really reached Boston and drove through his own street, unable to stop the horse, the clatter of the animal's hoofs shook the houses, he quietly points out that this was nothing remarkable; 'for at this day, in many of the streets, a loaded truck or team in passing will shake the houses like an earthquake.' However,' he adds, 'Rugg's neighbors never afterward watched. Some of them treated it all as a delusion, and thought no more of it. Others of a different opinion shook their heads and said nothing.' Here we have in perfection the *penumbra* of Hawthorne.

"Again, when the toll-gatherer once attempted to stop Rugg on Charlestown bridge and failed, the writer adds: 'Whether Rugg, or whoever the person was, ever passed the bridge again, the toll-gatherer never would tell; and when questioned, seemed anxious to waive the subject.' Thus does Austin, like Hawthorne, actually discredit his own witnesses, half evoking them from the shadow, and then on second thoughts remanding them to the dusk again. So in the continuation of the story, — which, as being a continuation, is more ambitious and proportionately less effective, — Peter Rugg appears with his equipage on a Virginia race-course, and outruns the winning steeds. One of the riders and half the spectators declare that the stranger beast is not a horse but a huge black ox, — and, indeed, his tracks show the cloven foot; yet when the horse is afterward examined on a ferry-boat it turns out that his hoofs have been accidentally split on a newly macadamized road. So when another toll-gatherer claims that the horse passed without touching the bar, the author points out that the bar is so low that so high-stepping a horse could easily draw a two-wheeled vehicle over it. Thus at every step, in the Hawthorne fashion, Austin mystifies himself with the reader, and never leaves one so wholly confused as when offering him some perfectly commonplace elucidation.

"The continuation of 'Peter Rugg' rises at the close to a cer-

tain dignity of tone which justifies its existence. Peter Rugg at last reaches Boston with his weary child, at the very moment when an auctioneer is offering for sale his own ancient estate, now escheated to the Commonwealth. The house is gone, the generation Rugg knew is gone, and all he can do, while peering on the alien crowd, is to recognize, in true Boston fashion, the features of the older families, — Winslow and Sargent, Sewall and Dudley. ‘Will none of you speak to me?’ he says. . . . ‘Will no one inform me who has demolished my house?’

“Then spake a voice from the crowd, but whence it came I could not discern: ‘There is nothing strange here but yourself, Mr. Rugg. Time, which destroys and renews all things, has dilapidated your house and placed us here. You have suffered many years under an illusion. The tempest which you profanely defied at Menotomy has at length subsided; but you will never see home, for your house and wife and neighbors have all disappeared. Your estate, indeed, remains, but no home. You were cut off from the last age, and you can never be fitted to the present. Your home is gone, and you can never have another home in this world.’”

“Who but Hawthorne ever brought back his readers from the realms of fantasy by an ending so much like that of a ‘Twice-Told Tale’?”

The Oration delivered at Charlestown at the request of the Artillery Company, June 17, 1801, was published in Charlestown, 1801; the “Letters from London,” in Boston, 1804; the essay on “The Human Character of Jesus Christ,” in Boston, 1807; “The Sufferings of a Country Schoolmaster,” in the “New England Galaxy,” Boston, July 8, 1825; “The late Joseph Natterstrom,” in the “New England Magazine,” July, 1831; “The Man with the Cloaks,” in the “American Monthly Magazine,” January, 1836; and “Martha Gardner,” in the “American Monthly Magazine,” December, 1837.

The portrait of my father which accompanies this volume is from the painting by Pratt.

My father died in my boyhood, and now, after nearly fifty years, his pleasant smile, his kind heart, and the light of his countenance are still living memories. It has been a great delight to me to place and preserve on the speaking page these memorials of his life and labors.

I am indebted to my brother, the late Arthur Williams Austin, of Milton, for information in regard to much of the material that I have made use of in this Sketch; and also to my friend, Albert Harrison Hoyt, for his kind assistance in helping me prepare this volume for the press.

JAMES W. AUSTIN.

Boston, September, 1890.

PETER RUGG, THE MISSING MAN.

PETER RUGG, THE MISSING MAN.

FROM JONATHAN DUNWELL OF NEW YORK, TO MR.
HERMAN KRAUFF.

SIR, — Agreeably to my promise, I now relate to you all the particulars of the lost man and child which I have been able to collect. It is entirely owing to the humane interest you seemed to take in the report, that I have pursued the inquiry to the following result.

You may remember that business called me to Boston in the summer of 1820. I sailed in the packet to Providence, and when I arrived there I learned that every seat in the stage was engaged. I was thus obliged either to wait a few hours or accept a seat with the driver, who civilly offered me that accommodation. Accordingly, I took my seat by his side, and soon found him intelligent and communicative. When we had travelled about ten miles, the horses suddenly threw their ears on their necks, as flat as a hare's. Said the driver, "Have you a surtout with you?"

"No," said I; "why do you ask?"

"You will want one soon," said he. "Do you observe the ears of all the horses?"

"Yes; and was just about to ask the reason."

"They see the storm-breeder, and we shall see him soon."

At this moment there was not a cloud visible in the firmament. Soon after, a small speck appeared in the road.

"There," said my companion, "comes the storm-breeder. He always leaves a Scotch mist behind him. By many a wet jacket do I remember him. I suppose the poor fellow suffers much himself, — much more than is known to the world."

Presently a man with a child beside him, with a large black horse, and a weather-beaten chair, once built for a chaise-body, passed in great haste, apparently at the rate of twelve miles an hour. He seemed to grasp the reins of his horse with firmness, and appeared to anticipate his speed. He seemed dejected, and looked anxiously at the passengers, particularly at the stage-driver and myself. In a moment after he passed us, the horses' ears were up, and bent themselves forward so that they nearly met.

"Who is that man?" said I; "he seems in great trouble."

"Nobody knows who he is, but his person and the child are familiar to me. I have met him more than a hundred times, and have been so often asked the way to Boston by that man, even when he was travelling directly from that town, that of late I have refused any communication with him; and that is the reason he gave me such a fixed look."

"But does he never stop anywhere?"

"I have never known him to stop anywhere longer than to inquire the way to Boston; and let him be where he may, he will tell you he cannot stay a moment, for he must reach Boston that night."

We were now ascending a high hill in Walpole; and as we had a fair view of the heavens, I was rather disposed to jeer the driver for thinking of his surtout, as not a cloud as big as a marble could be discerned.

“Do you look,” said he, “in the direction whence the man came; that is the place to look. The storm never meets him; it follows him.”

We presently approached another hill; and when at the height, the driver pointed out in an eastern direction a little black speck about as big as a hat. “There,” said he, “is the seed-storm. We may possibly reach Polley’s before it reaches us, but the wanderer and his child will go to Providence through rain, thunder, and lightning.”

And now the horses, as though taught by instinct, hastened with increased speed. The little black cloud came on rolling over the turnpike, and doubled and trebled itself in all directions. The appearance of this cloud attracted the notice of all the passengers, for after it had spread itself to a great bulk it suddenly became more limited in circumference, grew more compact, dark, and consolidated. And now the successive flashes of chain lightning caused the whole cloud to appear like a sort of irregular net-work, and displayed a thousand fantastic images. The driver bespoke my attention to a remarkable configuration in the cloud. He said every flash of lightning near its centre discovered to him, distinctly, the form of a man sitting in an open carriage drawn by a black horse. But in truth I saw no such thing; the man’s fancy was doubtless at fault. It is a very common thing for the imagination to paint for the senses, both in the visible and invisible world.

In the mean time the distant thunder gave notice of a shower at hand; and just as we reached Polley’s tavern the rain poured down in torrents. It was soon over, the cloud passing in the direction of the turnpike toward Providence. In a few moments after, a respectable-looking man in a chaise stopped at the door. The man and child in the chair having excited some little sympathy

among the passengers, the gentleman was asked if he had observed them. He said he had met them ; that the man seemed bewildered, and inquired the way to Boston ; that he was driving at great speed, as though he expected to outstrip the tempest ; that the moment he had passed him, a thunder-clap broke directly over the man's head, and seemed to envelop both man and child, horse and carriage. "I stopped," said the gentleman, "supposing the lightning had struck him, but the horse only seemed to loom up and increase his speed ; and as well as I could judge, he travelled just as fast as the thunder-cloud."

While this man was speaking, a pedler with a cart of tin merchandise came up, all dripping ; and on being questioned, he said he had met that man and carriage, within a fortnight, in four different States ; that at each time he had inquired the way to Boston ; and that a thunder-shower like the present had each time deluged his wagon and his wares, setting his tin pots, etc. afloat, so that he had determined to get a marine insurance for the future. But that which excited his surprise most was the strange conduct of his horse, for long before he could distinguish the man in the chair, his own horse stood still in the road, and flung back his ears. "In short," said the pedler, "I wish never to see that man and horse again ; they do not look to me as though they belonged to this world."

This was all I could learn at that time ; and the occurrence soon after would have become with me, "like one of those things which had never happened," had I not, as I stood recently on the door-step of Bennett's hotel in Hartford, heard a man say, "There goes Peter Rugg and his child ! he looks wet and weary, and farther from Boston than ever." I was satisfied it was the same man I had seen more than three years before ; for whoever has once seen Peter Rugg can never after be deceived as to his identity.

“Peter Rugg!” said I; “and who is Peter Rugg?”

“That,” said the stranger, “is more than any one can tell exactly. He is a famous traveller, held in light esteem by all innholders, for he never stops to eat, drink, or sleep. I wonder why the government does not employ him to carry the mail.”

“Ay,” said a by-stander, “that is a thought bright only on one side; how long would it take in that case to send a letter to Boston, for Peter has already, to my knowledge, been more than twenty years travelling to that place.”

“But,” said I, “does the man never stop anywhere; does he never converse with any one? I saw the same man more than three years since, near Providence, and I heard a strange story about him. Pray, sir, give me some account of this man.”

“Sir,” said the stranger, “those who know the most respecting that man, say the least. I have heard it asserted that Heaven sometimes sets a mark on a man, either for judgment or a trial. Under which Peter Rugg now labors, I cannot say; therefore I am rather inclined to pity than to judge.”

“You speak like a humane man,” said I; “and if you have known him so long, I pray you will give me some account of him. Has his appearance much altered in that time?”

“Why, yes. He looks as though he never ate, drank, or slept; and his child looks older than himself, and he looks like time broken off from eternity, and anxious to gain a resting-place.”

“And how does his horse look?” said I.

“As for his horse, he looks fatter and gayer, and shows more animation and courage than he did twenty years ago. The last time Rugg spoke to me he inquired how far it was to Boston. I told him just one hundred miles.”

“‘Why,’ said he, ‘how can you deceive me so? It is cruel to mislead a traveller. I have lost my way; pray direct me the nearest way to Boston.’

“‘I repeated, it was one hundred miles.

“‘How can you say so?’ said he; ‘I was told last evening it was but fifty, and I have travelled all night.’

“‘But,’ said I, ‘you are now travelling from Boston. You must turn back.’

“‘Alas,’ said he, ‘it is all turn back! Boston shifts with the wind, and plays all around the compass. One man tells me it is to the east, another to the west; and the guide-posts too, they all point the wrong way.’

“‘But will you not stop and rest?’ said I; ‘you seem wet and weary.’

“‘Yes,’ said he, ‘it has been foul weather since I left home.’

“‘Stop, then, and refresh yourself.’

“‘I must not stop; I must reach home to-night, if possible: though I think you must be mistaken in the distance to Boston.’

“He then gave the reins to his horse, which he restrained with difficulty, and disappeared in a moment. A few days afterward I met the man a little this side of Claremont,¹ winding around the hills in Unity, at the rate, I believe, of twelve miles an hour.”

“Is Peter Rugg his real name, or has he accidentally gained that name?”

“I know not, but presume he will not deny his name; you can ask him,—for see, he has turned his horse, and is passing this way.”

In a moment a dark-colored high-spirited horse approached, and would have passed without stopping, but I had resolved to speak to Peter Rugg, or whoever the man

¹ In New Hampshire.

might be. Accordingly I stepped into the street; and as the horse approached, I made a feint of stopping him. The man immediately reined in his horse. "Sir," said I, "may I be so bold as to inquire if you are not Mr. Rugg? for I think I have seen you before."

"My name is Peter Rugg," said he. "I have unfortunately lost my way; I am wet and weary, and will take it kindly of you to direct me to Boston."

"You live in Boston, do you; and in what street?"

"In Middle Street."

"When did you leave Boston?"

"I cannot tell precisely; it seems a considerable time."

"But how did you and your child become so wet? It has not rained here to-day."

"It has just rained a heavy shower up the river. But I shall not reach Boston to-night if I tarry. Would you advise me to take the old road or the turnpike?"

"Why, the old road is one hundred and seventeen miles, and the turnpike is ninety-seven."

"How can you say so? You impose on me; it is wrong to trifle with a traveller; you know it is but forty miles from Newburyport to Boston."

"But this is not Newburyport; this is Hartford."

"Do not deceive me, sir. Is not this town Newburyport, and the river that I have been following the Merrimack?"

"No, sir; this is Hartford, and the river the Connecticut."

He wrung his hands and looked incredulous. "Have the rivers, too, changed their courses, as the cities have changed places? But see! the clouds are gathering in the south, and we shall have a rainy night. Ah, that fatal oath!"

He would tarry no longer; his impatient horse leaped off, his hind flanks rising like wings; he seemed to devour all before him, and to scorn all behind.

I had now, as I thought, discovered a clew to the history of Peter Rugg; and I determined, the next time my business called me to Boston, to make a further inquiry. Soon after, I was enabled to collect the following particulars from Mrs. Croft, an aged lady in Middle Street, who has resided in Boston during the last twenty years. Her narration is this:

Just at twilight last summer a person stopped at the door of the late Mrs. Rugg. Mrs. Croft on coming to the door perceived a stranger with a child by his side, in an old weather-beaten carriage, with a black horse. The stranger asked for Mrs. Rugg, and was informed that Mrs. Rugg had died at a good old age, more than twenty years before that time.

The stranger replied, "How can you deceive me so? Do ask Mrs. Rugg to step to the door."

"Sir, I assure you Mrs. Rugg has not lived here these twenty years; no one lives here but myself, and my name is Betsey Croft."

The stranger paused, looked up and down the street, and said, "Though the paint is rather faded, this looks like my house."

"Yes," said the child, "that is the stone before the door that I used to sit on to eat my bread and milk."

"But," said the stranger, "it seems to be on the wrong side of the street. Indeed, everything here seems to be misplaced. The streets are all changed, the people are all changed, the town seems changed, and what is strangest of all, Catherine Rugg has deserted her husband and child. Pray," continued the stranger, "has John Foy come home from sea? He went a long voyage; he is my kinsman. If I could see him, he could give me some account of Mrs. Rugg."

"Sir," said Mrs. Croft, "I never heard of John Foy. Where did he live?"

"Just above here, in Orange-tree Lane."

"There is no such place in this neighborhood."

"What do you tell me! Are the streets gone? Orange-tree Lane is at the head of Hanover Street, near Pemberton's Hill."

"There is no such lane now."

"Madam, you cannot be serious! But you doubtless know my brother, William Rugg. He lives in Royal Exchange Lane, near King Street."

"I know of no such lane; and I am sure there is no such street as King Street in this town."

"No such street as King Street! Why, woman, you mock me! You may as well tell me there is no King George. However, madam, you see I am wet and weary, I must find a resting-place. I will go to Hart's tavern, near the market."

"Which market, sir? for you seem perplexed; we have several markets."

"You know there is but one market near the town dock."

"Oh, the old market; but no such person has kept there these twenty years."

Here the stranger seemed disconcerted, and uttered to himself quite audibly: "Strange mistake; how much this looks like the town of Boston! It certainly has a great resemblance to it; but I perceive my mistake now. Some other Mrs. Rugg, some other Middle Street.—Then," said he, "madam, can you direct me to Boston?"

"Why, this is Boston, the city of Boston; I know of no other Boston."

"City of Boston it may be; but it is not the Boston where I live. I recollect now, I came over a bridge instead of a ferry. Pray, what bridge is that I just came over?"

"It is Charles River bridge."

"I perceive my mistake: there is a ferry between Boston and Charlestown; there is no bridge. Ah, I perceive my mistake. If I were in Boston my horse would carry me directly to my own door. But my horse shows by his impatience that he is in a strange place. Absurd, that I should have mistaken this place for the old town of Boston! It is a much finer city than the town of Boston. It has been built long since Boston. I fancy Boston must lie at a distance from this city, as the good woman seems ignorant of it."

At these words his horse began to chafe, and strike the pavement with his forefeet. The stranger seemed a little bewildered, and said, "No home to-night;" and giving the reins to his horse, passed up the street, and I saw no more of him.

It was evident that the generation to which Peter Rugg belonged, had passed away.

This was all the account of Peter Rugg I could obtain from Mrs. Croft; but she directed me to an elderly man, Mr. James Felt, who lived near her, and who had kept a record of the principal occurrences for the last fifty years. At my request she sent for him; and after I had related to him the object of my inquiry, Mr. Felt told me he had known Rugg in his youth, and that his disappearance had caused some surprise; but as it sometimes happens that men run away, — sometimes to be rid of others, and sometimes to be rid of themselves, — and Rugg took his child with him, and his own horse and chair, and as it did not appear that any creditors made a stir, the occurrence soon mingled itself in the stream of oblivion; and Rugg and his child, horse, and chair were soon forgotten.

"It is true," said Mr. Felt, "sundry stories grew out of Rugg's affair, whether true or false I cannot tell; but

stranger things have happened in my day, without even a newspaper notice."

"Sir," said I, "Peter Rugg is now living. I have lately seen Peter Rugg and his child, horse, and chair; therefore I pray you to relate to me all you know or ever heard of him."

"Why, my friend," said James Felt, "that Peter Rugg is now a living man, I will not deny; but that you have seen Peter Rugg and his child, is impossible, if you mean a small child; for Jenny Rugg, if living, must be at least — let me see — Boston massacre, 1770 — Jenny Rugg was about ten years old. Why, sir, Jenny Rugg, if living, must be more than sixty years of age. That Peter Rugg is living, is highly probable, as he was only ten years older than myself, and I was only eighty last March; and I am as likely to live twenty years longer as any man."

Here I perceived that Mr. Felt was in his dotage, and I despaired of gaining any intelligence from him on which I could depend.

I took my leave of Mrs. Croft, and proceeded to my lodgings at the Marlborough Hotel.

"If Peter Rugg," thought I, "has been travelling since the Boston massacre, there is no reason why he should not travel to the end of time. If the present generation know little of him, the next will know less, and Peter and his child will have no hold on this world."

In the course of the evening, I related my adventure in Middle Street.

"Ha!" said one of the company, smiling, "do you really think you have seen Peter Rugg? I have heard my grandfather speak of him, as though he seriously believed his own story."

"Sir," said I, "pray let us compare your grandfather's story of Mr. Rugg with my own."

“Peter Rugg, sir,—if my grandfather was worthy of credit,—once lived in Middle Street, in this city. He was a man in comfortable circumstances, had a wife and one daughter, and was generally esteemed for his sober life and manners. But unhappily, his temper, at times, was altogether ungovernable, and then his language was terrible. In these fits of passion, if a door stood in his way, he would never do less than kick a panel through. He would sometimes throw his heels over his head, and come down on his feet, uttering oaths in a circle; and thus in a rage, he was the first who performed a somerset, and did what others have since learned to do for merriment and money. Once Rugg was seen to bite a tenpenny nail in halves. In those days everybody, both men and boys, wore wigs; and Peter, at these moments of violent passion, would become so profane that his wig would rise up from his head. Some said it was on account of his terrible language; others accounted for it in a more philosophical way, and said it was caused by the expansion of his scalp, as violent passion, we know, will swell the veins and expand the head. While these fits were on him, Rugg had no respect for heaven or earth. Except this infirmity, all agreed that Rugg was a good sort of a man; for when his fits were over, nobody was so ready to commend a placid temper as Peter.

“One morning, late in autumn, Rugg, in his own chair, with a fine large bay horse, took his daughter and proceeded to Concord. On his return a violent storm overtook him. At dark he stopped in Menotomy, now West Cambridge, at the door of a Mr. Cutter, a friend of his, who urged him to tarry the night. On Rugg’s declining to stop, Mr. Cutter urged him vehemently. ‘Why, Mr. Rugg,’ said Cutter, ‘the storm is overwhelming you. The night is exceedingly dark. Your little daughter will

perish. You are in an open chair, and the tempest is increasing.' '*Let the storm increase,*' said Rugg, with a fearful oath, '*I will see home to-night, in spite of the last tempest, or may I never see home!*' At these words he gave his whip to his high-spirited horse and disappeared in a moment. But Peter Rugg did not reach home that night, nor the next; nor, when he became a missing man, could he ever be traced beyond Mr. Cutter's, in Menotomy.

"For a long time after, on every dark and stormy night the wife of Peter Rugg would fancy she heard the crack of a whip, and the fleet tread of a horse, and the rattling of a carriage passing her door. The neighbors, too, heard the same noises, and some said they knew it was Rugg's horse; the tread on the pavement was perfectly familiar to them. This occurred so repeatedly that at length the neighbors watched with lanterns, and saw the real Peter Rugg, with his own horse and chair and the child sitting beside him, pass directly before his own door, his head turned toward his house, and himself making every effort to stop his horse, but in vain.

"The next day the friends of Mrs. Rugg exerted themselves to find her husband and child. They inquired at every public house and stable in town; but it did not appear that Rugg made any stay in Boston. No one, after Rugg had passed his own door, could give any account of him, though it was asserted by some that the clatter of Rugg's horse and carriage over the pavements shook the houses on both sides of the streets. And this is credible, if indeed Rugg's horse and carriage did pass on that night; for at this day, in many of the streets, a loaded truck or team in passing will shake the houses like an earthquake. However, Rugg's neighbors never afterward watched. Some of them treated it all as a delusion, and thought no

more of it. Others of a different opinion shook their heads and said nothing.

“Thus Rugg and his child, horse, and chair were soon forgotten; and probably many in the neighborhood never heard a word on the subject.

“There was indeed a rumor that Rugg was seen afterward in Connecticut, between Suffield and Hartford, passing through the country at headlong speed. This gave occasion to Rugg’s friends to make further inquiry; but the more they inquired, the more they were baffled. If they heard of Rugg one day in Connecticut, the next they heard of him winding round the hills in New Hampshire; and soon after a man in a chair, with a small child, exactly answering the description of Peter Rugg, would be seen in Rhode Island inquiring the way to Boston.

“But that which chiefly gave a color of mystery to the story of Peter Rugg was the affair at Charlestown bridge. The toll-gatherer asserted that sometimes, on the darkest and most stormy nights, when no object could be discerned, about the time Rugg was missing, a horse and wheel-carriage, with a noise equal to a troop, would at midnight, in utter contempt of the rates of toll, pass over the bridge. This occurred so frequently that the toll-gatherer resolved to attempt a discovery. Soon after, at the usual time, apparently the same horse and carriage approached the bridge from Charlestown square. The toll-gatherer, prepared, took his stand as near the middle of the bridge as he dared, with a large three-legged stool in his hand; as the appearance passed, he threw the stool at the horse, but heard nothing except the noise of the stool skipping across the bridge. The toll-gatherer on the next day asserted that the stool went directly through the body of the horse, and he persisted in that belief ever after. Whether Rugg, or whoever the person was, ever

passed the bridge again, the toll-gatherer would never tell; and when questioned, seemed anxious to waive the subject. And thus Peter Rugg and his child, horse, and carriage, remain a mystery to this day."

This, sir, is all that I could learn of Peter Rugg in Boston.

FURTHER ACCOUNT OF PETER RUGG.

BY JONATHAN DUNWELL.

IN the autumn of 1825 I attended the races at Richmond in Virginia. As two new horses of great promise were run, the race-ground was never better attended, nor was expectation ever more deeply excited. The partisans of Dart and Lightning, the two race-horses, were equally anxious and equally dubious of the result. To an indifferent spectator, it was impossible to perceive any difference. They were equally beautiful to behold, alike in color and height, and as they stood side by side they measured from heel to forefeet within half an inch of each other. The eyes of each were full, prominent, and resolute; and when at times they regarded each other, they assumed a lofty demeanor, seemed to shorten their necks, project their eyes, and rest their bodies equally on their four hoofs. They certainly showed signs of intelligence, and displayed a courtesy to each other unusual even with statesmen.

It was now nearly twelve o'clock, the hour of expectation, doubt, and anxiety. The riders mounted their horses; and so trim, light, and airy they sat on the animals as to seem a part of them. The spectators, many deep in a solid column, had taken their places, and as many thou-

sand breathing statues were there as spectators. All eyes were turned to Dart and Lightning and their two fairy riders. There was nothing to disturb this calm except a busy woodpecker on a neighboring tree. The signal was given, and Dart and Lightning answered it with ready intelligence. At first they proceed at a slow trot, then they quicken to a canter, and then a gallop; presently they sweep the plain. Both horses lay themselves flat on the ground, their riders bending forward and resting their chins between their horses' ears. Had not the ground been perfectly level, had there been any undulation, the least rise and fall, the spectator would now and then have lost sight of both horses and riders.

While these horses, side by side, thus appeared, flying without wings, flat as a hare, and neither gaining on the other, all eyes were diverted to a new spectacle. Directly in the rear of Dart and Lightning, a majestic black horse of unusual size, drawing an old weather-beaten chair, strode over the plain; and although he appeared to make no effort, for he maintained a steady trot, before Dart and Lightning approached the goal the black horse and chair had overtaken the racers, who, on perceiving this new competitor pass them, threw back their ears, and suddenly stopped in their course. Thus neither Dart nor Lightning carried away the purse.

The spectators now were exceedingly curious to learn whence came the black horse and chair. With many it was the opinion that nobody was in the vehicle. Indeed, this began to be the prevalent opinion; for those at a short distance, so fleet was the black horse, could not easily discern who, if anybody, was in the carriage. But both the riders, very near to whom the black horse passed, agreed in this particular,—that a sad-looking man and a little girl were in the chair. When they stated this I

was satisfied that the man was Peter Rugg. But what caused no little surprise, John Spring, one of the riders (he who rode Lightning) asserted that no earthly horse without breaking his trot could, in a carriage, outstrip his race-horse; and he persisted, with some passion, that it was not a horse, — or, he was sure it was not a horse, but a large black ox. “What a great black ox can do,” said John, “I cannot pretend to say; but no race-horse, not even flying Childers, could out-trot Lightning in a fair race.”

This opinion of John Spring excited no little merriment, for it was obvious to every one that it was a powerful black horse that interrupted the race; but John Spring, jealous of Lightning’s reputation as a horse, would rather have it thought that any other beast, even an ox, had been the victor. However, the “horse-laugh” at John Spring’s expense was soon suppressed; for as soon as Dart and Lightning began to breathe more freely, it was observed that both of them walked deliberately to the track of the race-ground, and putting their heads to the earth, suddenly raised them again and began to snort. They repeated this till John Spring said, — “These horses have discovered something strange; they suspect foul play. Let me go and talk with Lightning.”

He went up to Lightning and took hold of his mane; and Lightning put his nose toward the ground and smelt of the earth without touching it, then reared his head very high, and snorted so loudly that the sound echoed from the next hill. Dart did the same. John Spring stooped down to examine the spot where Lightning had smelled. In a moment he raised himself up, and the countenance of the man was changed. His strength failed him, and he sidled against Lightning.

At length John Spring recovered from his stupor and

exclaimed, "It was an ox! I told you it was an ox. No real horse ever yet beat Lightning."

And now, on a close inspection of the black horse's tracks in the path, it was evident to every one that the forefeet of the black horse were cloven. Notwithstanding these appearances, to me it was evident that the strange horse was in reality a horse. Yet when the people left the race-ground, I presume one half of all those present would have testified that a large black ox had distanced two of the fleetest coursers that ever trod the Virginia turf. So uncertain are all things called historical facts.

While I was proceeding to my lodgings, pondering on the events of the day, a stranger rode up to me, and accosted me thus, — "I think your name is Dunwell, sir."

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Did I not see you a year or two since in Boston, at the Marlborough Hotel?"

"Very likely, sir, for I was there."

"And you heard a story about one Peter Rugg?"

"I recollect it all," said I.

"The account you heard in Boston must be true, for here he was to-day. The man has found his way to Virginia, and for aught that appears, has been to Cape Horn. I have seen him before to-day, but never saw him travel with such fearful velocity. Pray, sir, where does Peter Rugg spend his winters, for I have seen him only in summer, and always in foul weather, except this time?"

I replied, "No one knows where Peter Rugg spends his winters; where or when he eats, drinks, sleeps, or lodges. He seems to have an indistinct idea of day and night, time and space, storm and sunshine. His only object is Boston. It appears to me that Rugg's horse has some control of the chair; and that Rugg himself is, in some sort, under the control of his horse."

I then inquired of the stranger where he first saw the man and horse.

“Why, sir,” said he, “in the summer of 1824, I travelled to the North for my health; and soon after I saw you at the Marlborough Hotel I returned homeward to Virginia, and, if my memory is correct, I saw this man and horse in every State between here and Massachusetts. Sometimes he would meet me, but oftener overtake me. He never spoke but once, and that once was in Delaware. On his approach he checked his horse with some difficulty. A more beautiful horse I never saw; his hide was as fair and rotund and glossy as the skin of a Congo beauty. When Rugg’s horse approached mine he reined in his neck, bent his ears forward until they met, and looked my horse full in the face. My horse immediately withered into half a horse, his hide curling up like a piece of burnt leather; spell-bound, he was fixed to the earth as though a nail had been driven through each hoof.

“‘Sir,’ said Rugg, ‘perhaps you are travelling to Boston; and if so, I should be happy to accompany you, for I have lost my way, and I must reach home to-night. See how sleepy this little girl looks; poor thing, she is a picture of patience.’

“‘Sir,’ said I, ‘it is impossible for you to reach home to-night, for you are in Concord, in the county of Sussex, in the State of Delaware.’

“‘What do you mean,’ said he, ‘by State of Delaware? If I were in Concord, that is only twenty miles from Boston, and my horse Lightfoot could carry me to Charlestown ferry in less than two hours. You mistake, sir; you are a stranger here; this town is nothing like Concord. I am well acquainted with Concord. I went to Concord when I left Boston.’

“‘But,’ said I, ‘you are in Concord, in the State of Delaware.’

“‘What do you mean by State?’ said Rugg.

“‘Why, one of the United States.’

“‘States!’ said he, in a low voice; ‘the man is a wag, and would persuade me I am in Holland.’ Then, raising his voice, he said, ‘You seem, sir, to be a gentleman, and I entreat you to mislead me not: tell me, quickly, for pity’s sake, the right road to Boston, for you see my horse will swallow his bits; he has eaten nothing since I left Concord.’

“‘Sir,’ said I, ‘this town is Concord, — Concord in Delaware, not Concord in Massachusetts; and you are now five hundred miles from Boston.’

“Rugg looked at me for a moment, more in sorrow than resentment, and then repeated, ‘Five hundred miles! Unhappy man, who would have thought him deranged; but nothing in this world is so deceitful as appearances. Five hundred miles! This beats Connecticut River.’

“What he meant by Connecticut River, I know not; his horse broke away, and Rugg disappeared in a moment.”

I explained to the stranger the meaning of Rugg’s expression, “Connecticut River,” and the incident respecting him that occurred at Hartford, as I stood on the doorstep of Mr. Bennett’s excellent hotel. We both agreed that the man we had seen that day was the true Peter Rugg.

Soon after, I saw Rugg again, at the toll-gate on the turnpike between Alexandria and Middleburgh. While I was paying the toll, I observed to the toll-gatherer, that the drought was more severe in his vicinity than farther south.

“Yes,” said he, “the drought is excessive; but if I had not heard yesterday, by a traveller, that the man with the black horse was seen in Kentucky a day or two since, I should be sure of a shower in a few minutes.”

I looked all around the horizon, and could not discern a cloud that could hold a pint of water.

“Look, sir,” said the toll-gatherer, “you perceive to the eastward, just above that hill, a small black cloud not bigger than a blackberry, and while I am speaking it is doubling and trebling itself, and rolling up the turnpike steadily, as if its sole design was to deluge some object.”

“True,” said I, “I do perceive it; but what connection is there between a thunder-cloud and a man and horse?”

“More than you imagine, or I can tell you; but stop a moment, sir, I may need your assistance. I know that cloud; I have seen it several times before, and can testify to its identity. You will soon see a man and black horse under it.”

While he was speaking, true enough, we began to hear the distant thunder, and soon the chain-lightning performed all the figures of a country-dance. About a mile distant we saw the man and black horse under the cloud; but before he arrived at the toll-gate, the thunder-cloud had spent itself, and not even a sprinkle fell near us.

As the man, whom I instantly knew to be Rugg, attempted to pass, the toll-gatherer swung the gate across the road, seized Rugg’s horse by the reins, and demanded two dollars.

Feeling some little regard for Rugg, I interfered, and began to question the toll-gatherer, and requested him not to be wroth with the man. The toll-gatherer replied that he had just cause, for the man had run his toll ten times, and moreover that the horse had discharged a cannon-ball at him, to the great danger of his life; that the man had always before approached so rapidly that he was too quick for the rusty hinges of the toll-gate; “but now I will have full satisfaction.”

Rugg looked wistfully at me, and said, “I entreat you,

sir, to delay me not; I have found at length the direct road to Boston, and shall not reach home before night if you detain me. You see I am dripping wet, and ought to change my clothes."

The toll-gatherer then demanded why he had run his toll so many times.

"Toll! Why," said Rugg, "do you demand toll? There is no toll to pay on the king's highway."

"King's highway! Do you not perceive this is a turnpike?"

"Turnpike! there are no turnpikes in Massachusetts."

"That may be, but we have several in Virginia."

"Virginia! Do you pretend I am in Virginia?"

Rugg then, appealing to me, asked how far it was to Boston.

Said I, "Mr. Rugg, I perceive you are bewildered, and am sorry to see you so far from home; you are, indeed, in Virginia."

"You know me, then, sir, it seems; and you say I am in Virginia. Give me leave to tell you, sir, you are the most impudent man alive; for I was never forty miles from Boston, and I never saw a Virginian in my life. This beats Delaware!"

"Your toll, sir, your toll!"

"I will not pay you a penny," said Rugg; "you are both of you highway robbers. There are no turnpikes in this country. Take toll on the king's highway! Robbers take toll on the king's highway!" Then in a low tone, he said, "Here is evidently a conspiracy against me; alas, I shall never see Boston! The highways refuse me a passage, the rivers change their courses, and there is no faith in the compass."

But Rugg's horse had no idea of stopping more than one minute; for in the midst of this altercation, the horse,

whose nose was resting on the upper bar of the turnpike-gate, seized it between his teeth, lifted it gently off its staples, and trotted off with it. The toll-gatherer, confounded, strained his eyes after his gate.

"Let him go," said I, "the horse will soon drop your gate, and you will get it again."

I then questioned the toll-gatherer respecting his knowledge of this man; and he related the following particulars:—

"The first time," said he, "that man ever passed this toll-gate was in the year 1806, at the moment of the great eclipse. I thought the horse was frightened at the sudden darkness, and concluded he had run away with the man. But within a few days after, the same man and horse repassed with equal speed, without the least respect to the toll-gate or to me, except by a vacant stare. Some few years afterward, during the late war, I saw the same man approaching again, and I resolved to check his career. Accordingly I stepped into the middle of the road, and stretched wide both my arms, and cried, 'Stop, sir, on your peril!' At this the man said, 'Now, Lightfoot, confound the robber!' at the same time he gave the whip liberally to the flank of his horse, which bounded off with such force that it appeared to me two such horses, give them a place to stand, would overcome any check man could devise. An ammunition wagon which had just passed on to Baltimore had dropped an eighteen pounder in the road; this unlucky ball lay in the way of the horse's heels, and the beast, with the sagacity of a demon, clinched it with one of his heels and hurled it behind him. I feel dizzy in relating the fact, but so nearly did the ball pass my head, that the wind thereof blew off my hat; and the ball embedded itself in that gate-post, as you may see if you will cast your eye on the post. I have permitted it to remain

there in memory of the occurrence, — as the people of Boston, I am told, preserve the eighteen-pounder which is now to be seen half embedded in Brattle Street church.”

I then took leave of the toll-gatherer, and promised him if I saw or heard of his gate I would send him notice.

A strong inclination had possessed me to arrest Rugg and search his pockets, thinking great discoveries might be made in the examination; but what I saw and heard that day convinced me that no human force could detain Peter Rugg against his consent. I therefore determined if I ever saw Rugg again to treat him in the gentlest manner.

In pursuing my way to New York, I entered on the turnpike in Trenton; and when I arrived at New Brunswick, I perceived the road was newly macadamized. The small stones had just been laid thereon. As I passed this piece of road, I observed that, at regular distances of about eight feet, the stones were entirely displaced from spots as large as the circumference of a half-bushel measure. This singular appearance induced me to inquire the cause of it at the turnpike-gate.

“Sir,” said the toll-gatherer, “I wonder not at the question, but I am unable to give you a satisfactory answer. Indeed, sir, I believe I am bewitched, and that the turnpike is under a spell of enchantment; for what appeared to me last night cannot be a real transaction, otherwise a turnpike-gate is a useless thing.”

“I do not believe in witchcraft or enchantment,” said I; “and if you will relate circumstantially what happened last night, I will endeavor to account for it by natural means.”

“You may recollect the night was uncommonly dark. Well, sir, just after I had closed the gate for the night, down the turnpike, as far as my eye could reach, I beheld what at first appeared to be two armies engaged. The

report of the musketry, and the flashes of their firelocks, were incessant and continuous. As this strange spectacle approached me with the fury of a tornado, the noise increased; and the appearance rolled on in one compact body over the surface of the ground. The most splendid fireworks rose out of the earth and encircled this moving spectacle. The divers tints of the rainbow, the most brilliant dyes that the sun lays in the lap of spring, added to the whole family of gems, could not display a more beautiful, radiant, and dazzling spectacle than accompanied the black horse. You would have thought all the stars of heaven had met in merriment on the turnpike. In the midst of this luminous configuration sat a man, distinctly to be seen, in a miserable-looking chair, drawn by a black horse. The turnpike-gate ought, by the laws of Nature and the laws of the State, to have made a wreck of the whole, and have dissolved the enchantment; but no, the horse without an effort passed over the gate, and drew the man and chair horizontally after him without touching the bar. This was what I call enchantment. What think you, sir?"

"My friend," said I, "you have grossly magnified a natural occurrence. The man was Peter Rugg, on his way to Boston. It is true, his horse travelled with unequalled speed, but as he reared high his forefeet, he could not help displacing the thousand small stones on which he trod, which flying in all directions struck one another, and resounded and scintillated. The top bar of your gate is not more than two feet from the ground, and Rugg's horse at every vault could easily lift the carriage over that gate."

This satisfied Mr. McDoubt, and I was pleased at that occurrence; for otherwise Mr. McDoubt, who is a worthy man, late from the Highlands, might have added to his calendar of superstitions. Having thus disenchanted the

macadamized road and the turnpike-gate, and also Mr. McDoubt, I pursued my journey homeward to New York.

Little did I expect to see or hear anything further of Mr. Rugg, for he was now more than twelve hours in advance of me. I could hear nothing of him on my way to Elizabethtown, and therefore concluded that during the past night he had turned off from the turnpike and pursued a westerly direction; but just before I arrived at Powles's Hook, I observed a considerable collection of passengers in the ferry-boat, all standing motionless, and steadily looking at the same object. One of the ferry-men, Mr. Hardy, who knew me well, observing my approach delayed a minute, in order to afford me a passage, and coming up, said, "Mr. Dunwell, we have a curiosity on board that would puzzle Dr. Mitchell."

"Some strange fish, I suppose, has found its way into the Hudson."

"No," said he, "it is a man who looks as if he had lain hidden in the ark, and had just now ventured out. He has a little girl with him, the counterpart of himself, and the finest horse you ever saw, harnessed to the queerest-looking carriage that ever was made."

"Ah, Mr. Hardy," said I, "you have, indeed, hooked a prize; no one before you could ever detain Peter Rugg long enough to examine him."

"Do you know the man?" said Mr. Hardy.

"No, nobody knows him, but everybody has seen him. Detain him as long as possible; delay the boat under any pretence, cut the gear of the horse, do anything to detain him."

As I entered the ferry-boat, I was struck at the spectacle before me. There, indeed, sat Peter Rugg and Jenny Rugg in the chair, and there stood the black horse, all as quiet as lambs, surrounded by more than fifty men and women,

who seemed to have lost all their senses but one. Not a motion, not a breath, not a nestle. They were all eye. Rugg appeared to them to be a man not of this world ; and they appeared to Rugg a strange generation of men. Rugg spoke not, and they spoke not ; nor was I disposed to disturb the calm, satisfied to reconnoitre Rugg in a state of rest. Presently, Rugg observed in a low voice, addressed to nobody, "A new contrivance, horses instead of oars ; Boston folks are full of notions."

It was plain that Rugg was of Dutch extraction. He had on three pairs of small clothes, called in former days of simplicity breeches, not much the worse for wear ; but time had proved the fabric, and shrunk one more than another, so that they showed at the knees their different qualities and colors. His several waistcoats, the flaps of which rested on his knees, made him appear rather corpulent. His capacious drab coat would supply the stuff for half a dozen modern ones ; the sleeves were like meal bags, in the cuffs of which you might nurse a child to sleep. His hat, probably once black, now of a tan color, was neither round nor crooked, but in shape much like the one President Monroe wore on his late tour. This dress gave the rotund face of Rugg an antiquated dignity. The man, though deeply sunburned, did not appear to be more than thirty years of age. He had lost his sad and anxious look, was quite composed, and seemed happy. The chair in which Rugg sat was very capacious, evidently made for service, and calculated to last for ages ; the timber would supply material for three modern carriages. This chair, like a Nantucket coach, would answer for everything that ever went on wheels. The horse, too, was an object of curiosity ; his majestic height, his natural mane and tail, gave him a commanding appearance, and his large open nostrils indicated inexhaustible wind. It was

apparent that the hoofs of his forefeet had been split, probably on some newly macadamized road, and were now growing together again; so that John Spring was not altogether in the wrong.

How long this dumb scene would otherwise have continued I cannot tell. Rugg discovered no sign of impatience. But Rugg's horse having been quiet more than five minutes, had no idea of standing idle; he began to whinny, and in a moment after, with his right forefoot he started a plank. Said Rugg, "My horse is impatient, he sees the North End. You must be quick, or he will be ungovernable."

At these words, the horse raised his left forefoot; and when he laid it down every inch of the ferry-boat trembled. Two men immediately seized Rugg's horse by the nostrils. The horse nodded, and both of them were in the Hudson. While we were fishing up the men, the horse was perfectly quiet.

"Fret not the horse," said Rugg, "and he will do no harm. He is only anxious, like myself, to arrive at yonder beautiful shore; he sees the North Church, and smells his own stable."

"Sir," said I to Rugg, practising a little deception, "pray tell me, for I am a stranger here, what river is this, and what city is that opposite, for you seem to be an inhabitant of it?"

"This river, sir, is called Mystic River, and this is Winisimmet ferry,—we have retained the Indian names,—and that town is Boston. You must, indeed, be a stranger in these parts, not to know that yonder is Boston, the capital of the New England provinces."

"Pray, sir, how long have you been absent from Boston?"

"Why, that I cannot exactly tell. I lately went with

this little girl of mine to Concord, to see my friends; and I am ashamed to tell you, in returning lost the way, and have been travelling ever since. No one would direct me right. It is cruel to mislead a traveller. My horse, Lightfoot, has boxed the compass; and it seems to me he has boxed it back again. But, sir, you perceive my horse is uneasy; Lightfoot, as yet, has only given a hint and a nod. I cannot be answerable for his heels."

At these words Lightfoot reared his long tail, and snapped it as you would a whiplash. The Hudson reverberated with the sound. Instantly the six horses began to move the boat. The Hudson was a sea of glass, smooth as oil, not a ripple. The horses, from a smart trot, soon pressed into a gallop; water now run over the gunwale; the ferry-boat was soon buried in an ocean of foam, and the noise of the spray was like the roaring of many waters. When we arrived at New York, you might see the beautiful white wake of the ferry-boat across the Hudson.

Though Rugg refused to pay toll at turnpikes, when Mr. Hardy reached his hand for the ferriage, Rugg readily put his hand into one of his many pockets, took out a piece of silver, and handed it to Hardy.

"What is this?" said Mr. Hardy.

"It is thirty shillings," said Rugg.

"It might once have been thirty shillings, old tenor," said Mr. Hardy, "but it is not at present."

"The money is good English coin," said Rugg; "my grandfather brought a bag of them from England, and had them hot from the mint."

Hearing this, I approached near to Rugg, and asked permission to see the coin. It was a half-crown, coined by the English Parliament, dated in the year 1649. On one side, "The Commonwealth of England," and St.

George's cross encircled with a wreath of laurel. On the other, "God with us," and a harp and St. George's cross united. I winked at Mr. Hardy, and pronounced it good current money; and said loudly, "I will not permit the gentleman to be imposed on, for I will exchange the money myself."

On this, Rugg spoke, — "Please to give me your name, sir."

"My name is Dunwell, sir," I replied.

"Mr. Dunwell," said Rugg, "you are the only honest man I have seen since I left Boston. As you are a stranger here, my house is your home; Dame Rugg will be happy to see her husband's friend. Step into my chair, sir, there is room enough; move a little, Jenny, for the gentleman, and we will be in Middle Street in a minute."

Accordingly I took a seat by Peter Rugg.

"Were you never in Boston before?" said Rugg.

"No," said I.

"Well, you will now see the queen of New England, a town second only to Philadelphia, in all North America."

"You forget New York," said I.

"Poh, New York is nothing; though I never was there. I am told you might put all New York in our mill-pond. No, sir, New York, I assure you, is but a sorry affair; no more to be compared with Boston than a wigwam with a palace."

As Rugg's horse turned into Pearl Street, I looked Rugg as fully in the face as good manners would allow, and said, "Sir, if this is Boston, I acknowledge New York is not worthy to be one of its suburbs."

Before we had proceeded far in Pearl Street, Rugg's countenance changed: his nerves began to twitch; his eyes trembled in their sockets; he was evidently bewildered. "What's the matter, Mr. Rugg; you seem disturbed."

"This surpasses all human comprehension; if you know, sir, where we are, I beseech you to tell me."

"If this place," I replied, "is not Boston, it must be New York."

"No, sir, it is not Boston; nor can it be New York. How could I be in New York, which is nearly two hundred miles from Boston?"

By this time we had passed into Broadway, and then Rugg, in truth, discovered a chaotic mind. "There is no such place as this in North America. This is all the effect of enchantment; this is a grand delusion, nothing real. Here is seemingly a great city, magnificent houses, shops and goods, men and women innumerable, and as busy as in real life, all sprung up in one night from the wilderness; or what is more probable, some tremendous convulsion of Nature has thrown London or Amsterdam on the shores of New England. Or, possibly, I may be dreaming, though the night seems rather long; but before now I have sailed in one night to Amsterdam, bought goods of Vandogger, and returned to Boston before morning."

At this moment a hue-and-cry was heard, "Stop the madmen, they will endanger the lives of thousands!" In vain hundreds attempted to stop Rugg's horse. Lightfoot interfered with nothing; his course was straight as a shooting-star. But on my part, fearful that before night I should find myself behind the Alleghanies, I addressed Mr. Rugg in a tone of entreaty, and requested him to restrain the horse and permit me to alight.

"My friend," said he, "we shall be in Boston before dark, and Dame Rugg will be most exceeding glad to see us."

"Mr. Rugg," said I, "you must excuse me. Pray look to the west; see that thunder-cloud swelling with rage, as if in pursuit of us."

"Ah," said Rugg, "it is in vain to attempt to escape. I know that cloud; it is collecting new wrath to spend on my head." Then checking his horse, he permitted me to descend, saying, "Farewell, Mr. Dunwell, I shall be happy to see you in Boston; I live in Middle Street."

It is uncertain in what direction Mr. Rugg pursued his course, after he disappeared in Broadway; but one thing is sufficiently known to everybody, — that in the course of two months after he was seen in New York, he found his way most opportunely to Boston.

It seems the estate of Peter Rugg had recently fallen to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for want of heirs; and the Legislature had ordered the solicitor-general to advertise and sell it at public auction. Happening to be in Boston at the time, and observing his advertisement, which described a considerable extent of land, I felt a kindly curiosity to see the spot where Rugg once lived. Taking the advertisement in my hand, I wandered a little way down Middle Street, and without asking a question of any one, when I came to a certain spot I said to myself, "This is Rugg's estate; I will proceed no farther. This must be the spot; it is a counterpart of Peter Rugg." The premises, indeed, looked as if they had fulfilled a sad prophecy. Fronting on Middle Street, they extended in the rear to Ann Street, and embraced about half an acre of land. It was not uncommon in former times to have half an acre for a house-lot; for an acre of land then, in many parts of Boston, was not more valuable than a foot in some places at present. The old mansion-house had become a powder-post, and been blown away. One other building, uninhabited, stood ominous, courting dilapidation. The street had been so much raised that the bed-chamber had descended to the kitchen and was level with the street. The house seemed conscious of its

fate; and as though tired of standing there, the front was fast retreating from the rear, and waiting the next south wind to project itself into the street. If the most wary animals had sought a place of refuge, here they would have rendezvoused. Here, under the ridge-pole, the crow would have perched in security; and in the recesses below, you might have caught the fox and the weasel asleep. "The hand of destiny," said I, "has pressed heavy on this spot; still heavier on the former owners. Strange that so large a lot of land as this should want an heir! Yet Peter Rugg, at this day, might pass by his own doorstep, and ask, 'Who once lived here?'"

The auctioneer, appointed by the solicitor to sell this estate, was a man of eloquence, as many of the auctioneers of Boston are. The occasion seemed to warrant, and his duty urged, him to make a display. He addressed his audience as follows,—

"The estate, gentlemen, which we offer you this day, was once the property of a family now extinct. For that reason it has escheated to the Commonwealth. Lest any one of you should be deterred from bidding on so large an estate as this for fear of a disputed title, I am authorized by the solicitor-general to proclaim that the purchaser shall have the best of all titles,—a warranty-deed from the Commonwealth. I state this, gentlemen, because I know there is an idle rumor in this vicinity, that one Peter Rugg, the original owner of this estate, is still living. This rumor, gentlemen, has no foundation, and can have no foundation in the nature of things. It originated about two years since, from the incredible story of one Jonathan Dunwell, of New York. Mrs. Croft, indeed, whose husband I see present, and whose mouth waters for this estate, has countenanced this fiction. But, gentlemen, was it ever known that any estate, especially an estate of this value,

lay unclaimed for nearly half a century, if any heir, ever so remote, were existing? For, gentlemen, all agree that old Peter Rugg, if living, would be at least one hundred years of age. It is said that he and his daughter, with a horse and chaise, were missed more than half a century ago; and because they never returned home, forsooth, they must be now living, and will some day come and claim this great estate. Such logic, gentlemen, never led to a good investment. Let not this idle story cross the noble purpose of consigning these ruins to the genius of architecture. If such a contingency could check the spirit of enterprise, farewell to all mercantile excitement. Your surplus money, instead of refreshing your sleep with the golden dreams of new sources of speculation, would turn to the nightmare. A man's money, if not employed, serves only to disturb his rest. Look, then, to the prospect before you. Here is half an acre of land, — more than twenty thousand square feet, — a corner lot, with wonderful capabilities; none of your contracted lots of forty feet by fifty, where, in dog-days, you can breathe only through your scuttles. On the contrary, an architect cannot contemplate this lot of land without rapture, for here is room enough for his genius to shame the temple of Solomon. Then the prospect — how commanding! To the east, so near to the Atlantic that Neptune, freighted with the select treasures of the whole earth, can knock at your door with his trident. From the west, the produce of the river of Paradise — the Connecticut — will soon, by the blessings of steam, railways, and canals, pass under your windows; and thus, on this spot, Neptune shall marry Ceres, and Pomona from Roxbury, and Flora from Cambridge, shall dance at the wedding.

“Gentlemen of science, men of taste, ye of the literary emporium, — for I perceive many of you present, — to you this is holy ground. If the spot on which in times past

a hero left only the print of a footstep is now sacred, of what price is the birthplace of one who all the world knows was born in Middle Street, directly opposite to this lot; and who, if his birthplace were not well known, would now be claimed by more than seven cities. To you, then, the value of these premises must be inestimable. For ere long there will arise in full view of the edifice to be erected here, a monument, the wonder and veneration of the world. A column shall spring to the clouds; and on that column will be engraven one word which will convey all that is wise in intellect, useful in science, good in morals, prudent in counsel, and benevolent in principle,—a name of one who, when living, was the patron of the poor, the delight of the cottage, and the admiration of kings; now dead, worth the whole seven wise men of Greece. Need I tell you his name? He fixed the thunder and guided the lightning.

“Men of the North End! Need I appeal to your patriotism, in order to enhance the value of this lot? The earth affords no such scenery as this; there, around that corner, lived James Otis; here, Samuel Adams; there, Joseph Warren; and around that other corner, Josiah Quincy. Here was the birthplace of Freedom; here Liberty was born, and nursed, and grew to manhood. Here man was newly created. Here is the nursery of American Independence—I am too modest—here began the emancipation of the world; a thousand generations hence millions of men will cross the Atlantic just to look at the north end of Boston. Your fathers—what do I say—yourselves,—yes, this moment, I behold several attending this auction who lent a hand to rock the cradle of Independence.

“Men of speculation,—ye who are deaf to everything except the sound of money,—you, I know, will give me both

of your ears when I tell you the city of Boston must have a piece of this estate in order to widen Ann Street. Do you hear me,—do you all hear me? I say the city must have a large piece of this land in order to widen Ann Street. What a chance! The city scorns to take a man's land for nothing. If it seizes your property, it is generous beyond the dreams of avarice. The only oppression is, you are in danger of being smothered under a load of wealth. Witness the old lady who lately died of a broken heart when the mayor paid her for a piece of her kitchen-garden. All the faculty agreed that the sight of the treasure, which the mayor incautiously paid her in dazzling dollars, warm from the mint, sped joyfully all the blood of her body into her heart, and rent it with raptures. Therefore, let him who purchases this estate fear his good fortune, and not Peter Rugg. Bid, then, liberally, and do not let the name of Rugg damp your ardor. How much will you give per foot for this estate?"

Thus spoke the auctioneer, and gracefully waved his ivory hammer. From fifty to seventy-five cents per foot were offered in a few moments. The bidding labored from seventy-five to ninety. At length one dollar was offered. The auctioneer seemed satisfied; and looking at his watch, said he would knock off the estate in five minutes, if no one offered more.

There was a deep silence during this short period. While the hammer was suspended, a strange rumbling noise was heard, which arrested the attention of every one. Presently, it was like the sound of many shipwrights driving home the bolts of a seventy-four. As the sound approached nearer, some exclaimed, "The buildings in the new market are falling in promiscuous ruins." Others said, "No, it is an earthquake; we perceive the earth tremble." Others said, "Not so; the sound proceeds from

Hanover Street, and approaches nearer ;” and this proved true, for presently Peter Rugg was in the midst of us.

“Alas, Jenny,” said Peter, “I am ruined ; our house has been burned, and here are all our neighbors around the ruins. Heaven grant your mother, Dame Rugg, is safe.”

“They don’t look like our neighbors,” said Jenny ; “but sure enough our house is burned, and nothing left but the door-stone and an old cedar post. Do ask where mother is.”

In the mean time more than a thousand men had surrounded Rugg and his horse and chair. Yet neither Rugg, personally, nor his horse and carriage, attracted more attention than the auctioneer. The confident look and searching eyes of Rugg carried more conviction to every one present that the estate was his, than could any parchment or paper with signature and seal. The impression which the auctioneer had just made on the company was effaced in a moment ; and although the latter words of the auctioneer were, “Fear not Peter Rugg,” the moment the auctioneer met the eye of Rugg his occupation was gone ; his arm fell down to his hips, his late lively hammer hung heavy in his hand, and the auction was forgotten. The black horse, too, gave his evidence. He knew his journey was ended ; for he stretched himself into a horse and a half, rested his head over the cedar post, and whinnied thrice, causing his harness to tremble from headstall to crupper.

Rugg then stood upright in his chair, and asked with some authority, “Who has demolished my house in my absence, for I see no signs of a conflagration ? I demand by what accident this has happened, and wherefore this collection of strange people has assembled before my doorstep. I thought I knew every man in Boston, but you appear to me a new generation of men. Yet I am familiar

with many of the countenances here present, and I can call some of you by name ; but in truth I do not recollect that before this moment I ever saw any one of you. There, I am certain, is a Winslow, and here a Sargent ; there stands a Sewall, and next to him a Dudley. Will none of you speak to me,—or is this all a delusion ? I see, indeed, many forms of men, and no want of eyes, but of motion, speech, and hearing, you seem to be destitute. Strange ! Will no one inform me who has demolished my house ? ”

Then spake a voice from the crowd, but whence it came I could not discern : “ There is nothing strange here but yourself, Mr. Rugg. Time, which destroys and renews all things, has dilapidated your house, and placed us here. You have suffered many years under an illusion. The tempest which you profanely defied at Menotomy has at length subsided ; but you will never see home, for your house and wife and neighbors have all disappeared. Your estate, indeed, remains, but no home. You were cut off from the last age, and you can never be fitted to the present. Your home is gone, and you can never have another home in this world.”

THE LATE JOSEPH NATTERSTROM.

THE LATE JOSEPH NATTERSTROM.

THE great wealth of the late Joseph Natterstrom, of New York, was connected with several remarkable incidents, which under the pen of a writer of ordinary imagination might grow into a romantic tale.

The merchant of the United States frequently traces the origin of his prosperity to foreign climes. He holds a magic wand in his hand which reaches to the extremity of the globe; and if he waves it judiciously, he levies from all quarters of the world princely revenues. The restless sea and its richest contents, desolate islands and the most circuitous rivers, the cultivated territory and the interminable wilderness, are as much the merchant's, as the rain and sunshine, the warm breezes and the fattening dews, are the property of the husbandman. But the embryo fortune of Mr. Natterstrom was not of mercantile origin; it came from the heart of Arabia, and grew out of an incursion of the Wheehabites, — a reforming and fanatic sect of Mahometans, who date from Abdul Wheehab, of the last century. This man, like Martin Luther, thought a reformation in morals and discipline had become necessary.

About the year 1790, Ebn Beg and Ibrahim Hamet were returning home from Mecca to Abou Jbee, a village not far from the Rumleah mountains. They had united religion and trade together, as is sometimes done here by the sons of Mercury. In performing their pilgrimage to Mecca with a caravan, they furthered both their temporal and eternal

interests; for on their return from Mecca, they encountered a party of those children of the desert who believe they have a divine right to all the goods of this world which they can conquer, and what they spare, they credit to their magnanimity and generosity, — and herein they do not greatly differ from most other people. But the caravan of Beg and Hamet proved too powerful for the children of Hagar, who became the prey of the stranger. The spoils of that day enriched Beg and Hamet, for those Arabs had shortly before enriched themselves at the expense of another caravan.

With joyful hearts these two men approached home, having left the caravan at the intersection of the road that leads to Aleppo, rejoicing that their danger was over, that they had honorably obtained an accession of wealth, and that they had become entitled to the coveted name of Hadji. But there soon came a blast from the desert which converted the shady spot, on which they had encamped, into a sand-heap. When within a day's journey from home they met a man whom they knew. It was Ali Beker. Said they, "Is there peace at Abou Jbee?" "God is great, there is peace at Abou Jbee," said Ali Beker, "the peace of the grave." He turned his head away, and said no more. Their hearts withered within them. Soon after they met another man; as he approached them, he looked at them earnestly for some time, and then said, "Do I behold the unhappy Beg and Hamet!" and he tore off his turban and flung it on the ground. They passed on, neither Beg nor Hamet speaking to each other. At length they approached the confines of their village, and learned the whole. The Whechabites had been there, and being powerfully resisted and nearly overcome, they left nothing but a heap of ruins to tell the story. Beg and Hamet were now alone on the

face of the earth. They made a circuit around Abou Jbee, took a last look, and passed on to Smyrna. There they remained some time, and studied the French and English languages.

From Smyrna they sailed to Marseilles; and there they assumed the European dress, and studiously conformed to the manners of that people,—a seemingly impossible change, from a Turk to a Frenchman. From Marseilles they proceeded on foot to Paris; and after remaining there a few months, they saw such strange mistakes made, that fearing they might lose their heads without a chance for explanation, they passed on to London, where they felt quite at home. There they remained during the winter of 1793. Chancing to meet Captain Dixon of the New York packet, who had been in the Smyrna trade, they became attached to him from an accidental expression which fell from his lips at the New York Coffee House. Some one had asserted that there were not twenty merchants in the city of New York who could pass for genuine merchants on the Royal Exchange of London,—such was the mercantile honor of Englishmen. An appeal was made to Captain Dixon, who, waving a direct answer, said, “If you wish to find mercantile honor in perfection, surpassing the comprehension of a European, you must go to Turkey. A Turkish merchant’s word is better than a Christian merchant’s bond. The word is sacred; the bond may be disputed. I have seen many a Turk in whose skin you might sew up half a dozen very decent Christians.” “Allah!” said Beg, in rapture, “an infidel has spoken the truth! I wish the Prophet could hear that!” This incident led to an acquaintance with Captain Dixon, who gave them such an account of the New World as excited their curiosity to see it. Accordingly, they sailed soon after with Captain Dixon, for New York.

Beg and Hamet could now speak the English language quite fluently; and concealing that they were Turks, they passed in the principal cities and towns for very decent Christians. Among the people of New England they passed current for two Dutchmen of New York or Pennsylvania; and at Baltimore they were supposed to be two Scotchmen, so prudently and discreetly did they demean themselves. They spent a year in the United States, the chief of the time at New York; and during that time they found ample food for their minds. Hamet told Captain Dixon that he had brought him not only to a new world, but to a new race of men: a people not really civilized, yet far from savage; not very good, nor altogether bad; not generally intelligent, nor altogether ignorant; a calculating people, who reckoned up their rights as often as they did their money. "In fine," said Hamet, "I perceive this is a very young country, but a very old people."

As Beg and Hamet travelled through the States, they were surprised to find so much order and tranquillity among a people without any apparent government; for during nearly the whole year there was no appearance of any government. In divers provinces, each of them bigger than the pachalic of Damascus, a few men would meet once a year, wind up the government like a clock, and leave it to run at random; for after the public agents, like a dispersed caravan, had hastened home, all signs of government vanished. "How different," said Beg, "from all other countries, where the first object of government is to make itself seen, heard, and felt; whereas, among this strange people, you can neither see, hear, nor feel the government."

Beg was greatly diverted in attending a lawsuit at Boston. "There were five reverend judges," he said, "with twelve

men to help them, aided by four counsellors of the law, who consumed a whole day and part of a night in settling a case of twenty-five dollars; and" said Beg, laughing, "the next morning the jury, as they called the twelve men, came solemnly into court and said they could not agree, and never would agree. Whereas," said Beg, "one of our cadis alone would have settled it in twenty minutes."

A few days previous to Beg and Hamet's return to Smyrna, as Beg was passing down Wall Street, he heard a man say, as he was leaving one of the offices, "I don't believe there is an honest man in New York." "Oh, yes, there is," said another, as he was passing; "there is Joe Natterstrom." At that moment an unaccountable trance-like feeling came over Beg, and a voice, which seemed to him audible, said, "Beg, before you leave the country, see Natterstrom and prove his honesty." Beg had not proceeded far before he saw two men in conversation on the sidewalk; and as he passed them he overheard one of them say, "Can I trust him with so much money? Are you sure he is honest?" "Yes," said the other, "honest as Joe Natterstrom." This second incident, to a Mussulman who believed in predestination, was as imperative as the voice of the Prophet. Beg responded aloud, "I will see Natterstrom and prove his honesty." Soon after he heard two men disputing in Broadway with no little passion; and as he approached them, one said, "I will refer it to Joe Natterstrom." "Agreed," said the other. "So," said Beg, "this Natterstrom is also a man of judgment. I will certainly see Natterstrom and prove his honesty."

The next day Beg inquired for Natterstrom, and soon learned that Natterstrom had become a proverb. "As honest as Joe Natterstrom," was in everybody's mouth; but he could find no one who could give him any account of Joe Natterstrom. All agreed that no man in New York

was better known than Joe Natterstrom, yet no one of whom Beg inquired could identify him or tell where he resided. "Pray, sir," said Beg to a merchant on the Exchange, "can you point out to me Joseph Natterstrom?" "No," said he, "I cannot, but his name and reputation are perfectly familiar to me; ask almost any man and he will tell you where he is to be seen." To the same question another replied, "I have often heard of honest Joe Natterstrom: he must be known to almost everybody; but for my part, I do not recollect ever to have seen him. Ask that gentleman across the way, in a drab coat; he knows everybody." Beg then accosted the gentleman with the drab coat. "Pray, sir, can you point me to Joseph Natterstrom?" "Honest Joe Natterstrom, do you mean?" "Yes, sir," said Beg, "honest Joe Natterstrom." "Oh, yes, I know Natterstrom," said the gentleman in drab; "everybody knows Natterstrom. There is no man in New York better known than Natterstrom." "Sir," said Beg, "can you describe him to me?" "I would have affirmed a minute ago," said the gentleman in drab, "that I well knew honest Joe Natterstrom, but I must confess I cannot describe him to you, and do not distinctly recollect that I ever saw him; but almost everybody knows Natterstrom." Beg was astonished. "Here," said he, "is a man honest to a proverb, and no one knows him. Honest men must be very plenty in New York."

Beg now thought Natterstrom must be known at some of the banks; and he inquired at the City Bank if Joseph Natterstrom ever transacted business there. "Do you mean honest Joe Natterstrom?" said the cashier. "Yes," said Beg. "No," replied the cashier, "but we would be happy to accommodate Mr. Natterstrom if he wants a loan." The cashier of the Manhattan Bank said he had paid many a cheque drawn in favor of Joseph Natterstrom, but did not

recollect ever to have seen Natterstrom; nor did he know at what bank he negotiated his business, but said, "Joseph Natterstrom can have any accommodation at this bank." In short, Natterstrom was known by reputation at every bank in the city, and it seems, could have commanded their funds, but none of the officers knew him.

The next Sunday, Beg was certain he had obtained a clew to the person of Natterstrom. The clergyman on whose preaching Beg attended (for though a Mussulman, Beg believed a full third of what he heard), spoke of Natterstrom as a man of such integrity that his name had become synonymous with honesty. But to Beg's surprise, the next day the preacher told him he did not know the man, nor where he resided, but supposed he was the most familiarly known man in New York; for he had often heard the children in the streets mention "honest Joe Natterstrom." Beg, now in despair of ever finding Natterstrom, began to suppose he was an imaginary being; and as there was not an honest real man in New York, the people had conjured up a phantom and given it the name of Joe Natterstrom. Yet this was not the fact; for a few days after, as Beg was walking through Pearl Street, he saw two men in conversation, and heard one of them say, "There goes Joe Natterstrom; let it be settled by honest Joe Natterstrom."

Beg now followed Natterstrom in order to obtain a knowledge of his person. "Allah!" said Beg, after he had obtained a distinct view, "he has the mark of the Prophet; he would not be ashamed to look the Sultan in the face!" The next day Beg, with studied secrecy,—Hamet himself ignorant of it,—disguised himself like an old man tottering on the brink of the grave. He painted his face more cadaverous than the natural look of death; then, taking a bag of gold in his hand, he sought an

opportunity about twilight, when Natterstrom was just leaving his counting-room, and slowly opening the door, he reached the bag, with an apparently feeble arm and trembling hand, to Natterstrom, and said only, "Occupy till Ebn Beg comes," disappearing in a moment, leaving Natterstrom in reasonable doubt whether the occurrence was natural or supernatural. However, he immediately untied the bag, and to his astonishment, counted five hundred English guineas.

Natterstrom stood some time in a revery, many unutterable things probably passing in his mind. He then reached his ledger, and entered therein, "October 21st, 1794, received of Mr. Eben Beck five hundred guineas to be used for his benefit." Beg and Hamet, the next week, left the United States, and returned by the way of Liverpool to Smyrna, where Beg established himself as a merchant.

The next morning Natterstrom opened a new account and placed the money to the credit of Ebenezer Beck, considering himself merely as the agent of Beck. From that day Natterstrom kept Beck's concerns and his own entirely distinct; and from that day Natterstrom was esteemed the most fortunate man in the world, although Natterstrom pronounced himself the most unfortunate. The money of Beg all prospered. It was like a snow-ball in a damp day rolling down the White Mountains. It doubled and trebled itself like an assemblage of clouds driven by contrary winds, while Natterstrom's own property was dissipated like a mist in summer. He seldom saw his own money but once: the winds, the waves, and the rocks in the sea, all conspired against Natterstrom. The same tempest which wrecked Natterstrom's ship on the rock Rodondo, drove Beg's into a famished port in the West Indies, where they weighed silver against flour. The commissions on Beg's

adventure retrieved Natterstrom's late loss and gave him the command of a great sum as the agent of Beg.

Natterstrom was among the first to embark in trade to the Levant. The situation of the commercial world was most inviting to the commerce of the United States. All the world was a new milch cow to the merchant. While all Europe was fighting for this cow, and one nation was seizing her by the horns, another by the tail, a third by her fore-leg, and a fourth by her hind-leg, the merchant of the United States was sitting beside her, milking as quietly as a milkmaid. Natterstrom freighted two ships, one on his own, the other on Beck's account, and sent them to Smyrna. Captain Dixon commanded Beck's and Captain Hathaway, Natterstrom's ship. On their arrival in the roadstead of Smyrna, they hoisted the flag of the United States, which excited no little curiosity on shore, for very few of the Smyrniots had ever seen our national colors. It soon came to Beg's ears that two ships from the New World, heavily laden, were at anchor in the offing. He was immediately on board the nearest, which proved to be Captain Hathaway's; and learning they were both from New York, he was greatly delighted. Beg was invited into the cabin, and, at his request, was shown an invoice of the cargo. When he had read it, he cast it on the table, and said, "I pity the owner; every article is a drug here, and would better suit the New York market." "That is Natterstrom's ill-luck," said Captain Hathaway: "if he had shipped gold, it would have transmuted itself into brass; if he held in his hands the rain of heaven, it would descend in mildew. Whatever he touches with his own hand, he poisons; but whatever he touches with Beck's hand, he converts to gold. I dare say Beck's cargo will turn to good account." "Natterstrom," said Beg, "Natterstrom, what Natterstrom? I was once in New

York, and knew a Mr. Natterstrom; they called him 'honest Joe Natterstrom.'" "The same, the same," said Captain Hathaway; "who could have imagined that Joe Natterstrom was known to a merchant of Smyrna! He is the owner of this unhappy cargo, which is his whole property." "And whose is the other ship and cargo?" said Beg. "That," said Captain Hathaway, "is more than any living man knows. Natterstrom himself is ignorant of the owner. He says he is the agent of one Ebenezer Beck, and as no one doubts what Natterstrom says, the property is all taxed to Ebenezer Beck. This Beck owns a large real and personal estate, particularly a valuable wharf, in New York; and as nobody knows who Beck is, and as the estate has thus strangely slipped away from the lawful owner, the public have called it Beckman's Slip. Heaven grant that this same Beck do not ultimately prove the ruin of poor Natterstrom." "It may be so," said Beg; "a man may be wise for another, and a fool for himself. Let us now go on board Beck's ship, and examine his cargo." "That is needless," said Captain Hathaway; "here is an invoice of Beck's cargo." Beg examined it, and exclaimed, "Admirable! It is worth half Smyrna. This Beck is a lucky fellow; he was born under the sun; his lamp will never go out. He must be a favorite of the Prophet, and was nursed under a tree that sheds its fruit, when ripe, into his lap." Beg then went on board of the other ship, and to his surprise and great joy, beheld his old friend Captain Dixon. After an oriental salutation, Beg mentioned his interview with Captain Hathaway, and lamented the unhappy voyage of Natterstrom. "And who," said Beg, "may be the fortunate owner of your cargo?" "That," said Captain Dixon, "is a mystery, deep as the hidden springs of your deserts. If honest Joe Natterstrom speaks truth, the fountain is still sealed. He

is an agent of an unknown being. Natterstrom, though he is obliged to live and appear like a pacha, asserts that he is a poor man, only the agent of Beek, and dependent on his commissions. He affirms that all the property in his hands is one Eben Beek's; and when questioned who Beek may be, he says he does n't know, he never saw him but once, then in the twilight, and that, several years since." "But," said Beg, "is there any doubt that Natterstrom would surrender this property to the man Beek, if he should go and demand it?" "That, indeed, remains to be proved," said Captain Dixon, "and will forever remain a doubt; for there is no probability that Beek will ever appear. Many believe that Natterstrom, from some strange whim or dubious motive, has fabricated the whole story of this Eben Beek." "It may, nevertheless, all be true," said Beg; "and Natterstrom may be the honest agent of Eben Beek. He is no friend to virtue who doubts its existence. The case may be as Natterstrom affirms; therefore it's wrong to prejudge. To attribute a bad motive to a good action is to sow tares among wheat. Is it so very extraordinary that a man should be honest? Our Prophet could summon thousands of the faithful, whose least merit would be their integrity. To return a pledge, to keep sacred a deposit, to do equity where the law would not compel you, in the estimation of the Prophet are all natural; little better than instinct. I fear you wrong Natterstrom in doubting his integrity. Mere honesty is only a silent virtue. Your Prophet and ours have, each of them, many humble followers, who are like the potato of your country, which never raises its head above the surface. Yet the potato is worth the whole tribe of flowers that sport in the breeze. The English, who trade to the Red Sea, trust whole cargoes to our people, who carry them to the heart of Asia; and all the security they

demand is a token, a crook of a Mussulman's finger. If Natterstrom has proclaimed himself the steward of another man, has he not pledged himself to a surrender when that man appears and reclaims his own?"

"I wish Eben Beck was in the Red Sea," said Captain Dixon; "for it is evident, whether a real being or a phantom, he is the evil genius of honest Joe Natterstrom."

"But now to business," said Beg. "Give me the refusal of your cargo, and I will freight both vessels back with such products as you may order."

This accomplished, both ships returned to New York, heavily laden with the richest products of the East.

When it appeared to Natterstrom that Beck's ship had made a prosperous voyage, and that his own enterprise had failed, Natterstrom was disheartened; all his thoughts turned, inwardly, to one dark idea. Strange things passed in his mind. He remembered the pale look of the person, the feeble arm and trembling hand, that reached to him the bag of gold. The apparent old age and the decrepitude of the man now fixed his attention more strangely than in the moment of reality. The man of 1794 seemed to reappear to Natterstrom in full life; and an impression that he might be the passive agent of an unholy principal overpowered him. He began to hate his own name, without being reconciled to that of Beck. However, the course of events and the facility of business all tended to sink the name of Natterstrom into that of Beck; so that Natterstrom was frequently addressed as Ebenezer Beck by foreign merchants, who really supposed they were merchandising with Beck himself. Indeed, he began to be called in New York, Ebenezer Beck; so that at length he willingly assumed the name. He therefore relinquished all business in the name of Natterstrom, took down his sign on his warehouse, and substituted in place thereof

that of Ebenezer Beck. Thus, honest Joe Natterstrom sank into Ebenezer Beck; and many of the present generation, who suppose they have seen Ebenezer Beck a thousand times, never heard of the name of Joseph Natterstrom. So hasty is time to bury the past; so closely does oblivion press on the footsteps of time.

Under the name of Ebenezer Beck, Natterstrom long flourished, one of the most eminent merchants of New York. Although he employed thousands of men, and came in contact with the whole mass of civil society, no man was ever heard to complain of him; he was the counterpart of the late Mr. Gray of Boston.

After many successful voyages to Smyrna, Beck exclaimed one day in the hearing of Captain Dixon, "Lord, remember poor Joseph Natterstrom; but as for Ebenezer Beck, stay thy hand, for he has enough!" This being related to Beg the last time Captain Dixon was at Smyrna, "Enough!" said Beg, "he is the first man that ever cried enough!"

"But," said Captain Dixon, "if the wealth is not his own, but one Ebenezer Beck's, he exclaimed 'Enough' for another man, not for himself."

"True," said Beg, "it is so; yet it seems to confirm his integrity, if he did not apply the expression to himself."

Beg now thought it time to see Natterstrom, and he prepared to visit the United States. Accordingly, he embarked a second time with Captain Dixon for New York. On his arrival, he pondered a long time how he should make himself known to Natterstrom. At length, he resolved to appear before him in the same disguise in which he appeared at his counting-room in 1794, thirty years before. He now prepared himself for a meeting; and having ascertained that Natterstrom and his family were going to a country-seat at Flushing, he placed himself

in the way, and sat down near the middle of the road, near the Dutch church. With one hand he supported himself with a staff; and the other was half extended, as if in dubious expectation of charity. When the horses of Natterstrom's carriage approached Beg, they suddenly stopped and trembled, as if spell-bound. The coachman turned to Natterstrom and said, "Here, sir, is a miserable object, so unhuman that the horses tremble at sight of him."

"Eternal God!" said Natterstrom, "that is Eben Beek! The day of doubt is passed, and if that is a human being, I am happy; otherwise, I have been thirty years under enchantment." In an instant, Natterstrom leaped from the carriage and approached Beg. "Thou art Eben Beek," said Natterstrom. "Dost thou appear to me a miserable beggar, or a mysterious being, unallied to this world, and all its concerns? Speak, for I am Joseph Natterstrom, and have 'occupied' till Eben Beek has come."

"How hast thou 'occupied'?" said Beg, austere.

"I have 'occupied,'" said Natterstrom, "until thy five hundred guineas have become more than five hundred thousand. Arise, and take a seat in this, thy carriage, for it is thine, — see thy name on the panel, — and let me accompany thee to thy beautiful mansion at Becksville."

Beg ascended the carriage, seated himself, sat calmly, and said nothing. Natterstrom, though full, even to anguish, was silence-struck at this strange occurrence; and thus all was quiet until they arrived at Beek's country-seat. Natterstrom now proposed a change of raiment, which Beg declined, observing he was too old to change his habits; he had come a long distance to settle his affairs, and was desirous of returning home to his own country. "When canst thou settle with me?" asked Beg.

"To-day," replied Natterstrom.

"But how canst thou settle the concerns of thirty years in one day?"

"I have only," said Natterstrom, "to hand thee a bundle of papers, and the business is done."

"Explain thyself, Mr. Natterstrom, for I am an ignorant man."

"All thy property is in thy own name; thy real estate is registered, thy ships are registered, thy notes of hand, thy bonds and mortgages, are all payable to thyself; thy bank stock is all certified to Eben Beck; and all thy other personal property is in thy day-book and ledger. Otherwise, how could Eben Beck receive his own, if Joseph Natterstrom had died before Eben Beck came back?"

"But how canst thou distinguish between thy own and my own? Joseph Natterstrom has not become poor while Eben Beck has become rich?"

"Joseph Natterstrom has become poor, and has lived many years under the shadow of Eben Beck, and has rejoiced in the sunshine of his prosperity; for to rejoice in the prosperity of another is to partake of it. But now, all is Eben Beck's; if Joseph Natterstrom retains anything, he wrongs Eben Beck."

"And art thou ready to resign all?"

"All."

"And what wilt thou have left?"

"Myself."

"True," said Beg, "Joseph Natterstrom will remain, and a man's best wealth ought to be himself."

The next day, Natterstrom resigned all, and Beg took all. In one day, everything was settled. From great splendor and apparent opulence, Joseph Natterstrom was reduced to nothing. From that day Beg never saw Natterstrom, though he remained in New York about six

months. He continued his disguise, lived meanly, and encouraged the opinion that he was a mysterious miser. The experiment on Natterstrom having succeeded to Beg's satisfaction, he was now desirous of returning home to Smyrna ; but first he executed his Will, which for brevity was remarkable. Thus : " There is but one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet. I, Ebn Beg, of Smyrna, known in the city of New York as Eben Beck, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make this my last will and testament. First, I devise to Joseph Natterstrom, my late agent, and to his heirs and assigns, all my real estate in the United States. Secondly, I give and bequeath to said Natterstrom, all my personal property, both in Europe and in the United States." This will, correctly executed, Beg deposited with Captain Dixon, who now for the first time was made acquainted with the long-sleeping secret. By the aid of Captain Dixon, Beg now appeared to sicken, languish, and die. His funeral was performed, and his decease was publicly noticed, very little to his credit. The good-natured Beg smiled at this, and soon after sailed for Smyrna.

Captain Dixon now presented the will to Natterstrom ; he read it, and for a moment his well-balanced mind began to totter. He was now deeply impressed, that for thirty years he had been under a supernatural influence, but as it appeared to him to be that kind of influence which one good spirit might have over another, he retained the name of Eben Beck to the day of his death, as well from pleasant associations as from public sanction ; but his real name was Joseph Natterstrom, as is well known to many aged people now living in New York.

MARTHA GARDNER;

OR, MORAL REACTION.

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SIR FRANCIS WILLOUGHBY attempted the first settlement in Charlestown on the land adjoining the old ferry. Afterward Martha Gardner became heir to a part of the same estate. What inhabitant of that region, who has passed the meridian of life, cannot remember Martha Gardner? What man or woman of sixty has not bought sweetmeats, nuts, and apples at the shop of Martha Gardner at her little mansion measuring ten feet by twelve, which during her life was a frontier cottage between Boston and Charlestown, on the Charlestown shore near the old ferry-way? Those who remember Martha, and recollect how silent, modest, industrious, and unassuming she was, will think it impossible that anything interesting can grow out of her history; yet one incident in her long life merits solemn reflection. It may appear to many an idle legend, yet it is not so; for the footsteps of time have already left an indelible track, and Martha Gardner, although long since in her grave, still speaks trumpet-tongued from her venerable ashes.

Previous to the American Revolution Martha Gardner lived in Charlestown. Her family name was Bunker, whence came the name Bunker Hill. On the seventeenth day of June she saw her little mansion given to the flames, and herself houseless, destitute, and an exile from her

Eden. After the war she returned and erected her small cottage on the border of the beautiful river; and there she lived, and there in 1809 she died.

In 1785 Charles River Bridge, the greatest enterprise of that day, was erected near the door of Martha Gardner, on the Charlestown shore. The wealthy proprietors soon began to fancy that a valuable part of the estate of Martha Gardner was their corporate property; and Martha was compelled either to resign her title, or engage in a lawsuit with the richest corporation in New England. Her distress may be imagined,—a poor widow, recently flying from the flames of her dwelling, hardly reinstated in the common comforts of life, already bending with age, and now forced to contend with powerful claimants for a part of the small estate of which, unluckily, all the deeds and documents were (as she supposed) burned during the general conflagration of Charlestown.

A lawsuit has different aspects to different persons. To some a lawsuit is a holiday; to others it gives the heart-ache. To some the agitation of a lawsuit is but the lullaby of a sea breeze; so the French officer thought, who, during a tedious peace, contrived to be involved in a hundred lawsuits. When he was summoned before Louis XV. as a public nuisance, the king ordered him to drop them all; but he, falling on his knees, entreated that he might retain half a dozen of them for his diversion, otherwise he should die with languor during the long peace. Not so Lord Chancellor Eldon. When his steward complained to him of a trespasser, he asked if the man had stolen an acre of land. "Why, no, sir." "Then wait till he does." Nor did Erskine see any amusement in a lawsuit. Ellenborough once suggested to him that his client could have a better remedy in the Court of Chancery. At the name of the Court of Chancery, Erskine, wiping away a tear, and

looking the Chief-Justice in the face, said, in a supplicating tone: "Has your Lordship the heart to send a fellow-being to the Court of Chancery?"

But let us pause a moment to contemplate Martha Gardner. How much do these two words "Martha Gardner" comprise! More than the whole Trojan war! Homer could have turned Martha Gardner into an epic poem, for she and moral reaction are one. Moral reaction, — what a subject for contemplation! The anger of Achilles, the wanderings of that cunning itinerant Ulysses, the flight from Troy, our lagging sympathy with Æneas, and the fertile squabble of the Crusaders and the Turks for a few square feet of earth, are mere incidents compared with the eternal decrees of moral reaction. Coleridge and Kant, transcendental philosophers! — ye could discourse sublimely on moral reaction forever and ever; for every action, past, present, or future, would afford food to your telescopic minds. Every intelligent being and nation, as well as individual, is at this moment suffering under moral reaction. The earthquake is but a momentary shock, the thunder dies in its birth, the volcano is but a palpitation; but moral reaction though silent, unseen, and unheard, is the most busy agent in the universe. While it requires ages for the ocean to effect a little inroad on the sea-beach, moral reaction at one time overwhelms individuals and nations at a blow, at another it leads them through a labyrinth to slow but sure destruction, — a giant, but without the arms of a giant; Time with his scythe, but you see not the scythe. The prophetic imprecation of Martha Gardner which we are about to relate, was but a woman's voice sighing in the tempest and dying away among the billows; but it was a voice charged with an awful decree.

The story of Martha Gardner, although having its scene under our own eyes, and the principal fact a matter of pub-

lie record, is so much like a legendary tale that it is impossible to treat the subject without a tinge of the marvellous.

Soon after the great Corporation of Charles River Bridge began the conflict with Martha Gardner for a part of her little patrimony,—the dock adjoining the bridge,—Martha one morning sat in her chair, her hands folded, looking more like a figure of stone than a living being, when in came David Wood (the late Colonel Wood), one of those rare men, whom as soon as the eyes saw, the lips whispered, “There goes a man.” His noble heart you might read in his face and see in his hand; in his dealings he was so just that his word was as good as a promissory note, and passed like a bill of exchange from man to man. His looks created immediate confidence; a lost dog might always be found at David Wood’s door-step. Indeed, this man seemed to live exempt from the general penalty, and never appeared to realize that all others were not like himself.

“What’s the matter, Martha; what’s the matter? You look worse than you did when you fled from the ‘seventeenth of June.’” Martha at first made no reply, for she did not see him. “Are you in a trance, Martha? Wake up, and tell me what the trouble is.”

Martha seemed to awake from a deep revery, and replied, “Ah, Mr. Wood, the burning of Charlestown, with my little all, was but a momentary conflict,—it was but a dream of the night. What comes without anticipation, and ends in a moment, passes over us like a dream. That morning found me happy, and the next morning found me so. The seventeenth had passed over me forever, and the morning of the eighteenth gave me new joy. Why could they not wait a little longer, and I should have been at rest? But now I see no end to my sorrows. When I lay my head on my pillow, the Corporation appears to me in

all its terrors ; when I sleep — no, I do not sleep — when I dream, I dream of the Corporation ; and when I wake, there stands the great Corporation of Charles River Bridge against Martha Gardner, — they, seemingly almighty, and I, nothing. Why did you waken me ? ”

“ Cheer up, Martha,” said the benevolent Mr. Wood, “ your happy star shall yet prevail. Why, have you forgotten your old wooden post with Ebenezer Mansir’s name carved on it, — the old wooden post which the selectmen of Charlestown, in their wrath, ordered to be cut away, and which, after traversing the whole world of waters, floated back after two years to your own door, and was replaced in its own post-hole ? Arise, look out of your window and see the old wooden pier, and then doubt, if you can, of eternal justice. Ebenezer — look at it ; it means, ‘ Praise the Lord ! ’ ”

“ Ah,” said Martha, “ the day of miracles is not yet passed. That old wooden pier has given birth to strange reflections, its return seemed to connect heaven and earth ; it seemed like the return of a wandering spirit, cast out of its native element, to its first happy state.”

“ Yes,” said Mr. Wood ; “ think of that post with the name carved on it to identify it, floating on the mighty waters, — now in the Gulf Stream, now driven up the Baltic, then by a north wind sent to the Equator and Pacific, and thence back to the Atlantic, — and after such a voyage of adventure, arriving at Charlestown in its own dock again ! ”

“ Yes,” said Martha, “ I have heard it observed that many ages past a man by the name of Plato, being in the dark, guessed a great deal about the immortality of the soul. I have often imagined that the return of the wooden post was like a lost angel to his native home ; and if that old post, subject two years to the winds of heaven

and waves of the sea, tossed upon all the coasts, inlets, bays, creeks, and nooks of the four quarters of the world, came home at last, a wandering spirit might one day reach its native home!"

The wooden pier just mentioned was well calculated to bewilder the least superstitious mind. The simple facts were these: Soon after the erection of Charles River Bridge, the selectmen of Charlestown believed a portion of Martha Gardner's estate was the town dock, and they ordered a favorite wooden post standing at the dock to be cut away. The post stood under her chamber window, and from her youth upward she was attached to that post as much as Pope was attached to the classic post before his door. Ebenezer Mansir tied his fishing-boat to that post, and Martha when a child played in the boat; and when it floated on an ebb-tide down the dock the length of its tether, she pulled herself up the dock by the help of the rope. That was a pure pleasure never to be forgotten.

Martha remonstrated against the wrong done her, with all a woman's eloquence, but in vain; and as the post was floating out into Charles River, a by-stander said, "Farewell to your old post, Mrs. Gardner, you will never see it again." She instantly replied, "Who knows but that post may one day come back again, to convince the selectmen of my right and their wrong?" Nothing more was thought of this until two years after, when the old post, covered with caragheen-moss and barnacles, came floating up the dock at midday, shining like an emerald; and as the tide receded, deposited itself beside its old situation. This incident is now in the family records.

"But," said Mr. Wood, "when will the trial begin?"

"Next week," said Martha; "and my heart fails within me, for I have nothing to show; all my deeds were destroyed on the seventeenth of June."

“Ah, Martha, you seem now like a lamb shorn in winter; but I have a presentiment that there is an angel behind the curtain. When human help fails us, an armed giant sometimes appears in our defence. A benighted traveller has often been shown his true path by a flash of lightning. You may yet awake out of a dream.”

Early the next morning Mr. Wood received a message. His mansion stood half a mile from Martha Gardner's cottage, where the brick church now stands at the corner of Wood and Green Streets. On entering Martha's cottage, he found her greatly agitated. Said Martha, “Your angel behind the curtain made his appearance last night. He knocked at my door once; I was afraid. He knocked at my door again; I was afraid and said nothing. He knocked at my door the third time, and said, ‘Awake, Martha, awake, and fear no harm!’ I took courage and replied, ‘I am awake, but am overcome with fear; for I am alone, and there is none to help me.’ ‘Fear nothing, Martha, I am here to help you. Listen. In the house of your son-in-law, in an old trunk at the bottom of the old trunk in the garret, behind the chimney, there all your deeds and records are preserved.’”

Search was immediately made, and in an old trunk at the bottom of the old trunk in the garret, behind the chimney, Sir Francis Willoughby's original deed to Martha Gardner's ancestor was quietly reposing in perfect preservation. This was handed to the late Governor Sullivan, then attorney-general, the faithful counsellor of the lone widow. She prevailed in the Supreme Court, and was quieted in her rights.

This incident of “the angel behind the curtain,” deserves a passing remark. There was nothing strange in Martha Gardner's dreaming every night of her lawsuit, of the great Corporation, and of her lost deeds; neither is it

strange that she should dream of finding them. And if we connect the sanguine expressions of her friend Wood with her own earnest wishes, we have the key to her dream. There is no probability that she heard a knocking at her chamber door, either once, twice, or thrice; but she dreamed she did so, and in the morning she doubtless thought it was more than a dream. She had probably seen that old trunk many times, little imagining the jewel it contained. There is really nothing marvellous in this dream, and I do not wish it to be so considered; for though it was far more important to her than the return of the old wooden post, yet this dream is not worthy of a passing notice compared with the adventures of that almost intellectual wooden post.

But Martha Gardner was not destined to a long repose. One pleasant morning soon after, looking out of her window, she observed the sea-gulls sporting themselves above the bridge. "This is a deceitful calm," said Martha. "These sea-gulls so near my door denote an approaching storm;" and immediately after the great Corporation appeared to Martha in the shape of a summons, commanding her to appear at court and submit to a new trial in the form of a review. Said Martha, "How cruel! This may be sport to them, but it is death to me. I have but a short lease of all worldly things; my setting sun shows only a crescent, it will be down in a moment. Let the great Corporation take my estate. I will contend no longer. If they have resolved to contend again, let them take my estate this moment rather than that I should close my few remaining days in anxiety and distress. I have already been overwhelmed in the waters of bitterness. Truly my name is Martha." "Not so," said her friends. "Remember the wooden post with Ebenezer Mansir's name carved on it. Remember the 'angel behind the curtain,'

and remember the old trunk. Do not let the great Corporation with their long arms reach beyond your simple rights. The whole Corporation in the eye of the court weighs no more than Martha Gardner."

In consequence of this assurance, Martha maintained the conflict a second time with the Corporation, and prevailed. She now congratulated herself that she should die in peace; and she resigned herself to that sweet repose, such as virtuous old age, when light-hearted, enjoys under the shadow of a weight of years. In old age most persons cling the closer to earth the nearer they approach the close of life. Not so Martha; her setting sun seemed to renew her youth. She was as merry as a cricket in autumn, which sings loudest on the last day of sunshine. She was at peace with herself, and therefore with all the world. The swallows observed this, and built their nests over her window, and twittered on her window-sill. Her day never seemed too long. She renewed her girlhood with the foliage of spring, while the wreath of snow over the river on Copp's Hill, reminded her of a gay plume rather than of her winding-sheet. All her wrinkles fled before the sparkling of her eyes. Life returned to her, and in her old age she was still young. Doubtless a joyous old age with a heart alive to youthful sensations is nearly allied to spiritual existence; in truth, her mortality seemed swallowed up in life. "Happy Mrs. Gardner," said the neighbors; "there is nothing mortal about her, she will never die. She will sit upright in her easy-chair and seem to die; but no, Martha has only been translated." Hesiod must have had such a one as Martha Gardner in view when speaking of the first happy ages:—

"They die, or rather seem to die; they seem
From hence transported in a pleasing dream."

Indeed Martha Gardner appeared to have gone to heaven

before her time, and to have enjoyed in this world an athanasia. But the evening breeze which was so sweetly wafting her down the quiet stream of time to the calm latitudes, was only the precursor of a tempest which overwhelmed her gentle soul. Just before she took leave of this world, the moment she was folding all up for her last journey, just when with her own hands, she had worked her last white dress and instructed her granddaughter how to adjust it, the great Corporation sent a third summons to her, more appalling than would have been her last summons. This blow was too much for Martha, and she became a weeping-willow. Again the great Corporation oppressed her sleep; her day-fears pursued her to her couch, where in her phantom sleep she wrestled with the nightmare in the shape of the great Corporation. Trouble in youth is like the morning dew,—the first gleam of the sun dissipates it; but trouble in old age weighs heavier and heavier, and the heart sinks, and drags hope downward.

But why did the Corporation of Charles River Bridge thus pursue Martha Gardner? There is but one answer,—it was a Corporation.

The metaphysicians distribute man into three parts,—the animal, the intellectual, and the moral. Which of these three is most likely to prevail in a Corporation? The Corporation of Charles River Bridge was composed of many men well remembered now for their private and public worth. Less than five of them would have redeemed Nineveh. But unhappily the animal and the intellectual part of Corporations generally govern the body, and conscience is a non-corporate word.

While Martha was preparing for her last conflict with the Corporation a great storm in November threatened wide desolation to the neighboring shores of Boston and Charlestown. A three days' northeast wind, assisted by

the full moon, seemed to challenge the Gulf Stream. It is well known that a powerful northeast wind narrows the Gulf Stream, renders it more rapid, and drives it nearer the coast. The third day of this memorable storm afforded the sublimest scene ever beheld in New England. It seemed for a fearful moment that the order of Nature was broken up, and that He who gave the sea its bounds had released the conditions ; that the whole Atlantic, in a boisterous mood, had forced the Gulf Stream into Boston harbor. There was not a wave to be seen ; it was one white surge,—one white mountain of foam breaking over the tops of the numerous islands in the harbor ; while during the momentary lulling of the wind and subsiding of the waters, the surges broke upon the eye like so many gambolling sea-monsters, dancing to the ceaseless roar of Chelsea and Lynn beaches. It seemed as though the mainland must give way to the mighty sea beating upon the rock-bound coast. It was a fearful day for Charlestown. The waters had already buried the wharves in their abyss. Charles River Bridge next disappeared and was totally engulfed ; vessels might have sailed over it keel-safe. The flood was marching up Main Street to the Square. Mothers seized their infants, and were preparing to fly to the uplands. Three days more and the heights of Boston and Charlestown would have appeared like islands in the Atlantic ocean ; but happily for Boston and the vicinity, this storm occurred in November and not in May, otherwise the numerous icebergs which annually appear off the coast might have blockaded the harbor between Cape Ann and Cape Cod, and destroyed Boston and the neighboring seaports.

In the last efforts of the storm the little cottage of Martha Gardner began to tremble. The surge bore down on her tottering tenement, while the winds lashed every

returning billow into new fury. The neighbors collected around her dwelling and besought her to fly from instant ruin. She, nothing daunted, ascended to her chamber window, and opening it, addressed them:—

“I will not fly,” said she. “Let Lynn beach roar, and let the winds and the waves rage three days more. If my house moves it shall be my ark; it shall be my cradle. I will move with it. I will neither fly from the storm nor look back, but will look up! I have nothing to fear from the war of elements. My destruction comes not in the whirlwind nor in the tempest, but from a broken heart. Welcome, ye stormy winds and raging waves! Ye are but ministers of Supreme Power, flying messengers; and when your errand is done, ye are as quiet as a landscape. When the storm is passed all will smile again. Ye are now my diversion; ye bring repose to my troubled spirit; ye lull me to rest. When ye are quiet, the great Corporation will trouble my sleep. All natural evils are but play-things. This tempest shakes my dwelling, but not my soul. The thunder is harmless the moment it is heard. The earthquake brings impartial ruin; but I, a poor widow, am singled out by the great Corporation, and pursued to my dying bed-chamber. Yes, my soul enjoys this tempest; I look down on it; I am lifted above it. I had rather see this tempest with open eyes than the great Corporation in my sleep.

“This storm gives me new courage, a new spirit, and raises me far above its idle rage. I am above the storm; I am on the top of Jacob’s ladder, and see the heavenly blue. This storm quiets my soul. It has caused, for a moment, Charles River Bridge to disappear. I am in a new element. I am at the gate of heaven, and hear a voice you cannot hear; I hear a voice above the storm saying, ‘Martha Gardner shall be avenged, but not in her

day.' The time is coming when there shall be no more passing over that bridge than there is at this moment. It shall be desolate and forsaken,—a fishing-place. The curlew and gray gull and stormy petrel shall there rest in quiet. The traveller shall pass over another highway, and turning his head shall say, 'Behold the great highway of the north and of the east,—behold how desolate!' And it shall be desolate; but neither storm nor tempest nor fire nor earthquake shall destroy it. It shall be like a barren spot in a fertile valley. All around it shall flourish. The voice of prosperity shall echo and re-echo across the river from all the hills of Boston, even to the heights of Charlestown, and thence among the islands; but that spot shall become a solitude, a barren streak in a green circle. The grass shall spring from the crevices, but it shall wither before the midday sun. No living thing shall pass over it. A lost child shall not be sought in that desolate path. The traveller shall shun it, and shall pass another way to the great city, and they of the great city shall shun it and pass another way; and they of the great Corporation shall avoid it, turn from it, and pass another way. It shall disappear in all its glory as the great highway of the north, and still remain visible as an everlasting monument. And the stranger shall come from the uttermost parts of the earth to behold the beautiful city; and he shall ascend the mount of my fathers, and shall view the beautiful city, begirt with mountains of emerald; and he shall behold the thousand villas which shall stud the lawns like diamonds, and the distant hills pouring down plenty, while the Atlantic, bearing on her bosom the harvest of the world, shall bow at her footstool. And the eyes of the stranger shall become weary in beholding new beauties, and his senses sleep from the fatigue of beholding the ever-varying prospect changing with every passing

cloud, and he shall descend from the mount of my fathers and return to the beautiful city ; but when he shall cast his eye on this spot the charm shall dissolve. He shall stand amazed and demand, ‘ Why that solitude amid universal life ? ’ ”

Dimly seen through the spray, she now withdrew from the storm, and gently closed the window. All was silent ; for as she did not appear to address the spectators, no one knew how to reply to her. At length William Goodwin, a man of ardent temperament and generous feelings, said, “ Truly, that was Martha Gardner’s countenance, I cannot be deceived ; for the flash of her eyes created, amid the storm, a rainbow around her head. But it was not — no, it was not Martha Gardner’s voice. This means something ; here is a mystery. Some of us may live to see it unravelled ; but Martha Gardner never uttered all that.”

The storm immediately died away. The next morning was calm and fair. Martha Gardner soon after passed through her last conflict with the Corporation, and died.

The world knows all the rest. The traveller who passes over Warren Bridge, and turns his eye over his shoulder and beholds the present desolation of Charles River Bridge, and sees the immense crowd passing over the new highway, if he hath any faith in moral reaction, will say, “ In truth, Martha Gardner built Warren Bridge ; ” and in other times it may be said, “ As true as Martha Gardner built Warren Bridge.” ¹

¹ The public are familiar with the suit lately decided in the United States Supreme Court of Errors, between the proprietors of Charles River and Warren Bridges. The decision was against the Charles River Bridge, and “ the great Corporation ” have vainly petitioned the Massachusetts Legislature for a release from the conditions of their charter. Their bridge is seldom or never used, and must soon become impassable. The distant reader may ask, “ Why is this ? ” The answer is, “ Warren Bridge is free, so rendered by an act of the Legislature ; and few persons, not even the proprietors themselves, choose to pay toll for the privilege of crossing Charles River Bridge.”

THE MAN WITH THE CLOAKS:

A VERMONT LEGEND.

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ON the border of Lake Champlain you will find a beautiful declivity in the present town of Ferrisburg, which commands a southerly view of the lake. In a calm summer morning you may look down on a sea of glass; and sometimes in winter when a severe frost catches the lake asleep, you may behold a spacious mirror, polished beyond the highest skill of art.

The following account of John Grindall, who many years since lived on this declivity, is still current in the neighborhood, although time has probably added not a little to the real facts. Grindall was something more than a strict economist, one whom the present extravagant age would pronounce a miser. To give and to lose had with him the same meaning; so, to get and to keep.

A poor traveller from the Genesee country, on his return from Canada, was overtaken in the month of November in the year 1780 (a memorable cold winter in New England), without a surtout. He tarried for a night at an inn in the neighborhood of Ferrisburg. His landlord taking pity on him, observed, "My neighbor Grindall has just bought himself, after many years, a new cloak. Call on him to-morrow morning, and tell him I sent you, and hope he will give you his old cloak; and, moreover, say to him, he will never be

less warm for parting with it, as a deed of charity sometimes warms the body more than a blanket."

Accordingly the traveller called on Grindall and told his errand. The day was extremely cold, and of itself pleaded most eloquently for the old cloak

"How easy," said Grindall, "is it for one man to be liberal of the property of another! My neighbor is one of the most generous men in the world, for the simple reason that he has nothing to give."

"You do him wrong, sir," said the traveller; "he gave me a lodging and a breakfast; and, moreover, said you were the wealthiest man in these parts."

"Ay," said Grindall, "I have grown rich by keeping, not by giving. If the weather grows much colder, I shall want not only my new cloak and my old one, but another."

"So you will want two, or more, while I have to travel more than one hundred miles without any! Your neighbor bade me tell you a deed of charity would warm one better than a blanket."

"My old cloak will fit no one but myself."

"Ah! he that is warm thinks all others are so."

"But you should be more provident, and not have to make the cloak when it begins to rain. However, you have one advantage: a threadbare coat is armor-proof against a highwayman."

"And perhaps," said the traveller, "another advantage, 'the greatest wealth is contentment with a little.'"

"Yes," said Grindall, "many talk like philosophers and live like fools."

"But sir, if you make money your god, it will plague you like the devil."

"But he is not wise that is not wise for himself; and he that would give to all, shows great good-will, but little wisdom."

"Still, sir, you make a good investment when you relieve the necessitous."

"All my income is applied to very different purposes."

"Farewell, then. You may want more than two cloaks to keep you warm if I perish with the cold."

The traveller departed. A few days afterward a rumor was prevalent that a traveller had perished on the west side of the lake. Grindall heard the report, and reflecting on the last words of the stranger, felt a sudden chillness shoot through his frame. There was nothing supernatural in this; the body is often the plaything of the mind. The imagination can produce a fever; and why may it not turn the heart to an icicle, especially as it appeared that Grindall's heart was sufficiently cold before? The morning after this rumor he pronounced it the coldest day he had ever experienced; and he sat in his old cloak the whole day, congratulating himself that he had not given it to the traveller. The next day seemed to Grindall more severe than the former; and he put on both the old and the new cloak. Nevertheless he was far from comfortable. The third day he sent to his tailor for a new cloak; but as the tailor could not make a cloak in a day, he borrowed one of his neighbor, the innkeeper.

The weather that year, 1780, as is well known, waxed daily colder and colder, and Grindall was obliged to employ all the tailors far and wide, for nothing could keep him warm, not even an additional cloak every day; so that Grindall soon excited the curiosity of all around him. His appearance indeed must have been grotesque. His circumference was soon so great that he could not pass out of his door, yet nothing less than a new cloak daily could relieve him. He was extremely loath to send for a physician; for having on one occasion been bled by a doctor, he was heard to declare that he never would part with any more of his

blood, meaning thereby his money. However, Grindall was not without medical advice. Curiosity soon filled his house. All the old ladies far and near, Indian doctors and doctresses, offered him more remedies than can be found in the *Materia Medica*. Even the regular and irregular faculty gave him a call gratis, hoping at least to learn something either in confirmation of preconceived opinion, or, what was more agreeable, from practical experiment on a new disease. While it cost nothing, Grindall was willing to listen and submit; hence his house became a hospital, and himself the recipient of a thousand prescriptions. But all availed nothing; he grew colder every day. Every new cloak was but a wreath of snow. The doctors at length began to quarrel among themselves. In their various experiments they so often crossed one another's path, and administered such opposite remedies, that Grindall began to jeer them. The only perspiration he enjoyed for three months was caused by a fit of laughter at the doctors' expense. He plainly told them, if one remedy would cure, another would as certainly kill. To this each physician readily assented, but at the same time asserted that his own remedy was the only cure. These opposite prescriptions soon embroiled all his doctors, both male and female; at the same time there was a perplexing debate respecting the nature of the disease. While one pronounced the disorder a weakness of the blood, another asserted it was an ossification of the heart, — a disorder incident to many old persons, and always accompanying an undue love of money. Another said the disorder arose from a defect of the blood in the heart, and the true remedy was to send the blood from the extremities to the heart. While the doctors were disputing, Grindall was growing colder and colder, and his circumference larger and larger, so that he nearly filled the largest room in his house.

Toward spring, when the sun began to assert himself, and when the snow began to moisten, an incident befell Grindall, which has become an interesting part of this memorandum. Grindall said he had been confined to the house more than three months, and as it was a beautiful day, he would walk out and learn if there were any heat in the sun. But there was one difficulty attending this enterprise: it was necessary in order to pass his doorway, to throw off more than seventy cloaks; for in order to feel in any way comfortable, he was still obliged to add a new cloak every day. While the ceremony of disrobing was taking place, Grindall complained bitterly of the cold; and before his assistants could re-cloak him, he became nearly senseless. At twelve o'clock he was re-clothed. As he stood on his doorstep, which overlooked the lake, for the first time in his life he was sensible of the beauties of Nature, though in winter; for having been housed more than three months, the glory of the sun, the purity of the air, and the sublimity of the lake, which reflected at mid-day ten thousand diamonds, seemed for a moment to warm his heart. He became exhilarated, and not having the usual command of his legs, and being ill-balanced owing to the hasty putting on of the seventy cloaks, he faltered, reeled, and gently fell on the snow. In a moment, owing to the sharp declivity and the moistened surface of the snow, he became a huge snowball. The snow as usual had covered the tops of the walls and fences, and there was no impediment in the descent to Lake Champlain. Accordingly, very soon Grindall became apparently a huge rotund snowball, and acquired at every rebound additional velocity; and when this man-mountain arrived at the margin of the frozen lake, he swiftly passed its whole diameter.

And now the whole country was rallied to disinter Grindall from his mountain snowbank. Various were the

speculations attending this snow-scene excavation. To some who held Grindall in no respect, it was a half-holiday; to others more serious, connected with what had already happened, it was more solemn. Some asserted he never could be dug out alive; others, more indifferent, said he was as safe as a toad in his winter quarters. A physician who had tried all imaginable remedies, asserted he would come out a well man; for the rapid circulation of the snowball would equally circulate the man, induce a profound perspiration through the whole system, and effect a cure. "All that may be true," said another physician who had just arrived; "but the man can never be dug out alive, for this internal heat, like a volcanic fire, will melt the surrounding snow, cause an internal deluge, and drown the man." "But," said a third, "if the man should come out alive, he will be deranged; for as his descent may have been oblique, all his brains probably have fallen on one side." "Never mind what the doctors say," said one of the working-men, "old Grindall may yet be got out alive, and prove himself a worthy man. Though all the doctors could not cure him, this very accident may; for accident and Nature are two great physicians, and have often outwitted the faculty."

In the mean time the snow flew merrily. Curiosity lightened their labors and speeded their snow-shovels; but all their efforts could not release Grindall in one day. The succeeding night was honorable to the neighborhood, for there was a general assembly of the townsfolk, and no little sympathy expressed for the fate of Grindall. The next day additional succor came, and before midday they came in contact with the outside cloak. There was a loud and tumultuous call on Grindall. No answer; but soon they perceived a gentle moving of the cloak, as though the inhabitant was stirring. A moment more and Grindall saw

daylight. The first words he uttered were, "Cover me up again, oh, cover me up! I perish with the cold!" Disregarding his cries they brought him forth to open day. But Grindall's cry was, "Another cloak, or I perish;" and the garment was immediately loaned him by a spectator. By the help of a sled and four horses he was soon at home.

When Grindall was first discovered, he looked as fresh as a new-blown damask rose; and though you could see nothing but his face, joy seemed to illumine his countenance, and so far contracted his muscles as to disclose a fine set of teeth, which shone from out his many cloaks like so many orient pearls at the bottom of a dungeon.

The spring now began gradually to exchange her heavy white robe for a silken green; and those who knew more than their neighbors, said that the only doctor who could cure Grindall was the great restorer of the vegetable world. Indeed, Grindall himself now looked to the sun as his only remedy. But to the surprise of all and the despair of poor Grindall, the sun made no more impression on him than did the great yellow dog who had been hanged on the tree before his door for sheep-stealing. At midday in the month of July you might have seen Grindall sitting in his now more than two hundred cloaks on his door-stone, courting the notice of the sun, which regarded him with the same sensibility that it does a snow-drift in winter on Mount Bellingham. This circumstance of course gave currency to many strange stories; one, for instance, that the coldness of Grindall's head was such, that a gallon of warm water poured on his head, in July, ran down to his shoulders in icicles. This, and a thousand such idle rumors, gave a miraculous coloring to the real facts; especially as hundreds of people from the frontiers, even from Canada,

both whites and Indians, attracted by curiosity, came to see a man clad in ten score of cloaks in July.

After the summer solstice, Grindall himself began to despair; for the superstition, or more probably the solemn reflection of the people, began to treat his case as something out of the common course of nature, and they believed Grindall to be what the Scotch call "a doomed man." This was equal to an interdict of fire and water. Grindall's house became a solitude. All, even women, refrained from visiting him.

Thus the solitary Grindall wrapped himself up in his many cloaks, and sat on his door-stone, courting in vain the rays of the sun. One day when peering wistfully through the long avenue of his cloaks at the fervid sun, to him more like the moon in winter, he was heard to exclaim, "O wretched me! I am an outcast from human nature. There is no human being to sympathize with me; all forsake me. I am alone in the world. At home, without a home; in the world, but not of it. More than an outcast, all men fly from me; even the women, the natural nurses of men, have lost their curiosity. The dogs do not even bark, but stare at me and pass on. The birds have retreated to other woods. How dreadful is this solitude! If I look up, the sun has no genial smile for me; if I look down, I have no hope but in the bowels of the earth. If I look within—I dare not look within, for there a solitude reigns more dreadful still. Fool that I was,—I once thought a bag of money the easiest pillow I could repose on."

Thus the summer passed away, while Grindall had no other occupation than to procure a new cloak every day. But about the middle of November, the anniversary of the traveller's visit to him, who should call at his house but the same man who the year preceding had

begged his old cloak. Grindall immediately recognized him by instinct, for that was nearly all that remained to the unhappy man; and there came over him a sudden feeling that this same man was connected with his fate, and was the harbinger of a good result. Moreover the man was supposed to have perished, and his appearance to Grindall was like one risen from the grave. The stranger was therefore doubly welcome. He heard, with apparent wonder, an account of the events of the past year; and in conclusion Grindall stated that he had exhausted the whole art of the faculty, who had pronounced him incurable, and that he had at length begun to despair.

“A strange case, indeed,” said the stranger. “Tell me all that the doctors have done for you.”

“They have done nothing for me; but I can tell you what they have done to me. They have made a laboratory of me, and subjected me to all sorts of experiments,—cold remedies and warm, internal and external, remedies the most opposite. I have been roasted by one, boiled by another; I have been stewed, blistered, and parboiled by a third; merged in hot water, wrung out, and laid by to dry, and immediately after subjected to a cold bath. I should have been baked could they have stowed me with all my cloaks into the oven. The Spanish Inquisition is a flower-bed in comparison with the bed the doctors have spread for me. They have made an apothecary’s shop of my inwards, while each one told me his own remedy was the sovereignest remedy on earth for a cold affection of the blood.

“When the doctors relinquished me, I fell into the hands of a hundred old ladies. Good souls! they would have cured me if they could; for they exhausted all that is known of botany. I can tell you the taste of every

vegetable that ever grew on the face of the earth, both root and branch ; from the sweet fern to the bitter el-wort, from henbane to nightshade. And here, oh, forgive me if my cold blood warms in wrath ! one pertinacious female forced down a whole dragon-root, and said, if that did not cure me, nothing would. It did, indeed, nearly cure me of all my earthly pains ; for I thought it time to send for the sexton, the only friend I have in this world."

"But," said the traveller, "why did you permit so many vain experiments to be tried on you. It is the delight of the physician to experiment on new cases. If he succeeds, he has achieved some great thing ; if he fails, the case was remediless."

"Ah !" said Grindall, "let the well man laugh at the doctors ; but the sick man is all ears to those who promise help. Cannot you do something for me ?"

"I can tell you one thing ; you are no warmer for your many cloaks. It is not the clothes that keep the body warm ; therefore whoever can warm your heart can certainly cure you."

"That I fear is impossible ; I never felt my heart warm in all my life. Not one of the thousand remedies that I suffered ever touched my heart. The dragon-root which burned my bowels, made no impression on my heart."

"Nevertheless I can cure you if you will submit to the remedy. You may think it cruel and tedious, but I believe I can warrant you a cure."

"Name it, try it, — I am all submission, — and you shall have half of my estate."

"Oh, no ; I must not be selfish, and oppose a cold heart to your warm one. I see a change in you already. Do you not feel a little better ?"

"I do, I protest I do; the last cloak I put on feels rather heavy."

"The cure lies entirely with yourself; all the doctors in the universe, male and female, can do you no good. A permanently warm heart depends on the man himself."

"Ah, you mock me; how can a man warm his own heart, when naturally cold?"

"As easy as a man can awake from a sound sleep. Pray tell me how many cloaks encircle you."

"This very day counts a year, that is three hundred and sixty-five cloaks."

"It will require a whole year to perform a perfect cure; in the mean time you will be comfortable, more so every day."

"But what horrible drug are you about to propose? I thought I had exhausted both Nature and art."

"Be easy, Mr. Grindall, you will swallow nothing. As your disorder has appeared to many inexplicable, your cure will appear equally so, if you can only warm your own heart. I must now leave you; I am on my annual visit to Canada, but when I return I will call to see you. To-morrow, about this time, you may chance to find a remedy; but whether or not you will improve it, depends entirely on yourself. Farewell."

The stranger immediately returned to the innkeeper and requested him to send to Grindall on the morrow the most destitute man he could find.

"Why, you are the very man," said the innkeeper, "who begged his old cloak last winter, and the report was you had perished with the cold. You might as well attempt to warm Grindall's heart as to obtain a cloak from him. He buys a new one every day."

"No matter; say nothing about a cloak, but do as I tell you. Farewell."

The stranger was not in the innkeeper's house one minute ; and the innkeeper soon began to think a vision had passed over him. The call, the conversation, and the departure were all one. In a few minutes he began to treat it as the magnanimous Jefferson once treated an injury, "like one of those things that never happened." But still, the more the innkeeper believed it a vision, the deeper impression it wrought on him. At that time, in those deep solitudes on the frontiers of a savage wilderness, the natural easily passed into the supernatural ; therefore the innkeeper soon resolved, whether he had suffered under an illusion or had seen a reality, to seek out and send a proper object to Grindall. This was no easy task. In those days it was as difficult to find a very poor man as it is now difficult to find a very honest one. However, before night he found his object ; and as the next day proved extremely inclement, the innkeeper thought it possible Grindall might give the poor man one of three hundred and sixty-five cloaks.

The next morning, as if by accident, a half-naked man stood at the door of Grindall's house, dubious whether he should enter or not. The appearance of the poor man was more eloquent than any language, and the day itself was a powerful appeal. When Grindall understood that a man was standing on his doorstep, he reached his spy-glass, for he was now obliged to use a long spy-glass in order to see through the long avenue of his many cloaks. As soon as he beheld the man, "What, my friend," said Grindall with unwonted courtesy, "has brought you here this cold day?" "I was sent here without any errand, supposing you wanted to see me." "I did not send for you." "It is only a mistake then ; farewell." "But stop, friend ; you are almost naked. Are you not perishing with the cold ? I am under cover of three hundred and sixty-

five cloaks." "I have on my whole wardrobe," said the stranger, "and, thank Providence, my heart keeps me tolerably warm." "The heart, the heart, a warm heart," muttered Grindall to himself. "'To-morrow, about this time, you may chance to find a remedy ; but whether or not you will improve it, depends entirely on yourself.' This man, without knowing it, may be the remedy. — Why, how wonderful ! You, almost naked in the extremity of winter, are comfortable ; while I, by my fireside, clad in three hundred and sixty-five cloaks, am suffering with cold." "I presume, sir," said the stranger, "your heart is cold. If you could warm your heart, your cloaks would be a burden to you." "Ah, that is impossible. However, you seem to be a worthy man ; Heaven may have sent you here for your own good, if not for mine. One cloak among three hundred and sixty-five can make no great difference. Take this cloak ; it was new yesterday, and may you never want but one at a time." "I accept it most thankfully," said the stranger ; and he departed.

The next morning Grindall either did feel, or thought he felt, a little more comfortable. He sent for the innkeeper and related what had happened. "I feel," said Grindall, "or fancy I feel relieved from the burden of the last cloak." "If that is the case," said the innkeeper, "I advise you to part with another." "With all my heart," said Grindall, "if I could find an object." "Ay, sir, I fear your trouble now will be to shake off your cloaks. It is easier for you to procure a new cloak every day, than to find every day a worthy object." "What shall I do ? My outside cloak grows heavier and heavier ; it has already become a grievous burden. Pray, sir, assist me ; you see I cannot go abroad with all these cloaks. If I should fall in my present bulk, I should roll again on to the lake, and might not be dug out till spring." "Your ease," said the

innkeeper, "is certainly a strange one, and somewhat marvellous; for I now perceive you suffer more from the weight of your cloaks than you do from the cold. Is it not so?" "I cannot say exactly that; but the outside cloak seems to feel heavier than all the others." "I wish you were down east in the Bay State," said the innkeeper, "among the poor people of Charlestown, who were all burned out of house and home by the British. You would find among them objects of pity enough; for I understand Congress never gave them a penny,—only told them to call again." "If they were within one hundred yards of me, I would send every one of them a cloak," said Grindall. "But," said the innkeeper, "why do you not take off your outside cloak, if it is such a burden? Why do you wait until you can find an object on whom to bestow it?" "I have tried that experiment twice this morning, and each time a cold shivering obliged me to put it on again; but if I could find a worthy object, like the one yesterday, I fancy that it might warm my heart. I wish to try the same experiment again, even if I send to Massachusetts." "You need not send so far; only let it be known on the other side of the lake that you have a cloak for a native Indian, and you will not want for customers." "White, black, and red, in distress," said Grindall, "are all my brethren; only find me a man in distress for a cloak, and you shall have my hearty thanks." "A wonderful change, indeed," said the innkeeper. "Only last summer there was no human being with whom you could sympathize." "True, but since yesterday I perceive I have something within me which they call a heart; for after I gave that cloak to the poor man yesterday, I soon felt something stir within me, warmer than all my cloaks. But talking never cured a man like me; send me a poor man in want of a cloak,—that is the best doctor."

Soon afterward a stranger entered the door, and Grindall asked if the innkeeper had sent him. "Yes," said the stranger. "What did he tell you?" "Nothing; only to go to Mr. Grindall's house, he wanted to see me." "Right; do you know any one really in want of a good warm cloak? You see I have more than my share." "I will thankfully receive one," said the stranger. "But with this condition," said Grindall, "that you send me another poor man who is in want of a cloak." "With all my heart," said the stranger. "Then take it with all *my* heart."

Thus from day to day Grindall grew a little warmer. As the spring advanced, he found it more difficult to bestow his cloaks; and on the approach of summer he was obliged to employ twenty men in scouring the country to hunt up suitable subjects. Though in winter the Indians were his best customers, yet in summer no Indian would travel far to receive a cloak.

As the dog-days approached, the anxiety of Grindall was redoubled; for as the heat increased, though he suffered nothing from it, yet the warmth of the remaining one hundred and fifty cloaks required constant watching, lest spontaneous combustion should consume both himself and his woollen environment. This converted Grindall sometimes into a real spectacle. While sitting in the sun he would appear to be enveloped in a warm vapor, such as you sometimes see in a morning, rising over a meadow; and when the sun played upon this vapor Grindall would appear to be surrounded with beautiful rainbows. This was considered by all the curious females in the neighborhood a good sign; and they all prophesied that Grindall would yet come out bright. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Although this warm mist produced a vapor suffocating to Grindall, it was productive of no little benefit to others. Thousands of eggs were

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sent to Grindall, who enveloped them in his cloaks ; and after a little while, from under the skirts there proceeded broods of chickens. This breed became famous. The gallant little rooster on board McDonough's ship, who, previous to the battle on Lake Champlain, perched on the foreyard and crowed thrice, cock-a-hoop, was of this same breed.

One day toward the end of August, while Grindall from his door-stone was watching the descending sun and eagerly expecting the approach of a traveller to relieve him from his outside cloak, it is said he suddenly made an unnatural and hideous outcry, which echoed and re-echoed through the mountains and over the lake, even to Memphremagog. This ebullition of Grindall must have been terrific, for the wild beasts, then so numerous on the Green Mountains, all left their lurking-places. The bears, catamounts, and foxes, with one consent took to the trees. The wolves alone stood their ground and answered to the supposed challenge. It was feared at first that the howling of the wolves would be everlasting ; for as the nature of the wolf is gregarious, all within hearing assembled at the first call, and soon an army of wolves collected around the habitation of Grindall. As their howling, like the outcry of Grindall, echoed and re-echoed among the mountains, the wolves mistook each individual howl of their own for a new challenge ; and thus a continuous howl through the remainder of the day and following night agitated the Green Mountains, even to Montpelier, east, and to the borders of Canada, north. But at sunrise all was quiet. The howling, from pure exhaustion, gradually died away, so that no echo was returned ; and then all was as still as when Adam was a lone man.

One good sprung out of this incident. It was remarked for several years afterward that in the vicinity of Ferris-

burg no wild beasts were to be seen. Hence deer, sheep, and poultry, safe from their enemies, increased in geometrical progression, to the utter subversion of the theory afterward promulgated by Mr. Malthus. The fact was, the wild beasts had retired affrighted to other forests.

Now much of this wolfish story has doubtless been added to the account of Grindall. Yet it is in some degree credible, for it is well known that the human ear placed near the earth can hear the report of a cannon forty miles; and we know that the beasts of the forest, naturally carrying their heads low, have an ear vastly more sensitive to sounds than man.

After this outcry Grindall exclaimed, "What could have kept those men warm, half naked as they were, who captured Burgoyne on the other side of the lake? They must have had very warm hearts. Yes, it must be true, as the stranger told me, the heart keeps the body warm. I see it clearly; the country is safe,—it never can be conquered. Burgoyne spoke the truth when he said it is impossible to conquer a people who fight till their small clothes drop off in rags. Warm-hearted fellows, I wish I could give every one of them a cloak! But here am I, the wonder and horror of all around me; a dead weight on creation; worse, a monster, repulsive to man and beast,—the sport of all nature. The elements conspire against me. I am equally exposed to fire and frost. The sun laughs at me, and buries me in a cloud of vapor. At one moment I am threatened with a deluge; at the next with a conflagration; then comes a wind, a heart-withering wind, and dissipates all and whistles through my flapping cloaks, and sings in mockery:—

'If old Grindall's heart is as cold as his head
Old Grindall's heart is the icicle's bed.'"

But this was only one of Grindall's ill turns. He was

evidently growing better, and as the cool weather approached he appeared more anxious than ever to shake off his cloaks. So far from appearing a doomed man to his neighbors, he was considered a man changed only for the better. His house began to be crowded again with the curious, and all those who delight in the marvellous. His former visitors, except his medical oracles, who confessed he was an outlaw to their several systems, came to congratulate him on what they termed his return to human nature.

But now a new occurrence arrested the attention of all. As the season advanced toward the anniversary of the grand investment of the cloaks, the daily dispensation of each cloak gave rise to various reports, utterly subversive of the human character of Grindall. The fact was thus: Immediately preceding the divesting of a cloak, it would appear to be animated with life. It would first tremble, then crinkle, and then dance all around the body of Grindall. It would seem joyful, almost intelligent, and inclined to speak. It did not shrivel or show any sign of distress. Not a few asserted all this was accompanied by a noise not unlike the rumbling of distant thunder. But the moment the cloak was put off, it was as quiet as lamb's wool. No wonder it began to be noised abroad that there was an evil spirit in each cloak.

Fortunate was it for Grindall that no ventriloquist added to the alarm; for in those days Mr. Page could have made all these cloaks speak whatever language he pleased, and thus the unhappy Grindall might have suffered an ignominious fate, under the statute of James the First, against witchcraft and sorcery. But the event soon showed there was no evil spirit concealed in these cloaks; and, if I may hazard an opinion at this late day, I would account for it all in a natural way. There was, no doubt, daily a strange

appearance in each cloak previous to its leaving the body of Grindall. It may have trembled, and may have appeared to flutter about his body. This simple circumstance, even in the present enlightened times, would immediately grow into the marvellous. All these strange appearances might arise from the bounding heart of Grindall. Every cloak that he gave away expanded his heart. It beat high with the joyful assurance that when all his cloaks had left him, he would become a well man; hence the agitation of his heart caused him and his whole environment to tremble, and the supposed thunder was only noise caused by his heart-throbs. Greater mistakes than this have been made down east, near Boston, where the good people of a certain town on the sea-coast lived a whole century, after the settlement of the country, on shags, mistaking them for wild geese.

However the truth might be, respecting this affair of the cloaks, one thing is certain, — it was near proving fatal to Grindall; for many of those who came to receive a cloak in charity, when they saw its tumultuous quaking, declined receiving one through fear of catching the palsy. But after a little while, when they saw these cloaks lie so quiet when cast off from Grindall, and perfectly harmless to the wearer, the few remaining cloaks became popular, although the last of them trembled the most and danced the longest.

The Canadian traveller on his return remembered his promise, and stopped to greet Grindall, who had just shaken off his last cloak. Grindall regarded him with a feeling of awful respect. He stood silent, but the traveller heard Grindall's heart speak. "Your looks, Mr. Grindall, have told me all. You have found the remedy. You now know how to keep yourself warm in the coldest weather; but in order to keep yourself constantly warm, you must

have a constantly warm heart. None of your sudden impulses, warm to-day and cold to-morrow. Most men are governed by impulses, and they endeavor to offset against habitual coldness, a single warm impulse. There is little merit in that. The rattlesnake is poisonous, although it may show you many golden specks scattered over its back. In short, Mr. Grindall, if you desire never to want another cloak, keep a warm heart." Grindall followed this advice, and before he died became a proverb. "As good as old Grindall," is still current west of the Green Mountains.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SUFFERINGS OF
A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

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YE happy beings of tranquil stomach, who sleep on beds of down, feed heartily, and fear nothing but the nightmare, — ye who are fondly looking for a passage through the Isthmus of Darien, in prospect of the turtle of the Galapagos Islands, listen to the sufferings of a country schoolmaster.

I was born in New England of white parents, and received my education at the University in Cambridge. Until my twentieth year I was a member of that sect of happy mortals who think with Mr. Pope, “all is for the best.” At that time the fatal sisters spun me a yarn of new color, and caught me in the web, which literally preyed upon my entrails.

In the fourth year of my college life, ere I had arrived at man’s estate, and although born of white parents, I was at noonday publicly sold at auction, on one fatal day in March, at a March meeting, — to me the ides of March! On that day was I sold at public auction, and afterwards, in the month of December, was I kidnapped into a district school in the town of ———.

The proceedings relative to me at March meeting ran thus, — “Mr. Moderator, I know as well as any man alive the advantages of learning; and as we have thirty dollars

in the treasury, I vote that we spend the whole next winter in giving the boys a complete education." "Second the motion," said another, "and let us have a schoolmaster college-learnt." It was put to vote, and carried unanimously. "But who will board the master?" said one; "I will," said another; "and I will," said a third; "and I live nearest to the school," said a fourth. On this, a man arose and said, "The master should be put up at auction, and whoever will take him for the least money, should have him." Agreed; and ten and sixpence, and ten and fivepence, and ten and fourpence, down to seven and sixpence, regularly decreasing a penny, were successively bidden for me. I was knocked down at seven and sixpence. Nothing of all this, at the time, could be known to me; and although the town had sacrificed a victim, it could not be foreseen on whom destiny would fix for the future schoolmaster.

The month of December came; and it was soon known that a schoolmaster was wanted for two months in the town of ———. Fifteen dollars per month were no small temptation to a young man who had never seen a bank-bill numbered higher than five. The best scholars, all of them, refused the offer, alleging it would be a reproach to literature to teach a school for fifteen dollars per month, when they could get as much for tending a stable in Boston; and as horses are generally more docile than boys, the stable had the preference.

At length the proposal was made to me. "Fifteen dollars per month," thought I, "is very well to begin with. If I refuse, I shall certainly lose the money, and then I shall as certainly dream of it. Now it is vastly more pleasing to dream that you have got the money, than to dream that you have lost it." Unluckily, at that moment Shakspeare threw in one of his old saws, — "There is a tide in the affairs of men" etc. The town agent, who was empowered

to secure me, saw my hesitation. He was a sensible, keen-looking, hard-featured man, as sharp-faced as if he had long been fixed for a weather-cock at the North Pole. He was dressed quite tidily, and wore his hair queued with an eel skin. His coat was more than square at the skirts, much like a mainsail.

"Young man," said the town agent, "do not think lightly of thirty dollars. All things in this world proceed from small beginnings; a pint of acorns in process of time will send a seventy-four to sea. With respect to yourself, learned as I suppose you are, you began with the alphabet. Franklin tells you that five shillings seemed to him the nest-egg of all his future prosperity. If you are inclined to go with me, the amount which you will receive ought to encourage you; for let me tell you, no man has ever received so much from the town."

"What do you tell me?" said I. "Do you offer me the most that any schoolmaster ever received in your town?"

"We never, before now, gave more than ten dollars per month."

Here, Alexander the Great conspired against me. I recollected he was offered the freedom of a certain petty Grecian city; and when he snorted at the offer, they told him he need not turn up his nose, for no stranger except Hercules had ever received that honor. He then graciously accepted the offer. I considered it would be entered on record that I was the first schoolmaster who had ever received fifteen dollars per month in the town of——.

"Besides, sir," said the town agent, "money is not so easily obtained as you young men imagine. Look at this great brick building that you inhabit, and consider for a moment how it was built, from the first stroke of the pick-axe to the well formed brick in the hands of the mason. Heaven and earth united do not give you a mouthful of

bread short of three months. Would you know, young man, the real value of money, go to Salem."

In short, the money tempted me, and I, in an evil hour, was seduced. I went with the town agent; and after a day's journey, passing through many cross-roads, we arrived at a place which appeared to be outlawed from the rest of the world. It was the month of December, and no snow had fallen, though all was frost-bound. At a distance I saw a house in the midst of an abrupt, broken, and mountainous landscape. The herbage far and wide was so sere and withered that it was doubtful if any future Spring could refresh it. Such will be the desolation when Time with his scythe shall visit that place at his last call.

"There," said the town agent, "is your boarding place," pointing to a tottering house, the top of which was covered with moss, and shone like an emerald.

"Heavens!" said I, "can you have a heart to leave a fellow-creature in this desolate place? It would be in vain to cry for help here, if any one should attempt to murder me."

"Fear nothing," said he, "crimes are unknown here; the family sleep with their doors and windows open in summer."

"But," said I, "the wild beasts will catch me."

"Fear nothing," said he; "we should have reason to rejoice at the sight of a wild beast; he would soon take off the rust from our spits."

Saying this, he dropped me on an ill-shapen door-stone that looked as if it had grown there, and disappeared with a satisfaction he could ill conceal.

I was cold, hungry, and sleepy, all which together gave me uncommon courage. I entered the house, and was welcomed with great diffidence. The family was small,

consisting of an elderly man, his wife, a son grown to manhood, and a daughter. If the scenery without the house was appalling, a fine lesson was read to you within doors. Here, nothing was superfluous, and everything within reach. You could stand before the fire and reach every article of the kitchen establishment, from the gridiron and warming-pan down to the pudding-bag and dripping-pan. There was no separate kitchen to the house; and, from necessity, the keeping-room served for "kitchen and parlor and all." "How few things," thought I, "will satisfy our real wants. Thousands in Boston would die of chagrin if reduced to this necessity; yet Adam and Eve lived very comfortably without any of these things."

After inquiring the number of my scholars and the distance of the schoolhouse, I requested a morsel of victuals. The table was immediately set, and a slice of bread and a slice of cheese, with a pewter pot of cider were presented to me. The cheese was beautifully white, — it looked exactly like Stilton cheese; but to the taste it was quite different. I have since heard the same sort of cheese called white oak. The bread was sweet enough, but rather too solid; the knife cut as smoothly through it as it would through the cheese-like clay near Hartford Asylum. The cider was as clear as a rivulet, and would have been excellent had it tasted of the apple. I had resolved to conform to the family, and render myself agreeable; therefore lest they might think me delicate in my diet, I ate up all on the table.

Immediately after supper I was shown upstairs to my bed-chamber, where I fortunately found a bed and one chair. There was only one superfluous thing in the room, — a fireplace; but there were no tongs nor shovel nor andirons, nor any signs that a wreath of smoke had ever passed up chimney. But to a weary man sleep is sleep,

whether on down or straw. Nature was always a leveller between bedtime and uprising.

In the morning I began my daily labors. The schoolhouse was nearly a mile from my abode in a northwesterly direction; but nothing is better than exercise for a schoolmaster. From the appearance of the surrounding country, I anticipated an easy task, especially when I saw the schoolhouse, which appeared like a martin-box at a short distance. I was quickly undeceived; although the schoolhouse was very small, it was full within, and surrounded without. Whether it was the novelty of a "college-learnt" schoolmaster, or a laudable desire of obtaining a good pennyworth of learning, I cannot tell; but certain it is, the building could not contain one half of the scholars. Whence they all came I could not imagine, the surrounding country gave no sign of animal life. I should as soon have thought of opening a school six weeks after the flood as in that place. In this perplexity I thought it most reasonable to fill the schoolhouse with the most ignorant, and dismiss the rest. Accordingly, after a short examination I retained about fifty, and sent as many home. This plan was considered by many very judicious, and rendered me popular. But alas! I soon found that popularity would not fill an empty stomach. From the first day I perceived I was at board on speculation, and that I was limited to less than one dollar and twenty-five cents' worth of food per week. To sit down to one's dinner with an appetite is agreeable, but to rise from table with all the pangs of devouring hunger would excite the pity of Tantalus. The ancients could invent nothing worse than to show a hungry man a good dinner and deny him a taste; I think I could have added to the misery of Tantalus,— I would occasionally have given him a taste.

The pangs of hunger began now to assail me. The

increasing cold, and the daily exercise of travelling four miles to and from school, soon gave me a voracious appetite ; and as the good people with whom I lived had taken me upon speculation, I was at the mercy of a close calculation. Thrice a day my host gauged that part of man which requires food, and as he always reckoned without me, he made no allowance for my wants. Within two days after my arrival my head became sorely affected ; I felt drowsy in the forenoon soon after breakfast. This I immediately attributed to the right cause. Instead of real coffee, I discovered that I had been drinking the decoction of a noxious drug, the grain of which has been known to kill horses and oxen, — I mean rye coffee, so fatal to the intellects of the sedentary and studious. I complained that rye was injurious to my head, and requested I might, instead thereof, have tea. But alas, there was no tea in the house ; they said they had conceived a prejudice against tea ever since the Revolution. My next request was a bowl of milk — but alas, the cow was dry !

In a few days all the luxuries with which the house was stored at my coming were exhausted. The cheese, the butter, the flour disappeared. Fresh meat there was none ; no beef-cart was ever seen in that precinct. I began to fear for the pork barrel. That bread which at first, in the wantonness of my appetite, I compared to Hartford clay, was now more delicious than the first bread-cake of the Pilgrims. One day as I sat down to dinner, foreseeing that should I eat all on the table I should rise with an increased appetite, I fainted at the recollection of an incident which had occurred to me ten years before. When a boy, I passed through the town of Lynn, in the county of Essex, on my way to Exeter, in the stage. Just opposite the residence of Mrs. Mary Pitcher, the stage broke down ; the whiffletree parted, the braces snapped asunder, and

there seemed to be a sudden and unaccountable wreck of everything, but no one was injured. The passengers, one and all, exclaimed that it was done by witchcraft. "It is quite likely," said the stage-driver, "for there stands Mrs. Pitcher at her door, with her cup in her hand." The passengers beckoned to her, and she came out to see them, evidently pleased — as I suppose witches always are — at the accomplishment of their purposes. However, as it is always best to bespeak the good-will of a witch, the passengers treated Mrs. Pitcher with great courtesy, and gave her some money. She examined the faces of all of us, and for the most part made flattering comments; but when she laid her piercing black eyes on me she stood considering a moment, then clapped me on the head and buried her hand in my flaxen hair, and gently shook me, saying, "You are a very likely boy, Johnny, but I fear you will one day die of hunger." The sudden recollection of Mrs. Pitcher's prophecy gave me such an "ill turn" that the family observed it, and asked me if I was indisposed. I told them I felt rather faint. They immediately insisted on my emptying the vinegar-cruet, telling me that vinegar was the "sovereignest thing on earth" for a fainting fit.

To one who has never palled his appetite in a pastry shop, and whose Spartan diet only rendered hunger more keen, the idle ceremony of daily holding a knife and fork tended only to increase the desire to eat. By degrees the cravings of hunger changed my nature, and took absolute possession of my imagination. One day the whole dinner consisted of one dumpling, which they called a pudding, and five sausages, which in cooking shrunk to pipe-stems. There were five of us at table. My portion of pudding was put on my plate; I swallowed thrice, and it disappeared. My one sausage was put on my plate; I swallowed twice, and my dinner was ended. I rose from table, deeply

impressed with the beauty of that passage in Job: Behold now Behemoth; he eateth grass as an ox; he drinketh up a river; he trusteth he can draw up Jordan into his mouth. So I, in my imagination, thought I could devour whole hecatombs. I fancied a roast pig would be but a mouthful. A knife and fork seemed the most useless things in the world. With the two legs of a turkey in each hand I made a lantern of the carcass in a moment; chickens and partridges I swallowed whole. If the globe had been a pasty, I thought I could have swallowed it, Captain Symmes and all. Thus would my distempered fancy prepare the greatest delicacies; so that I often detected myself in the act of working my jaws as though I were actually eating substantial food.

I had recently read Riley's "Narrative" of his sufferings in Africa, and was at the time sensibly affected. Now I began to laugh at Riley and his companions, and wished myself one of the company. Any man may easily imagine that the sense of hunger is far more keen and devouring on the hills of New England in the winter than in the soft climate of Arabia, where, if a man can once in twenty-four hours swallow a pint of camel's milk, he is perfectly happy.

As my sufferings became daily more and more dreadful, I was put upon my wits; and as necessity is the mother of invention, one half of that time which I ought to have devoted to my school was employed in devising means of preserving my life. And here, in justification of myself, I ought to observe that a man consumed by hunger becomes by degrees destitute of all moral principle. There was at school one little round-faced, chubby, fat fellow of about forty pounds' weight, on whom I cast my evil eye; for the extremity of hunger makes cannibals equally of the civilized and the savage. The Jewish mother, and the

recent experience of the French army in their retreat from Russia are examples of this. But fortunately a better morsel was soon thrown in my way. Some of the schoolboys had discovered and killed a skunk, and had left it near the schoolhouse. When I had dismissed the scholars, I seized upon my prey and returned to the schoolroom. With the help of my penknife I quickly stripped off the skin, and had the pleasure of seeing fresh meat. I laid the tongs and shovel across the andirons, and placed the creature over a bed of coals. I broiled it about fifteen minutes ; and when I supposed it sufficiently cooked, I cut it in halves, meaning to eat one half, and hide the other in the woods for another repast. But my appetite was sovereign ; after I had eaten the one half, so delicious was the morsel I could not restrain the call for more, and I devoured the whole. That was a bright and happy day ; but my hunger soon returned. Wild meat is not so substantial food as the stalled ox.

A few days afterward, being faint and weary on my return from school, my eyes were delighted at the sight of an animal I had never before seen. It was a raccoon which the young man Jonathan had taken or rather overtaken, for he caught it with the help of his hands and feet. So the observation of the town agent, "If a wild beast should be detected in these parts, he would soon take off the rust from the spit," was true. As soon as the raccoon was discovered the young man gave chase. The creature after some time ran under a rock for protection, whence he was soon ferreted, and a well-aimed stone entirely disabled him. He was brought home in triumph ; and when skinned, he seemed to be one entire mass of fatness, of a most delicate whiteness. I was overjoyed ; and both the cat and the dog leaped for joy. The dog in particular was transported. When he looked steadily at the raccoon the water ran from his mouth in a stream. It was in truth

an equal temptation either to an epicure or to a man perishing with hunger. If Vitellius and Albinus had lived in the same age, they would more readily have fought for that raccoon than for the Roman empire. I retired to bed, as was my custom, as early as I could with decency ; for I soon learned that all the time I could pass in sleep was clear gain to my stomach. But sleep for a long time fled before a beautiful apparition in the form of the raccoon. At length I fell into a slumber ; and oh, had I been a Mussulman I should have wished never to awake. I seemed to see the raccoon suspended on a hook, and hanging majestically before the fire, perspiring most beautifully into the dripping-pan. The raccoon roasting in this manner showed to far greater advantage than if he had been run through with a spit. I eagerly watched it all the time it was roasting ; the flavor of it was ravishing, — no heathen god ever smelt such an incense. At length I saw it placed before me on the table ; and I seemed to have the whole raccoon within reach of my knife and fork, and most uncourteously I seized upon the whole for myself. Yet, however impolite this may appear, it was quite natural ; for I know by experience that excessive hunger is excessively selfish. Steak after steak, slice after slice, collop after collop I carved from the raccoon ; and when I could cut no more, I took every bone from its socket, and as though my appetite increased by the meat I fed on, I seized those bones and polished every one of them to the smoothness of ivory. When I had eaten all the meat, I awoke ; and such had been the deceit practised on my senses, that after I was satisfied it was all a dream, I could not keep my jaws still, so inveterately were they bent on eating. However, as there is no good in this world without its evil, so there is no evil without its good. I readily consoled myself in anticipation of the real rac-

coon, which the coming morrow would place in reality on a real table.

Long before daylight I heard the family stirring; and the alacrity of their footsteps, and the repeated opening and shutting of doors, all gave assurance of the coming holiday. I arose and loosened the strap which after the Indian manner I had buckled around my body in order to pacify the corrosions of hunger. This I recommend to all who may hereafter fall into my distress. A leathern belt with a buckle, drawn tight around the waist, will be of great service; for the more you can contract the stomach, the little mill within, which is always grinding, will have the less room to play.

I was soon ready for breakfast, and when seated at table I observed the place of Jonathan vacant. "Where is Jonathan?" said I. "Gone to market," said they. "Market! what market, pray? I did not know there was any market in these parts." "Oh, yes," said they, "he is gone to ——, about thirty miles to the southward of us." "And what has called him up so early to go to market?" "He is gone," said they, "to sell his raccoon." I should have fainted again, but the dread of vinegar preserved my senses. I now resigned myself to my fate, and patiently awaited the accomplishment of Mrs. Pitcher's prediction.

"I am doomed," thought I, "to a strange destiny. If I perish here I shall die ingloriously and unpitied. If I abscond, I shall lose my honor, and the story of my sufferings will never be credited. There would be some satisfaction in being drowned or assassinated, or in perishing with hunger in a noble attempt to discover the source of the Nile, or in exploring the outlet of the Niger; but to perish here in the woods, — perhaps in a snowdrift, where I may lie till spring, if the birds of prey do not find me, — is fearfully depressing." I then turned my thoughts wistfully to the

seaboard ; and no landscape was ever so pleasing to Claude, as the recollection of the clam-banks at low water, on the seashore, was to me. How happy should I be if I could steal away in the night and watch the ebbing tide, and enjoy a feast of shells ! I then compared my situation with that of the first settlers of New England, and thought they had a great advantage over me. When the winter drove the fishes into deep water, they could always get a discount at their banks ; clams in abundance, and even the more delicious quahang could always be had at bank hours.

In going to school that morning, I perceived a large flock of crows. It was a dark, bitter-cold morning ; and the crows hovered over and scaled around my head. "Ah," thought I, "sagacious birds, do you foresee that my strength will soon fail, and that I shall fall a prey to you ? Oh, that the severity of the cold would freeze some of your wings that you might become a prey to me." Then, half delirious, my imagination carried me to the first inhabitants of Charlestown. Happy people ! Instead of the crows coming after them, wild geese in a time of famine were ready to fly down their chimneys on to their roasting-hooks. Those worthy people had appointed a thanksgiving, which threatened to change itself into a fast. The night preceding the day of thanksgiving was intensely cold ; and while an immense flock of wild geese were pursuing their way to the South, the frost suddenly seized their wings, arrested their progress, and they all fell down into Charlestown Square. Every family not only filled their bellies the whole winter, but also filled their beds with down. Whereas, I was reduced to the extremity that a crow a hundred years old would have been to me the richest treasure.

The next day beheld the earth covered with a deep snow. My fears now multiplied upon me. "This snow," thought I, "will be my winding-sheet ; I can never in my present

weakness force my way through these snowdrifts. I shall perish with a double starvation, — with both cold and hunger. But courage, courage!" said I. Hope often lingers after the footsteps of despair; and help came even when hope was gone. In fact, that day proved to me the happiest day in the calendar of that year. I succeeded in gaining the schoolhouse after travelling double the distance; for I was so weak that in balancing myself I would frequently retreat two steps backward, and then in rescuing one leg from a snowpit, I would lose my balance and stagger in a semicircle. It is really incredible how much a man can endure in a good cause. But I hasten to describe the most happy occurrence of my life. On my return from school, at the moment when one leg was about refusing to follow the other, and the belt which I had loosened the day before in expectation of the raccoon, had just fallen down and was resting on my hips, I saw at a distance an object partly buried in a snowdrift, which appeared to be a living animal. Had it been the Nemean lion I would have attacked it with no other weapon than my penknife. On approaching the creature I perceived it was a cow. Instantly I resolved to have a steak. I had just read Bruce's travels in Abyssinia, and he had taught me the art of cutting a steak from a living cow in the real oriental style. On examination I perceived she was a new milch cow, and carried not less than a pail of milk in her bag. I preferred the milk to the meat, and did not mangle the cow. How to get at the milk was the thought only of a moment. I perceived the top of a stone wall at a little distance, which the late snow-storm had not quite covered. Now, hunger will as readily leap over as break through a stone wall. I succeeded in forcing the cow to straddle the stone wall. In that situation she was as quiet as at her own stanchion. I cleared away the snow and laid myself down in the form of the letter Y on

my back between the cow's legs, and she was milked in less time than a cow was ever milked before. While draining the cow, my belt soon began to tighten, and became painful; but my handy penknife quickly cut it asunder. When I had drained the last drop, I threw down the wall and let the cow go. If a pint is a pound, I arose sixteen pounds heavier; yet I felt no ill consequence from that copious draught; it lay in my stomach like a poultice.

The timely succor of the cow sustained me several days; so that I began to bid defiance to the crows. I lived in hope of meeting with that beautiful cow again; but unhappily I never saw her more.

The pains of hunger began again to consume me. Strange fancies haunted me in my sleep; I rambled through the country, milking in my own way every cow I met, and hamstringing every ox, and cutting steaks from them. So jealous did I become, that I often questioned myself in my sleep, and argued the point whether I was really eating or dreaming. Once in particular, I well remember that I insisted I was eating a beefsteak, and held it up on my fork, and said, "This is real beef, this cannot be a dream—I am certain I am eating an excellent beefsteak, I cannot be dreaming now; so inveterate and persisting, busy and alert is excessive hunger. It haunts you by night and by day, awake and asleep. But happily though the sense of hunger is most ferocious, it is not inclined to despair. Had you hung a sirloin of beef on one horn of the moon, my hunger would have hoped to reach it.

When I became reduced a second time, so low that my belt was lost between my ribs, I was relieved by a happy mistake. Instead of the snuff of a candle which was usually handed to light me to bed, I found the candlestick adorned with more than half of a tallow candle. I cut the

candle into four pieces, ate the tallow, and reserved the wicks for the last extremity. Before I fell asleep, I fancied I felt something stirring the bedclothes. It was a rat cautiously climbing up the bed-rug. On any other occasion this would have been an unpleasant visitor — but instantly I saw my advantage. I feigned a sound sleep, lay quiet, and set my trap. For a starving man — I appeal to France — cannot distinguish between a rat and a squirrel. I opened my mouth uncommonly wide, nearly from ear to ear. The hungry rat, attracted by the smell of the tallow, the perfume of which had not evaporated from my lips, softly approached my mouth, and began to lick the remnant, if any remnant there was, of the tallow. I am convinced the rat was as hungry as I was, and from his gentle movements, I am satisfied he designed me no harm; therefore I have ever since felt a regret at the foul trick I played him. When the rat had tenderly passed over my upper, he began with my under lip; and when he was about midway, directly under my nose, I made a sudden snap, took his whole head into my mouth, and strangled him between my teeth. When the rat was quiet, I dropped him on the floor and fell asleep.

The next morning the candle was missing, and on being questioned, I replied with great truth I had no doubt it was eaten, as I had seen a rat in the room.

I now began to think I might probably survive to the end of my engagement, as it was drawing to a close, and I had four candlewicks, well saturated, and a large rat safely deposited in my trunk.

At this time a strange sight appeared in the neighborhood. A man with a load of pork, bound for Boston, had lost his way. He came up to our door to ask for directions. I detained him as long as I possibly could, for the sake of beholding the charming swine. My stomach

dilated at the sight, and my teeth began to move. As the man and team moved off, I discovered for the first time that I was a ventriloquist. There came an audible, distinct voice from the lower region of my stomach, saying, "It is suicide to die of hunger, when food is placed before your eyes. Fly ! cut a collop." "But," said I, "thou shalt not steal." The voice replied, "That law was not made for an empty stomach." I rejoined, "The law has made no exception." "Fool," said the voice, "had you rather eat a rat than a pork-steak?" I confess I was not entirely convinced ; however, I followed after the team, and slyly slid behind it, and, whether feloniously or justifiably the Supreme Court can determine, with my penknife I cut two as handsome steaks as Eumæus cut from the two porkers with which he regaled Ulysses. Oh, the beautiful steaks of red and white ! I see them even now in all their allurements. I put my booty in my pocket, and hastened to deposit it in my trunk. Never did time linger so lazily ; the sun appeared to me to be travelling to the east, so impatient was I for night, in order to taste of my dainty ; for it was now more than six weeks since I had had a smack at fresh meat, except that which I had eaten at the schoolroom. Bedtime at length arrived, and I retired, not to sleep, but to the most delightful contemplations. I cut those steaks latitudinally, and longitudinally into more sections than you find marked on the terrestrial globe. Nothing in the world appeared to me so captivating as pork-steaks. Had I been a calico-painter or paper-stainer, the only figures would have been pork-steaks. When all was quiet, I arose, opened my trunk, took out my steaks, softly descended to the kitchen, raked open the coals, rubbed the rust off the gridiron, placed my steaks thereon, and soon began to snuff the delicious flavor. The dog who was outside of the house, no less quick-scented, im-

mediately began to bark. For fear of disturbing the family I opened the door, and let him in ; but alas, before I could shut the door, he flew at the steaks, seized one in his mouth, and although I seized him by the neck with one hand, and thrust the other into his mouth, at one gulp he swallowed the whole. While I was contending with the dog, the cat seized the other steak and fled up-chamber.

Many a man has succumbed at a less disappointment than this. "But, courage!" said I; "do not despair, you have still a rat and four candlewicks." I retired to bed, and soon began to dream of my steaks; and when I had eaten them, awoke, and found my lips moving as usual.

The next morning discovered a trait in natural history, which I will here notice, for the satisfaction of the curious. The dog appeared to be sensible he had wronged me. No soothing could induce him to look me in the face. He lost his animation, curled his tail between his legs, and hung his head down to his feet. The next day the dog absconded. At first I attributed this to his sense of honor, then to his sagacity; he had obtained one taste of fresh meat, and was no longer a domestic animal; but I was in part deceived, as will quickly appear.

I was now reduced again to great extremity, but was unwilling to deplete on the treasure in my trunk, for I had still a week more to suffer. However, on retiring to rest that night, I determined in the morning to eat two candlewicks, and carry the rat to school and cook it in the intermission. Soon as I awoke and could distinctly see, my wistful eyes turned to my trunk. I partly arose, my eyes still fixed on my trunk, and to my sorrow, I saw a mouse leisurely go down the side. Miserable wretch! on taking the steaks from the trunk, I had carelessly suffered the clasp of the lock to rest on the ridge of it, and left ample

room for a mouse and a cat's paw to plunder me. Both the rat and candlewicks were gone!

Now, indeed, for the first time, my spirits began to fail me. The remembrance of the Lynn lady's expression came over me with a fearful foreboding. I hesitated for a moment to go to school. But as it was a beautiful, bright morning, my official duty urged me on; and with a heart heavier than all the rest of my body, I pursued my way through the pathless snowdrifts. The crows, my former visitors, with a numerous recruit hovered over my head, uttering ominous language. Instead of "caw, caw," they seemed to me to say, "We are come." At this moment, a whirl of snow nearly engulfed me. My bones trembled in their sockets; the north wind pierced me through, and shook every fibre of my body. My right leg faltered and sunk into a snow-pit, and my left leg refused to help it out. My danger was imminent; for although I had sufficient strength, perhaps, to fight off a crow, an eagle or a vulture in my emaciated state could have borne me off an unresisting victim. At that moment had an umbrella been at my command, I should have tied myself to the stick and took my chance to other regions. But, joy! The spirit of hunger again burst forth in ventriloquism. "See the dog with a rabbit!" exclaimed a voice from the lower regions of my stomach. It was true—the noble animal came up to me, bold as a lion, his eyes glistening through tears, his tail lashing each side of his hams; he laid a prodigious large rabbit at my feet. When the crows saw this they disappeared, and I saw no more of them. I placed the rabbit in my bosom, covering it with my waistcoat; and I presume there was room for a dozen more.

This rabbit I took effectual care to secure to myself. On the first opportunity I took off the skin, cut it in four parts, and put them in my pockets, meaning to eat a

quarter part daily. But let no hungry man in future say, "Thus much will I eat, and no more." When I had broiled and eaten one fore-quarter, I was more voracious than ever; and while exerting all my power of restraint, the voice below exclaimed, "Treat every part of your stomach alike!" In short, I broiled and ate the hind-quarter; then the other fore-quarter; and lastly, the other hind-quarter: yet after I had eaten the whole, I thought I had swallowed only the phantom of a rabbit.

Thanks to the dog, I was enabled to linger until Saturday, the twenty-fifth of January; and then Time with his leaden feet released me from my contract with the town agent. No one before me ever lived so long in two months. Methuselah might complain of the shortness of life,—not I. A thousand years were crowded into the period of sixty days. After the ceremony of sitting down to an ideal dinner I arose to depart, left my trunk behind me, took a bundle in my hand, and bade the family a most cordial farewell. I was thirty-one miles from home. Most fortunately the wind was in my favor, and blew a gallant breeze; otherwise I should never have reached my doorstep. I was reduced to such a gossamer that Zephyr would have blown me about at pleasure. As it was I made rapid progress. Had a field of wheat covered the whole distance, I could have skimmed over it without bending a blade. But it was fearful to hear my bones clatter as I ran along the road. The journey, although delightful, was in one respect unpleasant; for my incredible fleetness and the large bundle in my hand rendered me so suspicious that ever and anon persons cried, "Stop thief!" Yet this worried me not; the hippogriff could not have overtaken me. I saw nothing, horse or sleigh, that I did not instantly overtake, and as quickly leave far behind. Indeed I knew my life was in imminent danger from two

quarters ; therefore I heeded not the ventriloquist, who exclaimed, at every tavern I passed, " Stop, oh, stop ! and send a message to the cavern below." " No," said I, " life depends on speed ; I would not stop to feast with an alderman." In truth, I was fearful if a physician should see me he would seize me as a stray " anatomy ;" and to render me perfectly helpless, would dislocate my arms, pin up my tongue, and fasten me to the wall of his dissecting-room. Had I stopped at a tavern, I might have been arrested for a mummy, shut up in a lemon-box, sent to Boston, sold to Greenwood, placed in the New-England Museum beside the little black Egyptian, and there exhibited among a thousand notions.

It was a quarter-past five o'clock when I reached home. I opened the door ; the family were at tea ; before I could make myself known, they all fled in consternation, and left the tea-table and all its contents to me. There was but one who ventured to examine me, and she immediately recognized me and burst into tears. In a few weeks I recovered my personal identity, and returned to college, protesting in favor of country schoolmasters against public auctions and rye coffee.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

WRITTEN DURING THE YEARS 1803-1804.

His ego gratiora dictu alia esse scio ; sed me vera pro gratis loqui, etsi meum ingenium non moneret, necessitas cogit. — LIVY, bk. iii. 68.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Letters were written during a residence in London, and addressed to a friend in Massachusetts. The writer has endeavored to blend amusement with information, and has attempted to sketch both national and individual character, with occasional outlines of the state of society in that interesting country. The frequent allusion to the United States by way of comparison, while it adds variety, he trusts will take nothing from the impartiality of the work. The public will judge.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

LETTER I.

LONDON, June 19, 1802.

DEAR SIR,—I have just arrived in the land of our ancestors,—a land not much less strange to me than were the shores of New England to Standish, Carver, Winslow, and the other adventurers. They were awfully impressed with the grandeur of Nature before she yielded to cultivation. I am apprehensive I shall not be less affected with the excesses to which pride, vanity, and ambition carry those who, endeavoring to rise above, sink far below, the standard of Nature.

A descendant of those ancestors arriving here, might naturally ask, “What invincible prejudice, what inveterate bigotry, or what pre-eminent virtue induced our forefathers to leave this country for a desert?” Thank God, their posterity know how to answer the question! Three thousand miles and a desert they justly thought a full equivalent for what they left behind, notwithstanding the maxims of Europe followed them, but which distance in some degree served to cleanse of their leprosy.

You may expect, agreeably to promise, from time to time, a few notices of those things which I may think worth presenting. Letters are the recreation of literature, and are usually written in nightgown and slippers. We give our friends our looser thoughts, reserving our abilities for more important occasions; but knowing your taste,

feelings, and views, I shall endeavor, so far as I am able, to assume a style rather more elevated than is frequent in this mode of writing, reserving the liberty of disporting at intervals on the surface of things.

Men, manners, morals, politics, and literature will always afford a fertile field of observation. It demands the hardihood of personal indifference to speak present truth, though afterward the same becomes legitimate history; but at the same time, it requires the pen of Tacitus to make the proper discrimination between the people of two countries, or even between people of the same country, especially in Europe, where even under one government there are many different species of men. It would richly compensate for a voyage across the Atlantic to observe this singular circumstance. Indeed, I know not who can travel with more advantage to himself, or to his country, than a citizen of the United States, born since the Revolution; for the moment he arrives in Europe, the love of his own country becomes his predominant passion, while his mind is awakened at every step to reason, compare, pity, approve, or condemn. But that which will more particularly engage his attention is the comparative operation of the English and American Constitutions on general happiness, — the only true criterion of the excellence of every government.

The few observations which I shall make on the English character will be rather an incidental than a definitive drawing. I shall not remain here long enough to catch those nice and frequently complex traits which mark national character, — though I suspect a sign-painter might hit off John Bull as well as an artist could do.¹ I do not think it honest or gentlemanly to draw the character of any people while riding through their country on horse-

¹ In the sequel I found myself not a little mistaken.

back, or to describe a city after lodging in it one night. You would not imagine that a certain traveller had passed through Boston, on reading that ridiculous anecdote of the "house with wooden rollers." You recollect, he says the people of Boston live in "moving houses"; so that if they do not like their situation or neighborhood, they move to another part of the town. What a strange idea will Europeans have of Boston after reading such a fabrication! Such a traveller is really unpardonable; for of all the senses, the sight is least likely to mislead. But travellers take great liberties; they lie boldly, and speak the truth by chance,¹—not so much, perhaps, from a disposition to wanton over Nature, as from an opinion that mankind are more readily captivated with romance. One of the earliest and most famous saints does not hesitate to assert that he passed through one country, the people of which were destitute of heads, and through another, the people of which had each but one eye. The story of the Amazons had its origin, possibly, from some traveller desirous of attracting attention at home, or perhaps from certain smugglers who appeared at the sea-side dressed in women's clothes!

Another traveller, who has done us the honor of publishing a volume, goes nearly the length of asserting that the citizens of the United States look back with regret on their separation from Great Britain.

The same traveller visited Philadelphia; but not being noticed, because not known, he left the city in disgust, and charged the citizens with a lack of hospitality. As well might one who had just dropped from the moon walk the streets of London, and then return with a similar report. Should Mr. Weld visit Philadelphia again, where

¹ A mentir hardiment, et à dire la vérité par hasard. — BONAVENTURE D'ARGONNE, under the name of Vigneul-Marville.

he is now so well known, I am confident he would be well received.

Indeed, so little is known in Europe of the people of the United States, that if you would describe them, it would be necessary to affirm, with no little assurance, that they are as white as other people ; that they live in houses ; that they boil and roast their meat ; and that they speak the English language, at least as well as it is spoken in Devonshire.

Lest I should be premature in my sketches, I shall adopt a rule which every stranger ought to follow, until repeated observation confirms first impressions ; that is, to open his eyes and ears, but seal his mouth.

ADIEU.

LETTER II.

LONDON, June 25.

I NEVER knew, until the present time, what a weight impresses on one who presumes to utter his opinions on another country. I seem to support the responsibility of the nation, and tremble while judging those in secret whose grand prerogative it is to be judged in open court. That is a dignified office which is held by one who assumes to sit in judgment over a whole nation, and it ought not to be filled except by philosophers ; yet most men have finished their travels before they set out.

The English, like Themistocles, take to themselves the first place, because most foreigners allow them the second ; and they imagine themselves treated with ingratitude unless every stranger throws in his mite of panegyric. They are hardly satisfied if you invert the defiance of the poet, and praise where you can, and censure where you must.

It has been the good fortune of the English to be accused only of those traits of character of which they boast. Charge them with haughtiness, and they will tell you the Romans in their best days were the haughtiest people on earth. Accuse them of hardness and oppression; they will tell you, these were ever the misfortune of conquerors. Tax them with an overbearing demeanor, and they will seriously tell you this is a constitutional foible, owing to the consciousness of personal independence. Call them proud, and they will tell you it is the part of slaves to be humble: freemen are always proud.

It is our misfortune to have been visited by those, who, far from being philosophers,¹ estimated the United States agreeably to the views of Europeans; hence they have thought us two centuries behind the polish of Europe; at the same time, a William Penn or a Rousseau would pronounce us more than four centuries nearer the great object of the social compact. It is not long since a Chinese great man (if you will allow the Chinese to have had a great man since the days of Confucius) arrived in Boston with a considerable suite. Being asked his opinion of Boston, he very naturally replied, "It is the vilest place I have ever seen, and utterly destitute of magnificence." At the same time, adverting to the style of living, he added, "Why, my father has three hundred servants."

This man probably went home and thanked God that he was not born a citizen of the United States, and was ten times more confirmed in his prejudices than when he left China; for travelling is as likely to fix native as to remove foreign prejudices. When such a man as Montesquieu, after having written the "Spirit of Laws," and appearing to

¹ Even Brissot, I suspect, had formed his opinions of the character of the citizens of the United States before he left France. Charmed with the form of our government, he was easily led to speak too highly of the citizens.

sympathize so sincerely with freemen, declares, "As Plato thanked Heaven that he was born in the same age with Socrates, so I thank God that I was born a subject under that government in which I have lived," he surely displays a childish weakness. It may be pardoned in a Chinaman, who has nothing but the soil, and those connections which all people have, to attach him to his country; but Montesquien goes near to prove that a man may think and write like a freeman, and yet content himself in a state of slavery. My love for my own country is founded chiefly on its constitution of government. "*Nec in superficie tigrisque caritas nobis patriæ pendet.*"¹ I should prefer the salubrious breezes and grateful soil of Spain to the cold north winds and iron-bound soil of New England, were all other things equal. "*Quo me cumque [Libertas trahet], deferor hospes.*"²

I foresee I shall have to encounter many difficulties before I can catch John Bull; however, I will send you all the views of his person that I can collect, and you must put them together as well as you can. If you sometimes make a small mistake, it is no great matter, for John does not always know himself. To understand the English, one should be a plebeian in the morning, a gentleman in the afternoon, and a nobleman at night; otherwise, the various grades of society are so fortified in peculiar habit that you are in danger of mistaking honest John for a different animal.

A citizen of the United States arrives here under no favorable circumstances of birth or of consequence; therefore, to gain all the advantages of travel, he must either break down or leap over many of those barriers of society, which, with many, are esteemed sacred. ADIEU.

¹ Livy, bk. v. 54.

² Horat. Epist., bk. i. 1. 15.

LETTER III.

LONDON, July 9.

MY attention was arrested soon after my arrival, by a most humorous object, — a chariot and eight ; but to do justice to the horses, four of the appendages to the chariot were not of their species : they were four stout men, such as Hannibal would have chosen for his companions through the Alps. Three of these gentlemen had their station behind ; and with such a lofty air did they carry themselves, with so much lace were they puffed off, and so elegantly trimmed were their cocked hats, one might easily have mistaken them for men of high rank, who were disposed to amuse the populace, — especially as the English are famous for whim. I was soon undeceived, for I observed on many of the gayest carriages four supporters, or holders, for the servants.

An Englishman, accustomed to see such things daily, may probably have but one reflection on such an exhibition, — “The owner of that chariot must be very rich ;” and possibly this is the only reflection he ought to make. What purpose can it serve to reason, when our best conclusions tend only to discover a situation which we cannot remedy ? Slaves ought to have but one sense, that of hearing, and but one idea, that of obedience.

It is the part of a man of judgment, Rousseau somewhere observes, when surprised by novelty to ask its use. This is natural, and is exemplified by the aborigines of our own country. They wondered at the stupidity of the man who rode about in a chaise, which could not be moved without a horse ; but the first man on horseback whom

they saw they believed to be one animal, and pronounced it an excellent contrivance; for strength, swiftness, hunting, and swimming,—savage attributes and faculties of prime consequence,—were present in an eminent degree. But had they seen these three stout men behind the chariot, they would have perceived little congruity between them and the carriage.

I am strongly impressed that either these useless beings imply a great degree of misery or a great degree of servitude in the nation. If their situation be desirable, it presupposes such a degree of misery that they are obliged to fill the humblest offices for bread. If they seek these situations and fill them in preference to others, it implies the loss of all sense of human dignity. These are not the only evils. These drones are a tax on the industrious poor; they eat that bread for which others are suffering, and raise the price of that which they do not consume. However, all this is necessary in a monarchy; the grandeur of the nobles is a part of the Constitution, and must be supported,¹—in other words, poverty is a necessary part of monarchy. If this evil cannot be remedied, kind fortune is daily counteracting it by humbling the great and exalting the humble; otherwise Europe would soon become a sad spectacle of tyrants and slaves. So true is it, as Beccaria observes: “In every human society there is an effort continually tending to confer on one part the height of power and happiness, and to reduce the other to the extreme of weakness and misery.”

There are two powerful reasons why the United States will not for these hundreds of years afford such a sight as those chariot appendages. The proud principles of the Constitution will teach the humblest to avoid the distinctions of master and servant. The other is a more practi-

¹ Vide Montesquien's *Spirit of Laws*, bk. v. 9.

cal cause, and is operating daily,—I mean the extended territory of the United States. If a man be born poor, he is not born to poverty; or if born to labor, he is not born to servitude. He has only to emigrate an hundred or two miles, and in the course of a few years he proudly looks around him and says,—“This farm is my own, and my children will inherit it after me.”

However, I do not wish you to believe the English populace are in general so little respectable as those four easy men. One could not stand two hours in the street without seeing a practical application of one of the first principles of the English Constitution. The chimney-sweeper knows very well his standing in society; and without seeming to feel for those who think cleanliness one of the conveniences of life, he wraps himself up in his sooty consequence, and all who would pass by him must either hazard the effect of contact or walk in the mud until they are out of his reach. The porter, too, though his burden should be an impediment to every one, keeps the footway; and no one presumes to request him to walk in one part of the street rather than in another. I am not certain that I am correct in attributing this to the democratic branch of the Constitution; I am more inclined to attribute it to the common law.¹ The influence of the democratic branch of the Constitution is too remote from the people to affect them very strongly; but that part of the common law which places the person of the peer and of the plebeian on an equality, being known to every one, comes home to their feelings, and operates most visibly on the lowest. If all people are presumed to know enough of the laws of their country to be answerable for the infraction of the same, it would be singular

¹ The common law is a part, and in my opinion, the best part of the English Constitution.

if they should be ignorant of those laws whence they derive all their consequence.

Preserve the common law, and I believe the people would scarcely miss the Constitution. But every good has its attendant evil: the common law is in continual danger of that terrier of Parliament, — statute law; so that the English may one day find themselves buried under a mass of statutes.

ADIEU.

LETTER IV.

LONDON, August 10.

ONE can know nothing of this people without mixing with them. They seem, most of them, to have two characters, — one repellent, especially to strangers; the other quite accommodating and disposed to confidence, if you are willing to show them a little deference. Nothing is lost by this, for they generously disclaim that superiority which is granted.

I have also discovered a remarkable desire in those who affect to rank among the better sort, to pass themselves off in the presence of strangers for gentlemen of fortune and consequence. Last Sunday morning I visited Kensington Garden so early that but one person was there before me. We passed and repassed each other many times; but he showed no disposition to speak, or to be spoken to. At length I ventured to accost him; and to whom do you think I had the honor to address myself? It appeared in the sequel that he was a member of Parliament, possessed of an immense landed property in Kent, and that he had frequently been offered a pension by Mr. Pitt if he would support the ministry, which offer had been as frequently refused from a motive of patriotism.

He said he had foreseen, and advised Mr. Pitt of the termination of the war. I observed he must also have known Mr. Burke. "Poor fellow," said he, "Burke lost his senses a long time before he died; he quarrelled with me at last, after an intimacy of thirty years." This man might possibly have been a member of Parliament, notwithstanding the attrition of time had effected one considerable breach in his hat and two breaches in his coat.

The English are said to hold all other peoples in contempt,—the usual fault of islanders; and they indulge a sentiment of disdain, arising from comparison rather than from any other cause. I am led to the above remark from an occurrence which lately happened to myself. In travelling to London in a stage-coach, I had become so intimate with one of the passengers that just before the journey was finished he politely gave me his address. I told him I could not in return give him mine; for being a stranger in the country, I knew not where I should take lodgings. I thought the man was suddenly taken ill, so altered was his countenance in a moment. "Are you not an Englishman?" he asked, with a tone which partly betrayed mortification that he should have made such a mistake, and partly regret that he should have done me so much honor as to have taken me for an Englishman. "No; I am a citizen of the United States." He seemed to say, "So much the worse," wrapped himself up in a revery, and was silent the remainder of the journey.

This repelling trait of character, for which the English are noted, does not arise, in my opinion, entirely from their disposition. In a country like this—a commercial country—where the interest of each individual interferes in some form or other with his neighbor's; where the

people mutually thrive at one another's expense; and where even the pious, if they put up a prayer in the morning for a blessing on the day, the substance of it must be the overreaching of their fellows,—among such there is no room for cordiality; and when attentions are proffered, the motive ought to be suspected. All will be suspicious of those with whom they are unacquainted, especially in such a city as this, to which rogues of all descriptions resort, either to hide their infamy or sell it for a higher price. Hence the first maxim should be to know nobody by whom you are not likely to profit. An apostle among such a people would command no more attention than a ballad singer, and would afford speculation to no one but a Jew clothesman.

How far these observations apply to our own country, I leave you to judge. I believe commerce preserves the same character in all countries and in all ages. The merchant of Alexandria, who arrived in a time of famine at Rhodes with a cargo of corn; the bankers of Syracuse, who sold Canius, the Roman knight, a farm *with a fish-pond in it*; the merchants of Amsterdam, who cut down the cinnamon-trees in the East; the Hamburgers, who betrayed Napper Tandy; the merchants of Liverpool, who pray God not to change the color of the negroes; and certain merchants of Boston, who dream of wars in Europe as the greatest blessing which Providence can send, are all allied to the same family. How applicable to the present time is the following remark, made nearly nineteen centuries ago: “Quod si, qui proscribunt villam bonam beneque ædificatam, non existimantur fefellisse, etiam si illa nec bona est, nec ædificata ratione.”¹

Thank God, the United States are rather an agricultural than a commercial country; otherwise, in spite of

¹ Cicero De Officiis, bk. iii. 13.

the Constitution, our republic would soon be lost in an odious aristocracy, and what is still worse, a commercial aristocracy, which experience proves to be the most inexorable and cold-blooded of all tyrannies, whose maxims are founded on cautious speculation, and acted on in all the varieties of monopoly, — maxims which, fortified by law, strengthen the powerful at the expense of the weak. Fortunately for us the citizens, lords of their farms, will have interests different from the merchants, and will be forever a check on the spirit of commerce. Were it not for this last circumstance there would not be virtue sufficient in the country to support our form of government, except for a very short period. I know not if these sentiments meet yours, but from what I have already observed here, I am confirmed in them. It is neither the king nor the nobles nor the commons who govern England, but stockjobbers, commercial companies, and monopolists. Parliament is only a sort of attorney to draw up their rules and regulations, and ratify them according to law.

ADIEU.

LETTER V.

LONDON, August 20.

THE election of members of Parliament, for Westminster, recurred in July. Everything relative to this popular prerogative will interest a citizen of the United States; he cannot observe the hustings without a warm reverence for the great original of his own freedom. The theory of a popular election is a political sublimity which a democrat cannot contemplate without rapture. It practically brings society back to first principles, checks the tendency

of government to usurpation, arrests the bolt of power in the hands of the wicked; and though frequently perverted in practice, and made to sanction its own destruction, yet election keeps alive the principle and asserts the virtue of at least a part of the people.

The following notices I made in Covent Garden, the scene of the election.

The candidates were Mr. Fox, Admiral Lord Gardner, and Mr. Graham, an auctioneer. All was quiet until the candidates appeared. First came Mr. Fox. On presenting himself at the front of the stage, elevated a little above the heads of the spectators, a violent uproar of applause commenced with, "Good morning, Charley," which scarcely ceased, when Lord Gardner and Mr. Graham appeared. The popular suffrage seemed to be divided between these two. Fox was not opposed; but a scattering hissing and clapping, at short intervals, commenced when either Gardner or Graham appeared at the front of the stage.

Whether or not the people, from some cause, are weary of the popular branch of their government, or whether they consider an election a mere mockery, or an affair which concerns only the candidates, or whether Mr. Graham was not a man of sufficient weight to contest¹ the election seriously, I know not; but certain it is, the election appeared to me a sort of Bartholomew Fair, to which the people came, some for amusement, some to pick pockets, and some merely to increase the crowd, while the candidates afforded the entertainment, which was not without humor. You know the English fancy themselves free once in seven years. This election brought to my mind the Roman Saturnalia. During the hustings, likewise, everything is taken in good part by the candidates, who court popularity,

¹ The candidates have usurped the word "contest." One would imagine that the people should contest an election, not the candidates.

sometimes not disdaining to be carried home on the shoulders of the people.

The candidates usually address the crowd at the close of each day's poll and return their most sincere thanks for the support they have received, and sometimes lay their hands on their hearts, and urge their friends to come forward the next day with redoubled ardor. Those who are not in the habit of public speaking, frequently (at least it was so in the present instance) authorize some friend to represent them to their future constituents.

The daily state of the poll is painted in a conspicuous place, to satisfy the curious. This I imagine is absolutely necessary; for John Bull would think himself imposed on if not permitted every day to see how the election is going.

Sometimes the electors are disposed to shake hands with their representatives, one of whom, with seeming cordiality, said, "Ah, Charley, it is seven years since I had the pleasure of shaking hands with you, how have you done all that time?" "Ah," groaned another man among the crowd, "it is only once in seven years that the two parties do shake hands."

Lord Gardner was not so civilly received; but he bore the sarcasms of the populace with much good humor, and seemed by his demeanor to be confident of his election in spite of his opposers. A sailor stripped off his jacket and shirt before the hustings, and asked, "Do you remember when you gave me that flogging?" At the same time another threw a halter at Lord Gardner telling him to recollect Governor Wall. The Admiral seemed for a moment mortified at this. He said nothing, but looked a sort of appeal to the spectators as if he had said, "Do I merit the charge?" All were softened in his behalf, and by their murmur of applause acquitted him instantly. This ready

disposition to espouse the cause of the injured, is one of the finest traits of character in the plebeian English.

At the close of the poll, Mr. Fox and Lord Gardner were declared elected. I could not readily account for this; Fox was not opposed, and yet Graham, who was in Fox's interest, lost his election. Mathematically speaking, one might say such a conclusion was impossible.

The election continued eight or ten days. I believe it in the power of either candidate to extend the time at pleasure. If so, there is an opening to the greatest excesses, for every election is not conducted with such good humor as was this.¹ Broken limbs, and even homicide, are not unusual at some elections. How will you account for it? The citizens of the United States ought to have the prerogative of suffrage much more at heart than the subjects of England have, and yet at no contested election in the United States was there ever a citizen killed, nor did I ever hear of a broken limb. The cause must be sought in the candidates and not in the people.

You will expect a description of Mr. Fox, his appearance and demeanor. You wish to know how he was dressed, how he stood, and how he looked. In his youth he is reported to have been as great a fop as was Aristotle. At present I will only say his appearance was altogether against him. He looked as if he had been long in the sea-service, and after many a storm, had retired on half pay. His greasy buff waistcoat, threadbare blue coat, and weather-beaten hat, gave him, in connection with his great corpulency, dark complexion, and short dark hair hastening to gray, very much the appearance of a laid-up sea-captain. He has the countenance of an ancient Englishman, but long watching has changed the complexion of

¹ At the three preceding elections murder was committed. This circumstance alone is nearly sufficient to prove there is no liberty in England.

health to a dun color. He would be thought at present, by one who did not know him, to be a man of noble disposition rather than a great man. When I hear him in the House of Commons I will give you my opinion of this great favorite of our citizens; though why he should be a favorite, I know not. He is not more a democrat than Mr. Pitt, nor have his exertions benefited his country; they have only exasperated inveteracy and strengthened opposition by calling forth a ministerial energy, which not only touched hard on the true principles of the Constitution, but too plainly proved that there was not sufficient affection in the people to support a government for which, if Mr. De Lolme be not a bombastic panegyrist, every Briton ought to be proud to die. So that, with all his ability as an orator, and all his logical deduction as a lawyer, he must pass down the current of time as an *Æschines* or *Hyperides*, — a foil to set off Mr. Pitt, whose ascendant genius has shone with a blaze sufficient to encircle his own head, even amidst the ruin of his country.

For my part, I regard the late administration with an eye less favorable to the glory of Mr. Pitt than do many of our citizens. The loss of three hundred millions sterling and the gain of ninety-five peers are trifling compared with the loss, in a great measure, of that old English spirit which formerly distinguished John Bull from all other beings, and which spirit led our ancestors first to Leyden and soon after to Plymouth Rock, — an expedition which might have revolted a Scotchman. The late iron-handed administration, fearful of every one who was not directly or indirectly a part of itself in the midst of that terror which it inspired, displayed its imbecility by what it was pleased to term its own inherent energy.

Who supports our Constitution? Who supports the administration of our government? Mr. Jefferson? No,

no; the strength of the government of the United States is founded only in legitimate strength,—in popular sentiment, in popular affection. We have no personal attachment to our presidents and governors, and ought not to have; we respect them only as constitutional statesmen. Such a government might be a laughing-stock in Europe—more shame to Europeans; but this is certainly an experienced fact, that “those who have once been blessed with a free government have never lost their freedom until they were unworthy of it.” They could not lose their liberties by any accident in the train of worldly vicissitude; they would not, like the oak, be subject to the whirlwind, nor like the wheat blade, to the silent mildew. Neither force nor fraud ever ended in successful slavery. Force and fraud can find nothing on which to act until the people forget their original principles. Sinon in his wooden horse may enter Troy, but his success depends on the situation of the Trojans.¹ There is no good reason for doubting Cromwell’s sincerity at first; afterward he thought the nation incapable of a free government and took the most ready method of ascertaining the point, and was successful. I never thought worse of Cromwell for his usurpation. He was not a tyrant over those who courted his tyranny.

If the English were incapable of self-government then, still less so are they at present. Bonaparte has tried the same experiment with still less force, and with still greater success; fugitive from Egypt, he well knew the termination of his journey,—the empty chairs of the directory. The English and the French have both had an opportunity of establishing an equal government. Events have proved that the blood of their sovereigns was offered up to strange gods. These efforts, in both cases, were worth making; but they finally demonstrated that a legitimate republic

¹ When Sinon entered Troy, they were celebrating a grand rout.

requires principles to which the people of both nations were altogether strangers.

When the citizens of the United States become strangers to these principles, they are no longer free. Should I live to see that day, I should triumph in their slavery. I cannot find it in my disposition to sympathize with those who, having once felt the sentiment of liberty, could be rendered cold to its influence. The tyrant Tiberius stands acquitted before that senate who mingled tears with joy, and regret with flattery.¹ Could John Hampden have been recalled to life in the days of the second Charles, I have often thought he must have expired in indignation.

ADIEU.

LETTER VI.

LONDON, August 30.

It is somewhere observed by Dr. Johnson, that a deed with all its legal solemnities is one of the severest moral satires on mankind which study could invent. He need not have gone far to have found subjects for many more positive and direct reflections to the same purport. A deed is rather a satire on the approaching than on the present age, being made with a view to posterity, who, it supposes, will give no more credit to the present than they are obliged to do by force of law. Besides, a deed supposes only a passive kind of dishonesty, which might endeavor to defeat the original design by legal interpretation; but a large number of men (the city watch), in time of pro-

¹ *Vultuque composito, ne læti excessu Principis, neu tristiores primordio, lacrimas, gaudium, questus, adulatione miscebant.* — TACITUS, *Annals*, bk. i. 7.

found quiet, distributed over a city but within call of one another, armed, some with clubs and others with blunderbusses, looks very little like the extreme, or rather very much like the extreme of civilization.

Most of those magnificent houses round about London, which proudly retiring from the city for the benefit of air and prospect, seem built as much with a view to external grandeur as to domestic convenience, are so completely guarded with high brick walls that you might imagine the Barons' wars had not yet terminated; for his house in a double sense is the owner's castle. Nor can you look into the gardens by reason of the fortifications; though you frequently see an elevated sign at the corner, requesting you to take notice that "man-traps" are placed there.

The houses in the city, even if they have ten feet of rear ground, suffer the inconvenience of darkness and confined air by reason of high walls, to the tops of which broken glass bottles are usually cemented, — I do not say to guard against the neighbors.

The security of the house in which I reside is guaranteed in the following manner: The door has a double lock, a chain and two bolts, besides an alarm bell, which is carefully fixed to the panel every night. A watchman, if he does his duty, passes by the door once in thirty minutes. Another watchman is stationed in the yard and doomed to perpetual imprisonment with a chain around his neck.

This wariness is perhaps as necessary in London as the guarded circumspection in wording and the various formality of executing a deed. But there is another caution, though in appearance much of the same complexion, which does the people infinite honor, — I refer to the Christian part of the community, who lock up their pew doors, lest the church should be profaned by those who have no right to hear the Gospel.

The story which they tell of the savage, who was invited to send his son to New York to be educated, might have been more highly embellished at London. I know not if you have met with it. The savage said he would consider of the proposal, but would first see the people, and take a view of the city ; and if he gave the preference to our mode of life, should have no objection. On entering New York, he manifested little of that surprise and admiration which novelty usually produces in the ignorant. The first object which attracted his notice was a negro. He had never seen one before. He asked, " Who is that black person ? " and was informed that he was a negro slave. The meaning of the word " slave " being explained, he asked the cause of his being a slave. " Why, he is black." The Indian said nothing : you know it is his habit in the most serious concerns to proceed with a coolness which looks like indifference. Presently he observed a gentleman getting out of a coach, with the assistance of two or three persons. This arrested his attention. He asked, " Who is he ? " and was told he was a very rich man who was afflicted with the gout. He asked, " What is the gout ? " and was informed. The savage said nothing, but passed on. Presently, he saw a man apparently in distress enter a certain building under the guard of another. He asked the reason of this, and why the building looked so gloomy. He was told it was a prison, in which both those who would not and those who could not pay their debts were confined. The savage said nothing. He now saw a beggar asking charity, and demanded, " What makes so much difference between those two men ? " The explanation of this involved most of the principal relations of society. The savage paused, and seemed to reflect with deep consideration. At length he smote his breast, and said he would proceed no farther ; nor could he be persuaded to tarry one night in the city.

I have imagined the same wild man's mode of reasoning had he come to London. I pass over those few particulars which speak full as strongly, I think, as Dr. Johnson's deed.

Had the Indian entered the city by the west end, he might have seen on Hounslow Heath two of those gentlemen who live and die at the public expense, suspended on gibbets; one of whom, from the appearance of the skeleton, must have been a remarkably fine fellow. He would suppose these skeletons were monuments, sacred to the memory of redoubted chiefs, and animating examples to the rising generation, of undaunted valor, wary stratagem, or Indian fortitude. The savage would naturally inquire, how they encountered their death; in what glorious, but fatal struggle they fell; what unusual exploits they performed to merit such a conspicuous station; and what enemy had the honor of conquering them? Alas! he would be told the scene of action was Hounslow Heath, the encounter memorable only in the Newgate calendar, that they were thought to merit their high station in the unanimous opinion of twelve men, and the famous fellow who triumphed over them was one Jack Ketch. After the code of English criminal law had been explained to him, he would find sufficient to divert his mind until he reached Hyde Park corner.

By the time the Indian arrived there he would be rendered so tame he would not dare to reach over a hedge to cut a walking-stick. What a reflection! that he, who had been accustomed to consider the largest quarter of the globe his park, all the rivers and lakes his fishery, and all the forests subservient to his necessities or pleasures; that he, who had considered himself the centre of being, and fancied the circle of creation moved with himself, should suddenly find his person in the king's high

way, and liable to be put in closer confinement if he overstepped the narrow limit of sixty or seventy feet.

To shock the man's feelings as little as possible, I would not hurry him into the city, but would take him to St. James' Park, in order to show him the decency, the order, and the magnificence of a well-regulated government. But even here he would ask certain questions which it might be invidious to answer. The numerous houses of noblemen which border the park would raise the question of their origin and present support. "This man's ancestor found the weak side of a weak prince, and his posterity have been maintained ever since at the public expense. That man's great ancestor by his abilities became so formidable to the State that it was found necessary, in order to change his conduct, to quiet him with an earldom; and though Nature, through his descendants, has inflicted a posthumous penance on him for perverting his abilities, yet that only affects their intellects, not their dignity. That house is considered one of the first in the kingdom because the proprietor's ancestor, many years ago, nearly ruined the nation." "But does not every age produce a sufficient number of chiefs?" the savage would ask, "why then the necessity of making those men chiefs who had none of the requisite qualities?" The shortest answer would be that they never were *made* such, and that they were in general nothing more than reflected greatness, like the moon which he had so often seen when standing on the banks of the Potomac.

On viewing the king's guards the question would occur, "Is it a time of war?" Being answered in the negative, the stranger would naturally ask, "Of what use are these soldiers in time of peace, and by whom are they supported?" After being informed that men in Europe are so depraved that their chiefs are obliged to raise armies to

keep them in awe, he would ask, "Are those chiefs provided with the means to subsist and clothe them?" The answer would be, "The people themselves, to guarantee their own obedient conduct, raised them and paid their expenses." This would be altogether unintelligible, and it would be necessary to enter into a thousand political relations, which would only serve to perplex him still more.

Our Indian should now be shown the Tower. After viewing the trophies and the armory, with which he would be enraptured, and comparing the armor of former days with the stature of men of the present time, he would ask, "For what purpose was the Tower built?" On being told, "To defend the city," he would naturally inquire, "Why do some of the port holes open directly on the city?"

In passing down to Wapping, he would meet a press-gang which had apprehended some sailors. He would be told that persons of this sort were carried on board the ships to the number of eighty or an hundred thousand men, and confined there for the space of four, six, or eight years. He would probably ask, since the criminal code had been explained to him, "What enormous crimes have they committed to be thought worthy of such an inhuman punishment?" He would be told that these people, so far from having committed any crime, are in reality the most useful members of the community, and are actually esteemed the grand pillars of the empire. Here the poor devil would be confounded, and might exclaim in the Esquimaux or Mohawk dialect, "Credat Judæus Apella; non Ego."

In returning from Wapping, the visitor should look into the Royal Exchange. Observing the continued hum of the citizens, he would ask, "Why do those people appear so busy about nothing?" and would greatly wonder on being

told that here was concentrated the vital principle of the nation, which diffused its influence throughout the world; that here was the heart of the empire,—but unlike the human heart, which sends the current of life through the body, it drew from the four quarters of the globe its own support. It would then be necessary to enter into the history of the East and West Indies. “But, if one half of the world suffer more or less to subserve the wants of this people, why have I seen so many of those you call beggars?” The national debt must now be explained, in order to convince him that it was absolutely necessary that one half of the nation should prey upon the other; and that for each of those whom he saw in the Exchange there must be many who wanted bread. But what of that? The rich delight to see themselves surrounded by the poor, because from them they gain one half of their consequence.

By this time the savage would become incredulous, and imagining his facility was tempted, his impatience might rise to indignation. Therefore, to give him a practical view of London on the body, mind, and life, he should visit Heaviside’s Anatomical Museum, Bedlam, and the Old Bailey; and whether he would leave the city more or less a savage, I think it rather doubtful.

ADIEU.

LETTER VII.

LONDON, September 11.

THE English are a more civil people than our own; at least they are more disposed to street civility. I have not accosted a Londoner, nor indeed any of the country

people, whose ready attention did not surprise me; but there is a perceptible difference between the civility of the plebeian and of the gentleman. If you request a gentleman for any little matter of information, he may possibly seem to say, "I am no guide-post," while the plebeian is ready to become one. In general, however, you are sure to meet with that cordiality which one owes another who has placed in him so much confidence, as eventually to expose yourself to a degree of ill-treatment by being roughly answered. A pertinent question, accompanied with a demeanor which does not assume superiority, invariably receives from the common people decent respect, if not disinterested courtesy. This was unexpected, as the English are usually called barbarians by foreigners.

From whatever cause this urbanity proceeds, it is certainly pleasing to a stranger who finds himself among a million of people, nine-tenths of whom owe but little to society.

Not so with our citizens; they seem to carry the Declaration of Independence about with them, and to regard the least degree of urbanity which may possibly be construed into obsequiousness, a breach of the Constitution. Strangers are most likely to observe this; hence their first impressions are unfavorable.

This want of urbanity, I am inclined to think, is the offspring of manners rather than of morals, and does not affect the disposition. The Chinese are said to be the most civil people in the world. The French, too, are more noted for politeness than cordiality. I believe the cause is to be sought in the form of government. It is a political paradox, I allow, that people under the worst form of government should even appear to have any commendable qualities. Despotie governments have ever produced the most pliant, accommodating, and obliging subjects; while in

limited monarchies the people have departed from this character in the degree that their monarchy has been limited. Democracies have ever produced the contrary character in the degree the democracy has approached to a state of nature. We have a remarkable instance of this in the anecdote recorded in Robertson's Charles V. Clovis was nominally king of the Franks. His followers on a certain expedition had plundered, among other things, a vase belonging to a church. The bishop sent deputies to Clovis to beseech him to return the sacred vessel; and Clovis, willing to restore it, requested the soldiers to permit him to take that vase for himself before the plunder was divided, when a fierce soldier stepped forth and with his battle-axe broke the vase into a thousand pieces, saying, "He shall have nothing which his lot does not give him."

I am still less willing to believe this spirit of subservience is indicative of a substantial virtue to which our own citizens are strangers. A late physician has supposed thirty-seven persons to die daily in London from want of the necessaries of life; yet London, above all places, is renowned for charitable institutions and voluntary subscriptions, while the cities of the United States (Charleston and New York excepted) are chiefly famous in the journals of travellers for debt and credit; for all that, I am sure it would be suicide if a man should starve to death in the United States. However, it is no reflection on the humanity of England if many die of want. To provide for all who are suffering would exhaust the bounty of Providence. With us the case is different. The fervency of many a pious Christian's charity cools before he can find an opportunity of bestowing it; and because charities are consequently unusual, certain superficial observers have supposed there is a lack of sympathy, to excite which there is no object.

Europeans believe the people of the United States to be pre-eminent for hospitality on account of the facility of obtaining a livelihood ; whereas, in fact, we ought to be the least hospitable of any people. If you except the single case of merchants, you will find hospitality has ever flourished most where there has been the greatest inequality of rank and fortune. It is a feudal, rustic virtue, which the vigor of equality relaxes, and which the decay of chivalry renders useless. Where there are few beggars, there will be little charity ; and where there is a prevalent equality of condition, there will be little hospitality. Yet surely that town cannot be thought inhospitable through which no human being could pass with an empty stomach, if he would condescend to make his wants known. I do not mention this in contrast to the country people of England, seven-eighths of whom are laboring tenants, with the exception of those who depend on their precarious labor. This circumstance — connected with the state of society, which, in consequence of land monopoly originating in a spirit of commerce, has rendered the condition of the lower classes ten times worse than it was under feudal institutions — must naturally raise a hedge about their hearts and contract the generous affections.

I know that the opinion is advanced in books that our distresses soften the heart and lead to commiseration ; yet universal experience is to the contrary. Present distress engrosses our thoughts and renders us altogether selfish ; past pains we know to have been tolerable, and are inclined to despise those who do not endure them with dignity. Thus Tacitus : ¹ “ Quippe Rufus diu manipularis, deinde centurio, mox castris præfectus, antiquam duramque militiam revocabat, vetus operis ac laboris, et eo immitior, quia toleraverat.” The negroes who are made overseers

¹ Annals, bk. i. 20.

of plantations are said to be the most severe taskmasters. Blood familiarizes to blood. Achilles, who was discovered in the habit of a virgin, romping among girls at a boarding-school, could after ten years' warfare please himself with the sight of the dead body of the respectable Hector, dragged at his chariot wheels, — "Ter circùm Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros."¹ In short, those who have suffered most distress are the most ready to laugh at the distresses of others; hence old age is less than youth disposed to pity. Were it not so, the people of Europe would be doubly wretched; for their circumstances, in general, would oblige them to contract their hand in the moment of benevolence.

Principles are inculcated which, even should they operate kindly, would only add to men's misery. Why instil noble sentiments into the minds of those whose fixed situation in life tells them noble sentiments would not be suffered in persons of their condition, and would even be a barrier to a livelihood? Why teach the negro the Christian religion? You only fire him with indignation, and give him a weapon with which he may slay you. Why teach the Jews toleration, or even common honesty, since every nation, except our own, persecutes them for the glory of God, and binds them down by restrictions and disabilities? The practical part of the Christian religion is founded on charity, sympathy, community, equality; then how absurd to teach the Christian duties *one day*, which, *politically*, must be counteracted the six following days? In a country like this, where there are so many species of men, there should be as many codes of morality as there are conditions in the State. For the same moral principles imposed on all operate unequally: to bind a poor man to the same principles you do a rich man, is unjust. All political in-

¹ Vergil, *Æneid*, bk. i. 483.

stitutions, even the best, operate against the poor and in favor of the rich. Law and equity guard against these consequences as much as they can; still the law operates chiefly for the benefit of the wealthy, and is rather a fortification to the powerful than a protection to the weak. Fortunately for Europe, custom, prejudice, and education dispose her subjects to acquiesce; otherwise they would countervail to a degree which her political systems could not tolerate.

ADIEU.

LETTER VIII.

LONDON, September 25.

THE English have not that esteem for the citizens of the United States which might naturally be expected from their mutual relations; in truth they are partial to nobody. They hate all whom they do not despise, while the latter can only render hatred for contempt. Machiavel would probably think it a national virtue to hate or despise all other people; but the English have improved on this,—they undervalue their own fellow-subjects as much as they do foreigners. A poor Scotchman, who is necessitated to take the main road to England because Sir John Sinclair has deprived him of the means of subsistence at home, by converting thirty-six small farms into one in order to try an experiment in raising sheep,¹ is thought to be very selfish if he comes to London to shun the curse of Scotland. The Irishman, too, tired of sour buttermilk and potatoes at home, is considered a poor vagabond

¹ Since writing the above, I observe that Sir John has vindicated this measure; and the Reviewers think the vindication an able one. I hope Sir John's tenants are of the same opinion.

the moment he crosses the Channel in search of roast beef and plum-pudding. Had the United States continued under the British government we should have been the most contemptible of mankind, and the English would have been the first to despise us; at present they regard the United States with a sentiment far more honorable than that of contempt.

It is very easy for these people to tell you what they do not respect; on the contrary, what they do respect is not so evident. They differ wonderfully from the Scotch, in one particular: A Scot is partial to his fellow-Scotchmen, with very little fondness for Scotland; an Englishman is still more partial to England, with very little fondness for Englishmen. One might suppose such a people must be insufferably haughty, yet he would greatly mistake their character. I have never seen a haughty Englishman. They could not live within a mile of one another, were they both proud and haughty; but being only proud, they respect one another, whereas it is the property of haughtiness to be arrogant. Now the English are not open to this charge. He who is haughty will inevitably render himself ridiculous to all who despise his airs. I do not recollect an instance of having seen an Englishman ridiculous on this account. Hence, though their characters are extremely angular, they are rather defensively than offensively proud.

Nor are the English more vain than haughty. They dress, conduct, think, as they please, and set everybody at defiance. At the same time if they know you esteem them, and feel conscious they have not demeaned themselves, none can be more happy in possessing your good opinion. This carelessness of the opinion of other people shows itself in all ranks, especially the lowest. The swing of the arm, the incautious step, the rolling of the body, tell you plainly that

they care for nobody, no, not they; but this, in part, may be owing to an air of majesty which they assume, for which the very lowest of the English are remarkable. Those who are more immediately dependent on others for a livelihood, have a mixed character of servility and independence. They cherish the estimation of those on whom they are dependent, but seem utterly regardless of the good opinion of others. The middle ranks follow their own inclinations, and form their own manners. Hence they make a motley picture, diversified from Quaker simplicity to an appearance of studied artifice; but this appearance seldom arises from affectation, — they are above that, — but rather from whim. Judging at a distance, the nobility appear to me to build their characters much more on the populace than the populace theirs on the nobility. I am disposed to believe it policy and affectation which so frequently induce the nobility to dress more meanly than many among the lower orders, — policy to conciliate; affectation of seeming to attach no consequence to their rank. The king is liable to the same remark; he has much more of the external appearance of John Bull than of the German, and is frequently seen not better dressed than one of our farmers, with an old hat not worth sixpence. But I was speaking of the nationality of this people.

It is a happy circumstance that this attachment to the soil is so deeply rooted in the great mass of the English; it serves a substitute for real patriotism. The rich, in every country, if they retain those sentiments for which an honest man ought to blush, may be tolerably happy, whether they live at Constantinople, Venice, or Madrid; but by far the greater part of every nation in Europe, and that part to which a nation looks for support in the moment of emergency, is fortunately retained under the wizard spell of prejudice.

I will give you one or two instances of this national partiality, which have already passed under my notice.

At an ordinary the other day, I heard two politicians, one friendly, the other inimical, to Mr. Pitt's administration, advance their different sentiments. You observe I do not term one of them *Whig* and the other *Tory*. There is, I believe, no such distinction now in England. Dr. Johnson was the last *Tory*. The one contended that "the Constitution of 1692 is no longer the boast of Englishmen; that it is a mere prejudice to support longer a form of government which has evaporated to theory, and which cannot support itself on first principles;" that "Mr. Pitt had told the whole world, that a chancellor of the exchequer has it in his power to guide the Parliament at pleasure, whereby the democratic branch of the Constitution is become a dead letter." The other opposed him on the grounds of expediency, popular disaffection, and the latitude of ministerial prerogative. A few days afterward I observed the former gentleman at the same place, and suspecting his every-day politics were assumed, urged a conversation, first giving him to understand that I was not a subject of his Majesty, in order to touch more nearly his national pride. Otherwise it would have been impolitic; for the moment an Englishman discovers you to be a foreigner, he assumes a different aspect, not in the least conciliating. I observed, after a few minutes of disconnected conversation, that "England has, in a great measure, lost that proud pre-eminence which she possessed under the auspices of Walpole and Chatham." "Old England," he replied, "for a century past has been obliged to support the dignity of all Europe against the open force and secret intrigue of France. The history of the last century, take it all together, is as splendid as that of any former; and, though the late administration beggared the

country, the honor of the nation is unsullied, its dignity increased, and its spirit unbroken." "But do you think an Englishman can rest his heart on the bosom of his country now with as much complacency as he might have done half a century past?" "Yes, sir, with much more. When England is most distressed, then is she most loved." "But love for our country ought to proceed from principle, not from a mere attachment to its soil. Is your Constitution, which has extorted the admiration of your enemies, as operative now as it was half a century since?" "No doubt; for it is better understood and more nicely defined. But suppose we had no Constitution at all, to what country would an Englishman emigrate?"

The other instance occurred over a pot of porter, between a French immigrant and a full-blooded Englishman, whose pedigree probably has not been crossed since the days of Canute. The Frenchman thought porter was too gross for those who lead an idle life, and generally rendered those who drink much of it, dull and stupid. This, in the opinion of the Englishman, amounted to an attack on the national character; and calling for another pot, like another Lord Peter, he endeavored to persuade the Frenchman that in a pot of porter was contained the quintessence of the best wines of every climate. The Frenchman thought there was not so much vivacity in it as in champagne. "True," said John Bull, "there is not so much *evaporation*, but it has more *heart*."

This man might not have crusaded to Jerusalem in behalf of religion, but he might have been led double the distance in support of barley and hops.

It is said that two beggars entered into partnership; but on counting their money it was found that one never collected so much as the other. The cause of this was a matter of speculation between them, especially as the one

who collected the least had the best address. At length the more successful one asked his fellow, "What terms do you use in begging?" He replied, "That depends on the passengers. If they look humane, it is simply, 'God bless you;' if they are hard featured, 'for God's sake.'" "Oh," said the other, "that explains it; to-morrow beg for the honor of Old England."

When an Englishman was told, "The French are restoring their navy," he observed, "I am happy to hear it." Being questioned why, he answered sublimely enough, "They are working for us."

Good God! if a poor devil who has not a foot of land in the island, and whose ancestors, for many generations, have never owned even a cottage which might serve for a monument of their having been members of the social compact, — I say, if such a people, who seem to be outlawed from God's providence, are so fondly attached to a country which affords them only an abstract and indefinite sentiment of affection, I can easily believe what is reported of the Spartan women, who, when their children survived the battle of Leuctra, put on mourning, while the mothers of those who were slain, went in procession to the temple, and returned thanks to the gods. What sort of characters will the citizens of the United States display in the time of national emergency, possessing as they do a practical form of government which Plato dared only contemplate, and which the sanguine imagination of Rousseau never led him to hope for!

ADIEU.

LETTER IX.

LONDON, October 15.

THE following letter will be composed of a variety of particulars, which may be worthy the notice of a citizen of the United States.

The most humorous sight which I have seen was an English funeral, performed in the most fashionable manner; for, you must know, they *perform funerals* here. An undertaker's sign exhibits these words: "Funerals performed." The first funeral I saw was such a novelty, I followed it a short distance, not knowing what it was; and as my habit is to question every one whom I think can give me any information, I asked an honest fellow what the show was. He seemed a little offended, but directly replied, "You may know, one day, if you do not come to the gallows." This man, like Chatham, was "original and unaccommodating." Observing that I was surprised at his answer, and feeling perhaps a little mortified, he asked, "Do you live in London?" I told him I had just come. "Well, but people die sometimes in your town." By this I discovered that the *performance* was a funeral. The plumes being white (the sign of a virgin) instead of black, which is the more usual color, accounts for my ignorance. Had I been in Pekin, I should have expected a white funeral, but was not prepared to see one in London.

When a rich man dies, an undertaker, or fashionable performer, is ordered, who employs equipages drawn by horses, which I mistook for baggage wagons, in one of which he puts the body, while several hired men, dressed

fantastically in black, walk on either side, with not more unconcern than would be expected. Two men on horseback precede the wagon which contains the body ; those which follow display the plumes, the sight of which made me so merry. The mourners follow in coaches. I never until now understood that line in Young, —

“ Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes.”

Though, with due deference to Young, I think this is rather man's vanity than his love of fame ; for no mortal can be so weak as to expect personal fame from a pompous funeral.

After having witnessed an English funeral, you would not think those lines of Pope exaggerated, in which he represents a dying beauty in hysterics lest she should be laid out in woollen, and supposes her to call Betty, to “give her cheek a little red” lest she should appear ugly in her coffin.

I believe that funeral processions in New England are conducted much in the same manner as they were in ancient Rome. Livy says it was reported that on the death of Appius Claudius, in the year of Rome 284, the people assembled at his house to swell the funeral procession. “Et exsequias frequens celebravit.”

The Jews are worthy of particular notice. I have bestowed not a little reflection on this miserable race, and feel disposed to speak a word in their favor. If we contemplate their situation, even in England, where they are less persecuted than in any other country except the United States, we shall find them indirectly driven to prey on the public, and compelled by their disabilities to a continual antagonism. Eligible to no office, incapable of holding land, or even of possessing a house, with the additional hardship of being despised, like the pariah class

of India, they are absolutely proscribed from the social compact, and reduced to a state worse than that of simple Nature; for in opening their eyes to their condition, they find nothing on which to rest but the canopy of heaven. Now, I would appeal to Tully's Offices, or even to Dr. Johnson, if a man thus conditioned by force insiduously legalized, ought to be honest; and whether a man thus circumstanced would not have a moral right to repel hostility by every means in his power. Under such restrictions can a Jew be expected to philanthropize, or, in the moment of benevolence, can his heart wander out of the bounds of his own nation, when early sentiments have necessarily been contaminated by all the arts of low commerce to which his nation is reduced? A benevolent Hebrew would be a monster. Hence a Jew's passion cannot be reputation of any kind, but must be the love of money. Therefore Shakspeare's *imaginary* Shylock is not exactly true to Nature. A Jew in such a case would have accepted all the money he could have extorted, and have foregone his revenge. Yet this *imaginary* Shylock has prejudiced thousands of Christians who never saw a Jew, against the whole tribe of Israel; while those very Christians who read the story of a certain duke who demanded a large sum of money from a Jew, and extorted four of his teeth before the money was paid, are greatly surprised at the Jew's obstinacy. In short, the Jews owe the Christians nothing but hatred and revenge, whether they revert back to former times or regard the present.

The operation of those disabilities and restrictions which the Christian imposes on the Jew is just what ought to be expected. Is a house on fire, the Jew is happy to see it; the old nails afford a speculation. Crimes, for aught he cares, may multiply with impunity; he is the last person to inform. Who ever heard of a Jew informer? The

more thieves, the more distress, the more boundless extravagance, the fairer the prospect; to him, private vices are public benefits. Is the nation ruined?—he has nothing to lament, having no tie, no *amor patriæ*, no attachment; but he is not quite ready to leave the country. A nation in ruins is a Jew fair.

If the Jews were more disposed to agriculture, they might find in the United States a resting place; and not withstanding their religion, they might flourish as well there as at Jerusalem or on the more favorite banks of the Jordan.

ADIEU.

LETTER X.

LONDON, October 30.

I HAVE lately made a most important discovery which has disclosed one of the great secrets of English rank. You in the United States, knowing nothing of this, will consider the following authentic history of rank a singular curiosity.

They have confined the several species of man in this country within such definite limits that the moment they hear a knocking at their doors they can tell you whether it is the knock of a servant, a postman, a milkman, a half or whole gentleman, a very great gentleman, a knight, or a nobleman.

A servant is bound to lift the knocker once; should he usurp a nobleman's knock he would hazard his situation. A postman knocks twice, very loudly. A milkman knocks once, at the same time sending forth an artificial noise, not unlike the yell of an American Indian. A mere gentleman usually knocks three times, moderately. A terrible

fellow feels authorized to knock thrice, very loudly, generally adding two or three faint knocks, which seem to run into each other; but there is considerable art in doing this elegantly, therefore it is not always attempted. A stranger who should venture on an imitation would immediately be taken for an upstart. A knight presumes to give a double knock; that is, six raps, with a few faint ones at the end. I have not yet learned the various peculiarities which distinguish the degrees between the baronet and the nobleman; but this I know too well, that a nobleman, at any time of night, is allowed to knock so long and loud that the whole neighborhood is frequently disturbed; and although fifty people may be deprived of their night's rest, there is no redress at law or at equity. Nor have I learned how long and loud a prince of the blood presumes to knock, though doubtless he might knock an hour or two, by way of distinction.

You may hold your sides if you please, but I assure you I am perfectly serious. These people are so tenacious of this prerogative that a true-blooded Englishman goes near to think it a part of British liberty. Indeed, I am convinced I could place certain Englishmen in a situation in which, rather than knock at a door but once, they would fight a duel every day in the week. Good heaven, how would a fine gentleman appear, if obliged to knock but once at the door of a fashionable lady to whose party he had been invited, while, at the same moment, a number of his every-day friends passing by might observe the circumstance! I cannot conceive of a more distressing occurrence. The moment he entered the room, the eyes of the whole company would be turned on him. He would believe himself disgraced forever; he would feel himself annihilated, for all his imaginary consequence, without which

an Englishman feels himself to be nothing, would have forsaken him.

You may imagine it a very easy matter to pass from the simple rap of the servant to that of the nobleman; but let me inform you this little monosyllable stands in the place of Alpine mountains, which neither vinegar¹ nor valor can pass. Hercules and Theseus, those vagabond but respectable bullies, who governed by personal strength instead of a standing army, would have hesitated an enterprise against these raps. They have, by prescription, risen nearly to the dignity of common law, of which strangers as well as natives are bound to take notice. I was lately placed in a pleasant position through ignorance of this. Soon after my arrival, I received an invitation to dine with a gentleman; and in my economical way, with the greatest simplicity, I gave one reasonable rap. After a considerable time a servant opened the door, and asked me what I wanted! I told him Mr. ——. He replied, "My master has company, but I will see if he can be spoken with." In the mean time I was left in the entry. Presently Mr. — came, who, a little mortified, began to reprove the servant; but it appeared in the sequel he was perfectly right, for on telling Mr. — "I knocked but once," he burst into a laugh, and said he would explain that at dinner.

Should an honest fellow, ignorant of the importance of these raps, come to London in search of a place, and unfortunately knock at a gentleman's door after the manner of a nobleman, it might prejudice him as much as a prayer-book once prejudiced a certain person in Connecticut. The anecdote is this: —

A young adventurer, educated Church-of-England-wise, on going forth to seek his fortune, very naturally put his

¹ Hannibal is said to have employed vinegar in his passage through the Alps.

prayer-book in his pocket. Wandering within the precincts of Connecticut, he offered his services to a farmer, who, after asking him a thousand questions, gave him employment; but in the evening, the unlucky prayer-book being discovered, he fairly turned the poor wight out-of-doors to get a lodging where he could. You know it was said that the Connecticut "Blue Laws" made it death for a priest, meaning a clergyman of the Church of England, to be found within that State. Thank heaven, those days are passed. "God, liberty, and toleration," whether a man prefers a prayer-book to the missal, or the kuran to a prayer-book, or a single rap at a door to the noise of a dozen.

ADIEU.

N. B. — You must keep this letter a profound secret, as we have certain gentlemen on our side of the Atlantic who would, in imitation of the noblemen here, disturb their neighbors.

LETTER XI.

LONDON, November 19.

I WAS in Rosemary Lane yesterday; in other words, at Rag Fair. The shop-keepers take the liberty of addressing every one who passes, and not infrequently come into the street, take you by the arm and lead you, half forcibly, into their shops. Those who are most clever, that is, most troublesome to passengers, are called *barkers*. I was accosted not less than fifteen times in passing through Rosemary Lane. Telling one I was in no want of *old* clothes, "Then," said he, as though he thought I meant to be witty, "you have a wardrobe to dispose of." I asked

another what he saw in my appearance which led him to suspect I wanted to purchase old clothes. "Oh," said he, "we don't judge by appearances here; many a man comes into Rosemary Lane to change his dress: some go away better, but most, worse dressed." A third asked me to walk into his shop if only to see an assortment, which for variety was not to be equalled in London. Another of the trade, who was standing by, observed, he was sure I could not ask for an article which he could not produce. After thinking a moment what would be least likely to find its way from New England to Rag Fair, I asked for a pair of Cape Cod trousers. "Ah," said the other, "you never knew a Cape Cod man to sell his trousers."

I then asked the other, "How do you happen to know so much about me?" "Why, there is not a man in Rosemary Lane who does not know that you came from New England." "They must be extremely clever¹ in their way, to distinguish so quickly those who speak the same language, have the same complexion, and dress like you." "It looks a little like instinct, to be sure; but the people in this business are, perhaps, the most clever of any in the world." "Then the history of Rag Fair must be very entertaining, and would much assist one in learning a little of low life." "Why, yes, it is a great school; the stock exchange affords nothing equal to it, whether you wish to overreach your fellow, or to become acquainted with the sad vicissitudes to which trade is liable. Here are bankruptcies, sometimes not less unexpected than those which happen at the Royal Exchange; and the bankrupt as frequently rises again in sudden importance, to the surprise of the whole Fair." "You must have an abundance of anecdotes respecting

¹ "Clever," in New England, means honest, conscientious; but we do not use the word as defined in the dictionaries. Nor is it used here exactly in its proper sense; a very clever fellow nobody will trust

the *knowing ones* and the *flats*, of those who have triumphed over simplicity, and of those who have come to London in a wagon.¹ Pray give us an instance how far a knowing one is capable of outwitting a man of common caution." "Why there is a story sometimes mentioned at the Fair that Sir Matthew Hale, in passing through Rosemary Lane, was made a prize of by a shopman, who, from Sir Matthew's slovenly appearance² and threadbare coat, thought him a good speculation. The shopman led him by the arm upstairs into a dark room, and told him he was resolved to sell him a new coat, for his was no longer decent. Sir Matthew submitted to try on several coats, but insisted no one would fit him, and at length was going away without purchasing, when the clothesman said he had one more which he was sure would fit him, and brought one which Sir Matthew said fitted him as well as his old one; the difference between them being paid, Sir Matthew went away." "Well, where is the wit of all this?" "Why, Sir Matthew wore the same coat away that he wore in." "But this is an old story, and its authenticity rather doubtful; tell me one that happened lately." "I can give you an instance which lately occurred within my own notice, of a man who in broad daylight bought his old hat twice for a new one." "How was that done?" "A Jew went on board a ship just arrived, and purchased among other things an old hat; but it being only weatherworn, he soon put a new gloss on it, and within a day or two carried it with several others on board the ship, and sold it to the same man of whom he bought it, for it fitted him exactly. Soon after, the polish wearing off, he discovered that it

¹ A wagon-load of fools is said to come to London every day.

² It is hardly necessary to mention the anecdote of Sir Matthew's being taken up by a press-gang and carried on board a tender, whence he was obliged to write to the Secretary of the Navy before he was liberated.

was the old hat. In due time the Jew went on board again, and after receiving very meekly all the abuse which was offered, repurchased the hat. Fortunately it had a very broad brim; he cut it smaller, put it into another shape, gave it a new gloss, and fitted it a second time on the same head."

Just as he finished this story a boy, in appearance not more than ten years of age, passed by, with as many old clothes slung over his back as he could carry. "Do you see that little Jew?" said the man; "by the time he is twenty he will be the envy of everybody. He did an exploit last week which will not soon be forgotten. The servants of a gentleman at the west end of the town had sold a quantity of their master's cast-off clothes to a certain Jew with whom that boy was acquainted. The purchase coming to his knowledge, he bought them of his friend, and the next morning with the clothes slung over his back he proceeded to the gentleman's house, and pacing to and fro before the door, began to bawl 'Mr. ——'s old clothes to sell.' The servants, hearing their master's name repeated, came to the door, and after discovering the Jew's design, found it expedient to buy back the clothes at his own price." "Ay, there was some wit in this; but any one in the trade might have newly glossed an old hat, or cut a broad brim narrower." "No," said he, "though it is very easy to overreach the same man twice, yet to deceive him twice in the same article belongs only to Rag Fair."

"Pray, do you never buy bad bargains, and do you know just how long a coat has been worn?" "Yes, we can generally tell within an hour; and not only how long worn, but the style of life of the wearer. This coat was an auctioneer's, who was left handed. You see, though apparently a new coat, it is quite threadbare under the

left arm; when worn most at the back, that is the mark of a gentleman; if at the left elbow and at the right cuff, of an author; if at the shoulder, of a lounge; if at the pockets, it is a sign of a merchant, stockjobber, or attorney." "How do you judge of small clothes?" "We can speak more positively of them. The profession is generally found under the hip; and if the former owner had no profession, it is easily ascertained whether he was sedate or restless, whether his gait was long or short. Here was a poor fellow who led a very unhappy life; see, his breeches are worn equally on both knees, in the seat, and behind, and are nearly threadbare, though they could not have been worn more than three weeks. Here was one who had the gout to a cruel degree." "But," said I, "can you conscientiously sell these clothes for new, even if you find a purchaser? They would be sent back to Rag Fair the next day." "And why," said he, "should this be the only honest trade in London? In these times a poor man cannot be honest."

ADIEU.

LETTER XII.

LONDON, November 27.

THE observations which I shall make in this letter will necessarily be invidious; yet as they will conduce to a knowledge of the English system, I shall not withhold them.

I seem to have found in this country a new religion, so different is its aspect from the religion that prevails in New England. Whenever religion degenerates into ceremony or becomes the crooked way of worldly ambition, it begets a mocking spirit in the profane and the feeling of

indifference in the more serious. The priest who, instead of supporting the Cross of Christ, thinks it sufficient to wear a cross on the back of his robe, or he who in the moment of a "*nolo episcopari*" accepts a bishopric, must expect to meet with that ridicule to which he is liable. "Whip me" those delicate saints who have exchanged the coarse garments of the apostles for the courtly dress of the Pharisees; who, instead of challenging credit for the Gospel by humility, moderation, and meekness, resort to the pen. Christ never designed that his religion should be supported by Aristotle's Logic or by Euclid's Elements. The Gospel is an appeal to the heart; its operation is on the life, and its sanction is at the hour of death. All the arguments which depth of research and acuteness of mind can bring, weigh not against my disbelief, if he who brings them inhabits a palace and gains another title by my conversion. Yet I may be in an error. Our Saviour, you know, will at his second coming be preceded by the sound of the trumpet, and will come in great glory. Now, to whom should he come, if not to the heads of his church? Consequently, his reception ought to be equal to the occasion. He tells you that his followers shall inherit the earth; hence magnificent state will be evidence of heirship. But then Saint Peter, when (as it is claimed) he delivered the key to the bishop of Rome, ought to have told this, which would have secured his Holiness, the college of Cardinals, and the Lords Spiritual from much profane ridicule.

The Christian religion as it is maintained in England might induce a stranger to believe it to be a political institution; that its duties are defined by act of Parliament; and that the clergy are officers paid for carrying the statute into effect. No matter whether there be an audience or not, the clergyman feels it his duty to perform all the sacred offices; and it is still "dearly beloved

brethren," though not a dearly beloved brother be present. I was lately in a church at Cheapside in which there were but eleven persons, except some little charity boys who sung. Most of these eleven, I suspect, were strangers like myself. However, I ought to observe it was midsummer, and that the parishioners were probably gone into the country to take their pleasure.

The Church of England is extremely jealous of her dissenting brethren; and she ought to be so. The ease, pomp, and magnificence of the one suffers a silent reprimand from the comparative simplicity and assiduity of the other. Hence the legislature should endeavor as much as possible to divest religion of its asperities, and connect it with worldly pleasure. To render it a vital principle, they should, observing a little decency, make it consistent with and a handmaid of worldly interest. Under such advantages the Church of England must flourish, whatever may become of the Church of Christ.

That the legislature has partially adopted this plan you will perceive by turning to Blackstone's Commentaries.¹ He observes: "The keeping one day in the seven holy, as a time of relaxation and refreshment as well as for public worship, is of admirable service to a State, considered merely as a civil institution. It humanizes, by the help of conversation and society, the manners of the lower classes, which would otherwise degenerate into a sordid ferocity and savage selfishness² of spirit." Then he quotes the substance of a statute of 1 Charles the First: "No persons shall assemble out of their own parishes for any sport whatever, upon this day [Sunday], nor in their parishes shall use any bull or bear baiting, interludes, plays, or other *unlawful* exercises or pastimes, on pain that every offender shall pay

¹ Bk. iv. chap. iv. § 9.

² Savages are the least selfish of all men.

three shillings and four pence to the poor. This statute does not prohibit but rather impliedly allows, any innocent recreation or amusement within their respective parishes, even on the Lord's day, after divine service is over."

The object of this statute was, I suspect, to turn Sunday into a holiday, and thereby divert the lower classes from the principles of the dissenters; especially as there is no accommodation for poor people in the established churches.

No wonder the Christian religion shows so fair an aspect in the United States, for it does not stand there on the stilts of politics. No establishment, no Thirty-nine Articles, no assistance from statute law, and very little legislative interference impede its course. Indeed, Rhode Island and some few other States do not mention the Christian religion in their Constitutions. I had occasion, some time since, to mention this to an English gentleman, and he seriously asked if there were any churches in those States! That the Christian religion in Europe has so successfully withstood the oppressions which it has undergone from its dear friends and most humble followers, ought to excite the surprise of every one, and affords it, in my opinion, a more respectable sanction than it receives, from having resisted the all-unhinging and cool-blooded Hume, the indefatigable and diversified assaults of Voltaire, or the more insidious and undermining attempts of Gibbon. These great men, with many others, have pecked a little cement from the edifice, but have not injured the building; they have hurled a pebble at the citadel, but have not effected a breach.

I think it well worthy of notice that the Gospel, when first published, had nothing to fear but the temporal power, and flourished in spite of the civil authority. Since the time of Constantine it has had nothing to fear but the

temporal power of its friends, and it still flourishes notwithstanding; a fair proof that if left entirely to its own influence on the heart, it is capable of going alone, and stands in no need of a great cradle and Thirty-nine leading strings.

In passing through Smithfield the other morning, I could not cease blessing the spirit of toleration which, in favor of humanity, has surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the wisest men of former days. Their inferences, it appears, were drawn from persecution rather than from any experience of toleration. They reasoned that because persecution did not harmonize the people, unlimited toleration¹ would only induce mutual war. It has remained for us to prove that it was entirely owing to the temporal power that religion has exhibited such an unaccommodating spirit. For the honor of the United States let me observe that the spirit of toleration is there so transcendantly liberal that the whole of the five hundred and fifty-six sects might unite in any of our cities, notwithstanding New England once made the gross blunder of mistaking Quakers for scapegoats and paschal lambs — so operative is the Federal Constitution on a species of derangement which once knew no remedy but bulls, ropes, and fagots. In New England, the Christian may worship his Trinity, the deist his one God, and the atheist, if he please, the fortuitous concurrence of atoms. The Roman Catholic may quietly enjoy his purgatory, his seven sacraments, and transubstantiation. The Mahometan may publicly assert his kuran to be of greater authority than the Bible, and prove his position from the pulpit of his mosque. The Persian may

¹ Our country has proved the contrary; the many religions in the United States have disclosed a new and godlike trait in human character. Far from embittering the dispositions of the various sects, difference of sentiment excites to mutual tolerance and virtuous emulation.

adore the sun, the heathen his idols, and the Indian the Devil ; while the Manichean, who is not content with one great First Cause, is allowed two gods.

A philosopher cannot contemplate this picture without rapture ; for he is necessarily carried back to those days of religious accommodation when the conquerors of the world plundered the gods of their enemies, — not to destroy them, but to give them a more respectable station at Rome. What would be his surprise when informed that each individual member of these five hundred and fifty-six sects is eligible not only to all the subordinate offices of government, but even to the Presidency ! The Federal Constitution is pervaded by this spirit, but some of the State governments are not quite so liberal.

The good sense of the clergy of the United States will lead them to favor the most unlimited toleration ; for if there ever should be an Established Church, the great body of the clergy would sink in the same degree in which a few of the most intriguing and ambitious were exalted. This is the case in England, where thousands of poor devils are bound to a system which subjects them to the contempt of their co-religionists.

This letter is already sufficiently long, therefore

ADIEU.

LETTER XIII.

LONDON, December 16.

AT present, I have only a few observations to make ; so I shall fill up this letter with any matter that occurs.

Nothing has afforded me more amusement than a certain class of Englishmen. The class to which I refer is com-

posed of those who have unexpectedly come to wealth, some few of those who are earnestly in pursuit of fortune and whose affairs are flourishing, but principally of those who have spent their fortunes, and yet are resolved to support appearances.

These characters sport themselves before the public on all occasions, and are as tenacious of the title of "gentleman" as though they suspected that every one was about to dispute the point with them. When they appear in public they do not seem to observe anybody, yet they indirectly tell you that they themselves are the only persons in the street. Still there is a certain something in their demeanor which courts attention, as though they said, "Look at me." Many of them appear to be in a pillory, owing to the quantity of their cravats, and to the two wings of their shirt-collar, for fear of disarranging which, they are obliged to turn their whole bodies with their heads; hence if they wish to view the whole horizon, they are obliged to make several right angles. One eye, if it were fixed in their foreheads, would serve these gentlemen for all purposes.

Of the various expedients of raising money to which Mr. Pitt has resorted, that of laying a tax on strutting would not have been the most unsuccessful. For the generality of the English who attach any consequence to themselves, are addicted to this affected manner of walking. Some of these gentlemen, you might imagine, must meet with the saddest accidents; for they resolutely proceed straight forward, in defiance of all opposition, whether from wheelbarrows and posts, or from persons of their own description who are approaching with an air equally determined. Yet, I know not how it happens, they meet with few serious misfortunes, though I have seen a collision between two persons, when it was necessary for each, before they could pass, to make an angle of forty-five

degrees. But these gentlemen are liable to another accident, much more serious than a flesh wound. In the rainy seasons the square stones on the way-side sometimes become loose; and mischievous boys remove the earth from under them, balance them on props, and form what they inhumanly call *beau traps*. Now, a man who never lowers his eyes is very likely to fall into these insidious snares.

Why should the generality of mankind differ so much in their demeanor? The scholar, the soldier, the sailor, and some other persons have professional peculiarities; but the great body of the people in a free country ought to have that ingenuous carriage which bespeaks a conscious dignity, equally distant from insolence and servility. It is scarcely expected in England that a poor man should have the principle of fixed virtue; and if one in authority neglects the opportunity of robbing the public, that is accounted a rare effort of virtue, and worthy of a monument; on the other hand, if one of the lowest class should by mistake, in the dark, receive a guinea instead of a shilling and return it the next morning, it is matter for the public papers. *Carere vitio, habetur pro virtute.*¹

The lowest class, both men and women, have a careless, undefined, abandoned carriage, which indicates their consciousness of being little better than outlaws from the community; yet they are far from being destitute of generous feelings, though in appearance they have not even the outward show of humanity.

The character of the English is more complex than that of any other people in Europe. I shall in some future letter take occasion to inquire into the cause of this, otherwise one is in danger of knowing this people only by halves. A part of their character might induce you to

¹ *Virtus est vitium fugere, et sapientia prima stultitia caruisse.* — Horat. Epist. i. 1, 41.

imagine them a feeble, inefficient, secondary race of men ; but you would be greatly mistaken. The English are never greater than on those occasions when most men would despair. They are restless under uncertainty, fearful from contingency, undone from anticipation ; but mark out the time when, with its duration, and the place where, let the sum total of what they are required to endure be precisely calculated, connect these circumstances with the honor of Old England, and they are equal to all occasions. They submit to phantoms of their own creation, but can bear real misfortune with complacency.

I have imagined, I know not with what degree of truth, that the English, more than any other people, require some object of attention, without which they seem to stagnate. The Spaniard, if he have nothing to do, will swing in his hammock until he is weary, and after that will swing himself to rest. The Dutchman will sit in a happy vacaney until some vocation arouses him. The Frenchman is in no hurry to force himself on an opportunity, but is ready to embrace it when offered ; and in the mean time, he is content to give himself up to levity. Not so the Englishman ; his mind preys on itself in that state of calmness which to some is the moment of most perfect beatitude. That happy languor which is the repose of the soul sinks his heart to despondency. Wake him to activity, agitate him, arouse him even to desperation, but do not expect to soothe him with the happy leisure or the monotonous panegyric of the blessed. Otherwise, how can you account for it that a man who from an humble situation and humbler prospects should raise himself to great fortune, gaining the proudest name of all his contemporaries, and displaying a readiness of expediency which in times of the utmost difficulty propped, restored, and established a tottering empire, should in the prime of life, after retiring with

all that wealth and honor could confer, hang himself? Such a man was Robert Lord Clive.

But this is an extreme case, and ought not to be extended beyond an individual illustration, like that of the Roman in the reign of Nero who came to a resolution to starve himself, and persisted in his design notwithstanding the urgent request of Nero to the contrary, with whom he was on terms of intimacy; for Nero, tender of his own reputation, observed, "My enemies would attribute the secret cause of my friend's death to myself."

The entire history of this people proves them to be a singular compound of strength and weakness. They are utterly incapable of enjoying what their valor has so frequently accomplished, and they do not know how to exert their strength for any personal advantage. If main force only be requisite, they can wield the club of Theseus, and like him bend the stoutest tree of the forest, but they cannot, like Theseus, follow Ariadne's clew through the labyrinth. After having conquered their enemies by force of arms, they have generally in their turn been conquered by force of treaty. Nothing more strongly marks the domestic character of this people than their famous conduct at the close of the Revolution of 1688. They had then a fine opportunity of making the best possible bargain for themselves with their rulers; but by a most stupid contract, they conveyed themselves and their posterity to the House of Hanover. Mr. Burke *seriously* advanced the same thing, which not a little surprised the nation, who for more than a century had fancied themselves free. I believe it is not known in England that De Lolme, who wrote without reference to party, has established the same point in his essay on the Constitution of England.

ADIEU.

LETTER XIV.

LONDON, December 26.

THE English who visit the United States complain of the lack of attention from those who wait on them. For my part I am disposed to complain, but for a very different reason. I am even incommoded and not infrequently disconcerted by being so officiously attended as one is obliged to be by the English servants. I had supposed, when in the United States, that the lowest classes of the English ought naturally to be the most insolent and unaccommodating of all beings. Enjoying under the Constitution the same degree of liberty with the higher orders, and yet in fact retained eternally in a situation from which no docility of nature and no impulse of ambition can redeem them, they ought to possess the ferocity of the savage, without his generous sentiments.

Matthew Prior is the only Englishman that I recollect who ever burst the fetters of servitude and rose to eminence. This instance is not a fair one. Prior was a vine which must forever have run on the ground, had he not met with a great man around whom to twine. Prior exhibited afterward, it is true, abilities of the first order; but had he not been a poet and fond of the writings of Horace, his abilities would only have rendered him a worse servant.

It was thought a wonderful occurrence that Philip York should become Lord Chancellor Hardwicke; yet Philip York had in the early part of his life as great advantages as the sons of noblemen usually enjoy. What would an Englishman say, were he told that the speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States was born in

Scotland, and not many years since sold himself for his passage, and redeemed himself by manual labor?

What do you imagine is the tie which restrains the English servants in this ready servility to their masters? You observe I use the terms *servants* and *masters*. A servant is not offended if you ask him where his master is. It is but a day or two since a man forty years old told me if I would wait a moment his master would be at home. Presently a young man appeared. "That," said the servant, "is my master." Should one ask a person in the United States where his master is, he would doubtless meet with a rough reply; for in truth there are no such titles in the United States as master and servant. I will now tell you the reason why the English make such excellent servants: They have three things before their eyes,—servitude for life, Botany Bay, and the gallows. Servitude they most commonly esteem the least of the three evils; yet even this has its terrors, for if masters dismiss servants without a character, they are undone. Their habits and education, or rather want of education, rendering them useless, they are forced to enter the lowest class of that great body of men who live at the public expense.

The English complain of their servants, and think them the most worthless beings on earth. So do I; but if they had to deal with the generality of our servants, they would soon change their tone, or what is more likely, change places with them.

Voltaire says that the vulgar in England, less than in any other country in the world, fashion their manners after those of the nobility. This ought to excite a smile. Should one of the common people here endeavor to imitate a nobleman, his impudence would either mark him for an idiot or exclude him from all employment.

The servants in England are not exactly what they ought

to be. Where the fathers and sons for many generations are likely to be servants during their lives, it is of great consequence that they should possess as little as possible the dress, manners, or feelings of men. They should be bred in the most profound ignorance, and be taught from their infancy to consider themselves a distinct species. To impress this more deeply, they should be disfigured as much as may be consistent with their usefulness; both of their ears might be spared, so might their noses. It might injure their health to paint them, but it is a pity that a dyestuff could not be invented, through which perspiration might pass. In short, they should in all respects be treated like beasts of burden,—though I hardly go so far as Cato the Censor, who advises that when servants are grown old and infirm they be sold.

The surprising difference which is observable between the English servants and our own is not entirely owing to the influence which the Federal Constitution has on the character of the American servant. The English servant is chained to a servitude which in many respects is little removed from helotism. He has no imagination, no ambition: a holiday or a debauch bounds his hopes, and fully gratifies his wishes. In the United States, on the contrary, a servant's imagination is ever on the wing; he calculates even to a day, and that day not distant, when he shall be as independent as the person whom he serves. He indulges the most flattering prospects, feels himself already a freeman, and wanders in his fancy through scenes of future life, or reposes from labor in the cool of his own shade. As he approaches personal independence, he expects deference from his master and from his fellow-countrymen; while his master, foreseeing how soon his servant may be his equal, is disposed to facilitate the approaching equality. Hence the American servant shows

nothing of that humble, debasing demeanor which is so apparent in the English servant.

I confess the majestic carriage of our servants would revolt the feelings of one accustomed to travel the Bath road ; for he might be in danger of starving before he could learn the language of the country.

ADIEU.

LETTER XV.

LONDON, January 17, 1803.

I WAS at the theatre last evening, where I saw their Majesties with three of the princesses. Nunc scio quid sint Rex et Regina. They all behaved with great deference to the spectators, and the queen in particular seemed happy. We half-civilized folk in the United States can form no conception of the solemn pomp, the dignified importance and sacred reverence which accompany these awful exhibitions of royalty. On such happy occasions, the cold feelings of our people would look like pointed disaffection.

The box in which their Majesties sat was fitted up on purpose, while the trappings reminded one of the style of Persian monarchs. How an English courtier would have laughed on seeing the late President and his wife, without a guard, without attendants, without any peculiarity to distinguish them from the other citizens, take their seats in the theatre at Boston !

As soon as their Majesties appeared in the front of their box a tumult of applause began, which, had it been cordial, must have been really pleasing. As all this was

nothing to me, I sunk into a revery, and thought of Timagoras the Athenian. After the noise was over their Majesties sat down, and the favorite song "God save great George our King,"¹ was sung several times by the whole *posse theatri*. This completed the royal reception. When the entertainments were concluded, the same solemnities finished the evening.

The king is a fine, healthy-looking man, and if he do not die of apoplexy, "is good for fifteen or twenty years," as the life insurers say. He wore a sort of half wig, so I could not discover whether hard times had caused his hair prematurely to turn gray. Poor man! I could not but pity him, for it is not altogether his fault that he has fallen into so many bad hands. He made constant use of an opera glass; it is a royal custom, I suppose, to see with artificial eyes.

If the countenance is indicative of the disposition, his Majesty has a very good heart; and he has more intellect than you would judge from his likeness on the coin. On the whole, I looked at him with a considerable degree of complacency; for though kingly government might originally have been elective, all hereditary government is founded, directly or indirectly, on usurpation; yet where a people acquiesce, this usurpation, at least during the acquiescence, receives a popular sanction.

The three princesses were to me objects of commiseration. I viewed them as the wretched victims of political expediency. "Born under the agonies of self-denial and renounced desire,"² amidst the mockery of a court they endure the penance of a nunnery. How can that woman be happy who feels herself alone in the midst of millions,

¹ Not so the generous Cathmor; he retired when his praise was sung. "The voice of Fonar rose in praise of Cathmor, son of Larthon, but Cathmor did not hear his praise. He lay at the roar of a stream." — OSSIAN, Temora.

² Lavater's Aphorisms.

not one of whom regards her more than a piece of State furniture? The heart must have some object on which to repose, or it will prey on itself. The trappings of royalty, the idiotic applause of thousands, and the elevation of momentary pride, heightened by contrast, leave but transient impressions which lose their importance with every recurrence. In such a miserable state there is not even play for a woman's vanity, for she is above the temptation to be vain; nor can she have any desire to please, for a withered heart knows no pleasure.

Behind their Majesties and the princesses stood certain ladies and gentlemen "in waiting." Having noticed the fact that they had been standing two hours, and thinking it rather singular, I asked the person who sat next to me why they did not sit down. He smiled at my ignorance, and told me that etiquette required them to stand. Those who stood behind their Majesties were Earls. I know not what may be the sentiments or feelings of Earls, but of this I am sure: there is not an earldom in England which could tempt me to stand two hours behind their Majesties' chairs.¹

At the close of the entertainment, the royal family were escorted home under a very strong guard with drawn cutlasses.

After witnessing all this etiquette and solemn ceremony, which certainly was well calculated to astonish weak minds, I could not help reverting to our own country, and figuring to myself George Washington, after his return to private life, sitting as foreman of a country jury; or, to give a stronger contrast to European mummary, I might mention the late President Adams, who, at a conflagration in Philadelphia, stood two hours handing buckets of water.

¹ The fact is, the gentlemen-in-waiting stand four hours, or during the whole entertainment; the ladies are relieved every two hours.

Certainly, no man can contemplate with indifference the chief magistrate of six millions of people — “dispari genere . . . alius alio more viventes,”¹ — a plebeian among plebeians, and feeling more secure in the midst of his fellow-citizens than if he were guarded with a legion of cavalry. Would not Mr. Jefferson be mortified if Congress should vote him a guard? Would he not say: “I never feel more secure than when surrounded by my fellow-countrymen. Have I lost their confidence to the degree that personal protection is thought necessary?”

I should like to dwell on this subject, but it might appear invidious.

ADIEU.

LETTER XVI.

LONDON, January 30.

You are quite voluminous in your questions; but they are all interesting, as well to myself as to you. The most important: “Whether the Constitution of the United States appears at this distance more or less capable of supporting itself on its own inherent strength,” demands an entire letter; and to satisfy *you*, a more labored one than I can at present write.

Literature cannot be expected, at present, to flourish in the United States as luxuriantly as it will in a few years. The useful naturally precedes the ornamental, — cottages were built long before the Temple of the Muses. The equality of condition in the United States, together with the excellent policy of dividing estates equally among all the children, obliges the citizens to become the builders of their own fortunes. Either agriculture or commerce in-

¹ Sallust. Catalina, vi.

sure the decencies of life to industry or enterprise ; and the young man whose talents might have ranked him high on the hill of science scarcely hesitates whether to prefer a habitation on the fertile banks of the Mississippi to a more elevated seat on Parnassus. Hence you find many more men of talent, not to say genius, than scholars. We have a few passable scholars, but not one of them happens to be a man of genius ; and we have many citizens of first-rate ability, but none of them are scholars. The mere scholar can never claim more than the merit of scholarship. The man of genius, for the reason just stated, is obliged in the early part of life to neglect his scholarship for worldly pursuits ; and by the time he is in easy circumstances it is too late to become a scholar.

Had D., P., L., or J., preferred the society of the Muses to the courts of law or the practice of physic, the banks of the Thames had as frequently echoed their labors as the banks of the Ohio resound with the periods of Burke, the dignified narrative of Robertson, or the more stately tenor of Gibbon ; while England, though she could not boast of them as subjects, would assert her claim to them as authors. It is really a loss to the community, that such men, capable of attaining to the highest style of literature, and who might have produced new truths or destroyed sanctioned error, should suffer their abilities to evaporate with the fleeting occurrences which give rise to their exertions. Those whom God has endued with superior powers owe it to patriotism, to their fellow-citizens, to posterity, to leave behind them some monument more durable than a tombstone and more interesting than "Here lies the body." What though the architecture of their minds indicates different orders ? In the collision of contending principles the brightest sparks are elicited. What though the world can scarcely contain the conflicting parties when

living? The same monument becomes their memorial when dead. Rousseau and Voltaire met at last in the Pantheon; while Butler and Milton may shake hands in Westminster Abbey. Nor is the benefit to posterity less on this account. The labors of Burke and Paine find a place on the same shelf; nor do the bickerings of Sallust and Cicero derogate from their individual merit. Nature has wisely ordained that amidst the vicissitudes of human life the human mind shall partake of these vicissitudes; otherwise, if immutable principles were adopted, mankind would become too deeply rooted in habit, would be rendered incapable of pursuing the expedient, and would always conflict with accident, emergency, or novel circumstance. A few great moral principles are, and ever have been, acknowledged; but the minor morals and all those principles founded in convenience, vary with time, are subject to revolution, and obedient to contingency.

When the sciences shall be cultivated in the United States, those branches which relate to civil polity, or to speak more generally, all that which is connected with or relative to man, will be treated in a manner which must shock the feelings of all Europe, and oppose the principles of all ages. From the Stagyrte down to the no less powerful oracle of Lichfield, the legitimacy of those hoary sanctions of established authority will be disputed; while the great advantage which the United States will afford of appealing to facts,¹ and to the successful operation of principles which have hitherto been deemed impracticable merely because they were never permitted an opportunity of trial, will challenge respect on this side of the Atlantic, and, what is all-important, will confirm our fellow-citizens

¹ "Human experience," says Dr. Johnson, "which is constantly contradicting, is the great test of truth." But in Europe, human experience has never had a fair trial.

in their attachment to a Constitution which seems to embrace all possible good with least possible evil.

But you must not imagine the *people* of England are more intelligent than the *people* of the United States. It is the reverse ; there is much more useful information and practical common-sense among our citizens than among the generality of the English. In the United States, a man's mind is early awakened to reflection and comparison. He feels that he is a member of the body politic ; he takes a lively interest in public affairs, and probably looks forward to some office in his town, county, or State. Hence the country people in the United States, whose occupation in England would be an evidence of their profound ignorance, frequently surprise you with information which no man would have been at the trouble of acquiring had he not foreseen a possibility of bringing it to public view. Not long since, I found a shoemaker reading De Lolme on the English Constitution while his leather was soaking in the tub. Taking the book into my hand, I observed that he had marked the following passage, which refers to the conduct of a popular assembly in the act of legislating : —

“ But as very few among them have previously considered the subjects on which they are called upon to determine, very few carry along with them any opinion or inclination, or at least any inclination of their own, and to which they are resolved to adhere. As, however, it is necessary at last to come to some resolution, the major part of them are determined by reasons which they would blush to pay any regard to on much less serious occasions. An unusual sight, a change of the ordinary place of the assembly, a sudden disturbance, a rumor, are, amidst the general want of a spirit of decision, the *sufficiens ratio* of the determination of the greatest part ; and from this assemblage of separate wills, thus formed hastily and without reflection, a general will results, which is also void of reflection.”¹

¹ De Lolme on the Constitution of England, bk. ii. 5.

“Why,” said the shoemaker, “Mr. De Lolme attributes this conduct to the Romans, and is happy to take occasion from such instances to abuse the democratic form of government. Now, our government is much more popular than the ancient democracies, except in the particular instance he has mentioned, of *direct legislation*; and the temporary resigning of which into the hands of those whom we from time to time delegate is not in fact disclaiming the prerogative, but legislating by proxy. So De Lolme’s observations do not, in this respect, apply to our democratic system; but,” he added, “I am not disposed to quarrel with De Lolme. He could not foresee that we should spoil certain of his positions: his work is a fine panegyric and deserves a statue.”

No; the republic of letters has not become an aristocracy in our country. Knowledge seems to follow the law of inheritance, and is pretty equally distributed. Thus a competent portion of learning is found in every town; and though Pope’s famous couplet may be objected, —

“A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,”

yet, like many more of his verses, they are perfect nonsense. A little learning with a weak head will often be less beneficial than profound ignorance; but even in this case, a little will be less dangerous than deep learning. A man of common-sense is never rendered a fool by a little learning. Mr. Pope owes his fame to his genius, not to his education. There is not a schoolboy nowadays who has not more learning than had Socrates; yet Socrates was never intoxicated with the shallow draught. A man of great strength of mind is less likely to exercise his own powers with great than with moderate learning. No man of genius was ever fond of thumbing a dictionary. While

the learned man is breaking the nut-shell, the man of genius has found the kernel. The United States, on every emergency, has produced men full grown, who have acquitted themselves with ability and propriety.

I cannot better illustrate this point than by a comparison of our Congress with the British Parliament. There is a reason why each should have a pre-eminence over the other. The peer is born to a seat in the House of Lords; or, if created, he must like Jenkinson be great in some way or other. Hence the House of Lords must be composed of a few legislators of first-rate ability; and even the generality, by reason of education, ought to possess superior minds. After all, you will find many stupid fellows among them. However, they are not to blame; they could not help being born legislators. With respect to the House of Commons the same reason partially exists. Many of the members, like Pitt and Fox, were educated for the House of Commons. Some few of commanding abilities and popular address claim a seat in the House, no matter who their fathers were; such was Burke, and such is Sheridan. Besides, the greatest and most dangerous or useful of the commoners are often created peers, and thereby keep up the ability and dignity of a body of men which could otherwise scarcely support itself on a hereditary principle; for if one should look into the House of Lords during the absence of all those who have been created in the present reign, he might forget to take off his hat. Now, the probability is that you will find in Parliament a few members of first-rate powers, the generality rather above mediocrity, and a certain number in respect to whom it would puzzle a predestinarian to tell how they came there.

In the United States, we have neither these advantages nor disadvantages. The legislator is sometimes taken

from the plough, sometimes from the counting-house, but more frequently from the law-shop. An Englishman, I know, must smile at this, and imagine that our members would bring their professions with them to Congress, and prove, illustrate, and embellish their arguments with suggestions drawn from the farm-yard, the warehouse, or the attorney's office. It is worthy of remark, however, that our members of Congress have, most of them, been in business, and consequently they know more of human life than do the English peers; and though they may at first be deficient in forms and precedents, they are likely to bring more mind to the public service. As they are considerably advanced in life, and already had shown their abilities before they were delegated, their former agricultural, commercial, or legal pursuits qualify them to make the laws more just and equal in their operation. "*Plus pollere multorum ingenia consiliaque.*"

These considerations give our members a decided superiority over the English peers; I mean there will be more capacity in the one body than in the other, notwithstanding there will ever be a few pre-eminent members in the House of Lords, of recent creation. This does not apply to the House of Commons; for though there are many rotten boroughs and no little ministerial influence at elections, yet this does not debar any ability from the House; for the minister will naturally seek the man of greatest capacity. Hence you find Windham, Laurence, Canning, and others in the House, who would be very loath to be questioned respecting the hustings.

The happy days which we have experienced under the Constitution of the United States have scarcely offered, since its adoption, two important occasions of calling forth the abilities of Congress. The question of the Judiciary gave rise to the most spirited and well contested debate

which was ever heard in a deliberative assembly ; while the dignity and moderation with which it was conducted proved the empire of reason over passion and personality. Had such a question — a question which called forth the whole force of political feeling in every individual of the legislature — been agitated in the House of Commons, you might have heard Mr. Fox pant across the Thames ; Mr. Pitt would have forgotten his usual senatorial dignity ; Dr. Laurence would have frothed at the mouth ; Mr. Windham, forgetting the point in question, would have hurled Greek from the philippics of Demosthenes at his opponents ; and Mr. Erskine would have been carried out.

The members of Congress were not less surprised than their fellow-citizens at this unexpected display of close argument arrayed in the most brilliant eloquence. The public mind was immediately convinced when Breckenridge spoke to his motion, and supported it with force and simplicity, destitute of the least appeal to popular sentiment. But when Morris arose, his wild eloquence threw a mist before the eyes of every one, and served to keep in agitation a question supposed to be settled. Yet Mason, with a steady, piercing eye, saw through the labyrinth of party-colored rhetoric, and, reverting to first principles, brought back the question to its original state. These great efforts in the Senate aroused all the ability of the House, and called forth faculties which had either slept for years or were not supposed to exist. The modest Hemphill, with the simplicity of his sect, supported his opinion with a dignity peculiar to himself ; while Giles and Bayard, veterans in debate, knowing each other and conscious of the public expectation, reserved themselves to the last, and came prepared for the arduous conflict.

ADIEU.

LETTER XVII.

LONDON, February 18.

A GOVERNMENT which owes its greatness to the vicious passions, and whose stability is founded on an artificial basis, should endeavor as much as possible to substitute ideal glory for real patriotism, and should call the attention of the people to the consideration of what their fathers have been, not to what they themselves are ; for a ruined country like a ruined woman may support itself for a certain time on the credit of its former reputation.

Fortunately for England, she has many objects to engage the affections of her subjects which serve the purpose of a sort of spurious patriotism. This bias to our country, when principle is wanting, is absolutely necessary, otherwise the people will be beggared with a standing army.

In the advantage of external attachments, England stands pre-eminent over all nations. In the first place, she is small in territory, in the next, she is an island. Such circumstances may operate on a people without their knowledge ; but England has food for her pride, which is the strongest trait in her character. It is a property of the human mind in its most miserable state to rest with a degree of complacency either on some object, or, if that fails, on some delusion. If a nation be no longer great, the people console themselves with past greatness ; if no longer brave, they are ready to appeal to their ancestors.

Great men, great victories, magnificent public buildings, stupendous monuments, pompous equipages, nay, a long line of kings and nobles, secretly operate in Europe instead of a greater force, and produce a counterfeit patriotism.

I say counterfeit, for most of those who are emphatically styled great men have been public burdens. Great victories have usually originated a second war, while the first originated in a spirit of plunder, or, what more frequently happens in our days, a spirit of commerce. Magnificent public buildings are a sure mark of slavery and oppression; the pyramids do no honor to Egypt. Stupendous monuments not infrequently rise in honor of the tyrant, and at the expense of slaves; they are an incentive to false ambition, and perpetuate and sanction the principle to which they were reared. Kings¹ and nobles are the severest libel which any people can suffer; they had their origin in the weakness of mankind, at length they usurped an hereditary authority, and now have their continuance through the baseness of mankind. When kings and nobles are once instituted, it is their constant policy to discourage every advance to former virtue. Said the late Catharine of Russia: "If men would listen more carefully to the dictates of reason and justice, they would have no occasion for us or others upon thrones. I was always fond of philosophy, and my mind has ever been altogether republican. My innate love and regard for liberty, to be sure, forms a strange contrast to my boundless power."² Good God! if these are the sentiments of a despot, a woman who held twenty-four millions of slaves in chains, what ought to be the feelings of freemen! If we do not guard the

¹ Monarchy doubtless originated in the infancy and weakness of society, when an able, bold, and popular man was elected to protect and unite the discordant interests of his own tribe or clan. Thus, though simple monarchy may boast an elder origin than republics, all hereditary authority is founded in usurpation, and is a continued usurpation. I might easily demonstrate this, so could Lord Thurlow.

² Catharine wrote this in a letter to Zimmerman; her letters to Diderot and D'Alembert were probably in the same style. Persons like Catharine carry with them their own excuse. Those who will not be free deserve to be slaves.

sacred fire with which we are intrusted, we shall deserve to be governed by a woman, and when dead, torn from our sepulchres by posterity, and have our dust scattered to the winds of heaven. There is no spark in Europe at which to light another torch. The chains of slavery no longer clank ; restlessness no longer brightens them ; they are reposing in rust. If liberty be not cherished by us, she will retire beyond the Appalachian mountains ; her cause in Europe is hopeless. The blood of Hampden was offered in vain, and one day, soon after, rendered ineffectual the efforts of years. The labors of Sidney ended in constructive treason ; and the fair prospects of Brissot, of the Rolands and others, closed in despair. It is you, my countrymen, on whom all Europe is looking, most with indifference, a few with sympathy ; but her kings and nobles are watching with the eagle eye of despots, to seek in your miscarriage a sanction for their own principles.¹

What though we have no magnificent palaces ? Manius Curius lived in a cottage. What though we have no hereditary nobility ? "One family is as ancient as another."² What though the simplicity of our temples, unindebted to the chisel, command no admiration from the traveller ? The pattern of humility was born in a manger. What though we have no marble monuments ? The human heart was once affected by a rude pile of stones bearing no other inscription than "Sta viator, calceas heroem."

But to return to the English. In addition to many natural and adventitious causes of attachment which are common to all the subjects, there are others which do not any less influence those who feel themselves of some little weight in the democratic branch of the Constitution. As you readily perceive, this attachment to which I refer

¹ C. P. Sumner's Eulogy on Washington.

² Frederic II. Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg.

is of a political nature. This class, if they have the least knowledge of their own history, ought to feel elevated in reflecting that, even in the dark ages, there was sufficient spirit in England to give law to a king fully disposed to be a tyrant; and though in succeeding times, the people bandied about by York and Lancaster, at one moment rejoiced in a victory which had no popular right for its object, at the next were happy to escape in a general amnesty, yet under Richard the Third there was spirit enough to overturn an usurpation in the third year, though supported by first-rate abilities and heroic valor.¹ If the national spirit departed for a century, it returned to take vengeance for three former reigns on a man who was comparatively a mild prince. But what ought to elate the English people more than all this, there was found, not long after, a power in the nation capable of dropping a fool, of excluding his posterity, and establishing a new family on the throne. This power, it must be confessed, was not exerted in consequence of the sovereignty² of the people of England; yet its exertion under any circumstances shows the difference between this people and the monotonous history of other nations, where, if "by the grace of God" they are afflicted with a tyrant or a fool, he is feared as a demon, or worshipped as a sage. All these historical traits have their influence; for an Englishman discovers that there is a power residing somewhere in the nation capable of creating all things anew. Hence the class of

¹ I know not why the character of Richard the Third should be treated with peculiar severity. There is little or nothing with which to reproach him after he came to the throne. The tyranny of Richard never reached the people; and he was less a villain in order to acquire a crown, than were some of his successors after they had obtained one.

² In Europe, it looks like affectation or irony to say "the sovereign people." It is so. But nothing was more usual at Rome than for the orators to style a popular assembly the sovereign people,—"ut imperium populi Romani majestasque conservaretur." (Cic. pro Rabirio Perduellionis Reo.)

Englishmen to whom I refer at present, cannot but feel a proud pre-eminence in comparing themselves with their neighbors. Doubtless the extorting of Magna Charta from King John, the beheading of Charles the First, the dismissal of James the Second, and the establishment of a new monarchy, are the finest portions of English history. A nation which knows how thus either to reduce to reason, dismiss forever, or speak in thunder to their ill-disposed or incorrigible rulers cannot for a long time endure either the stork, the serpent, or the tyranny of ministers under a harmless King Log, though there may not be sufficient virtue in the nation to establish a legitimate government. For the English are not yet quite like the Ottomans; nor is their empire quite like the Ottoman, — weak in proportion to its wide extended territory, and poor in proportion to its natural fertility.

If the common people and the humblest of that class who are allowed the privilege of voting feel a reflected consequence in viewing their country, the gentry and nobility must naturally be the best patriots in the world, since the latter rise with the prosperity of their country, though they suffer little in its distress. Indeed, the nobility in all nations have exhibited as much love for their country as the leech feels for a plethora.

I confess, if my country had experienced the various revolutions and modifications which England has undergone, and the people in every contest with royal authority had added to their own prerogative, it would be matter of proud contemplation. But our country has done more; instead of amending and modifying an indefinite and unintelligible Constitution, and advancing and retreating in the maze of politics, she has, by one great effort, brought back the social compact to its first principles, restored a small portion of humanity to its original respectability, and

left their posterity a form of government which merits to be hated by kings and nobles. ADIEU.

LETTER XVIII.

LONDON, March 7.

You inquire respecting the climate of England. That climate must be salubrious which has produced so many great men; yet I would not seem to attach too much to this circumstance, for the most congenial climates do not constantly produce the greatest men. It is reported in history that the Dutch were once generous and noble, that the Spaniards were once brave, and Livy is either erroneous or too much given to irony, if Italy did not at one time produce men.

If the English have a single prejudice, it is certainly not in favor of their climate. Their caricaturists, who for broad humor are unrivalled, hit off John Bull in a cloudy day with great success. The weather here is of such public concern that not infrequently it is a subject of comment in the newspapers. There are perhaps more weathercocks in London than in all the world besides; though it ought to be considered that London is the seat of government.

Among the various modes of insurance which the wit of man has invented, I am not a little surprised that no one has ever opened an office for the insurance of fair weather. All those who are in pursuit of pleasure or business; all who have delicate constitutions, and are liable to suffer from the wind being a point or half a point variant from their favorite quarter; all who are incommoded on journeys,—might be compensated in money for mental

or corporal inconvenience. This may appear rather ridiculous at first sight; but it is only an improvement on marine insurance, and is much more rational than insurance on lives. I have no doubt the lawyers will improve this hint: it would afford rare sport at Westminster and Guildhall. All the dull rogues in town would insure; for the author who wrote on a dull day would recover special damages if his book did not sell. All the ladies at the west end of the town would insure, though I know not what damages would be given for an unsuccessful rout. All those who frequent places of public amusement, as well as the proprietors of such places, would insure; the one for lack of pleasure, the other for disappointment in money receipts.

If many of the English have degenerated into a mongrel sort; if the mane of the lion has given place to more ear; if a thousand nervous affections have turned the men into women without the spirit of women, I am not disposed to attribute it to the climate, which is now as good as when Boadicea led the van of her countrymen. Let us, for a moment, consider what effects the climate of England produces, and then we can judge whether or not it be insalubrious. Where neither the excess of pleasure nor the excess of labor emaciates, the English, both men and women are exceedingly handsome. Their round, ruddy countenances bespeak a mellow temperature of weather which neither relaxes nor contracts. Surely, the climate of that country must be good which produces brave men and handsome women; and I think those gloomy affections to which so many of the English are subject, ought not to be imputed to the climate. Man must first be degenerate before a west wind¹ or a cloudy day can reduce him to despondency.

¹ In England it is the west wind which brings hanging weather.

“By chase our long-liv’d fathers earn’d their food;
Toil strung the nerves and purified the blood;
But we, their sons, a pamper’d race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.”¹

This is doubtless mere poetry. The English are more laborious now than if they were hunters; and as for their being dwindled *down* to seventy years, I think it rather a bull. The English live as long and bear their age as well, I believe, as any people. My washerwoman tells me she knows more than half a dozen women in her neighborhood between the ages of sixty-seven and seventy-five who gain their livelihood at the washing-tub. I do not know that the English live longer or retain their faculties to a later period than the New Englanders do; but the inroad of years does not make so early nor so deep an impression on their faces. The climate is so temperate, both in summer and winter, that I have not experienced what I consider a warm or a cold day. Hence the pores of the body are not so frequently open in summer, nor so continually contracted in winter. When I say the English bear their age better than our people, I am supposing that they lead similar lives. In New England you rarely see the emaciated, the deformed, the rickety, or the deficient; in England, you meet with them at every step. I have seen thousands of these miserable creatures, to whom it would have been an act of mercy to have extended a certain wise law of Sparta.

Whether or not the women bear their years better than ours do, I am not certain, they are so very loath to tell their ages; but of this I am sure,—the dress, carriage, and conversation of the English women are at least ten years in their favor. The contrast is remarkable. A young woman in this country is willing to be sociable, and

¹ Dryden, Epistle xiii.

seems disposed to render herself pleasing, rather than an object of indifference. In the United States, on the contrary, a young woman is too ready to imagine she has done wrong, and frequently cheeks herself, and betrays a degree of guilt, when she discovers that she has unwittingly done herself justice. The manners of the one render her younger in appearance than she is; the manners of the other make her seem older.

There is one description of Englishmen on whom the climate must operate very unhappily. I mean the country gentlemen, who, residing most of their time on their estates, and not having a taste for either the elegant or the more laborious pursuits of agriculture, or, what is still more unhappy, cold to the charms of literature, spend their days insulated within their own barren selves, and instead of giving their days to "*negotium cum dignitate*," sacrifice their lives to a false "*otium cum dignitate*." To such, a gloomy day is the harbinger of their evil genius. The sombre appearance of their aged mansions, and the solemn aspect of the scene around render their solitude awful, and recall the most depressing recollections. The spectres of their ancestors come in the clouds and haunt the halls of their former residence; while the sullen stillness of the trees helps to turn the mind upon itself, which to most men is, of all ills, the most insupportable. The country gentlemen feel that they are the centre of a scene from which they cannot fly; past pleasures are now converted into present pain, while the present moment, in imagination, is to last forever.

Such of the English people as know how to think, think as much as or more than any other people; yet those who think most do not always think most happily. Some persons at the end of a revery find themselves in the slough of sensuality; others think only to get rid of them-

selves, while some bring themselves to the sad conclusion that it would be madness in them to be happy. The English, I believe, think less happily than any other people. They scarcely affect happiness to hide their misery. Montesquieu, you recollect, attributes this to their form of government, rather than to their climate. This merits attention. I will never admit that a free people¹ (so Montesquieu termed the English) are less happy than a tyrant could render them; but I can easily believe that a people feeling their incapacity to enjoy those rights which their constitution of government guarantees, will be unhappy in proportion to their sensibility, while the frequent changes of weather will give a sad cast to their dispositions. The great body of every people are secure from the violent passions. A free people are less secure, indeed, but their jealousy, sensibility, and transient violence are rather a proof of their happiness; for their passions are never excited except when they imagine they are about to lose either a part or the whole of that which Montesquieu thinks is the chief cause of their misery.

ADIEU.

LETTER XIX.

LONDON, March 23.

THE character of the English, I have more than once observed, is a singular mixture of dignity and servility. The more I see of this people the more am I struck with these opposite traits. Here are few men who have not two characters which they put off and resume at pleasure. The moment a man is addressed, he either disciplines

¹ Whenever I call the English *free*, I mean comparative freedom.

himself to a demeanor of inferiority or assumes an air of importance suitable to the opinion he thinks is entertained of his presence. Of all characters that is least respectable which is now the lion and presently the sheep. I have seen at a coffee-house a man who, in the pride of his importance challenging the whole conversation and enjoying that pre-eminence which was tacitly allowed, sank suddenly into silence the moment another person entered the room.

They tell a pleasant story of an European who was introduced to an Indian chief. You know the American savages are celebrated for their unreserved deportment in presence of those whom the world call great. The European, with an inherent servility, fell on his knees, and by his interpreter addressed his savage majesty to the following effect: "Most powerful chief, who holdest in thy hands the destinies of the four corners of the earth, the fame of thy valor has encircled both hemispheres! Accept the homage of the white man who has come from the other side of the great water to behold the Little Toad-Eater." Neither the chief nor his companions smiled, — that might have discomposed the white man. Neither did the chief know how to reply; but, suspecting from the white man's posture that he was quite exhausted, with true civility asked him *if he wished for anything to eat*. The interpreter replied that they had just eaten and drunk abundantly. This perplexed the chief and his companions, who wondered why the white man preferred to continue on his knees. At length the white man, thinking it a great breach of politeness to be left in such a situation, asked, "How long shall I continue on my knees?" The chief replied, "As long as you please." This was natural; the child of Nature being ignorant of the reason why the man had knelt, knew no reason why he should not rise at one time as well as at another.

Not a little of the national character may be discovered at the courts of law. The examination of witnesses in the frequently tedious tragi-comedy of law is a great relief to the judges, to the lawyers, and to the jury. A poor man comes into court with a presentiment of being subjected to abuse and insult. The counsellor frequently inquires of the witness his occupation, his mode of life, and his circumstances, with a view to ridicule him. Cowardly conduct to abuse a defenceless man from behind a chief-justice, and under the covert of law! A man of fortune is treated very differently; and if anything offensive should escape the counsel, there is immediate room made for an apology which more than satisfies the delicate feelings of the witness. I know that witnesses often give their evidence in a manner which lays them open to fair criticism; but if this sometimes happen, it is not a sufficient reason for abusing an honest man. Should our citizens receive such treatment in our courts as the poorer class of English suffer at Westminster and Guildhall, they would first call upon the judge to protect them; and if not protected, they would protect themselves. Here an innocent man is obliged to suffer in cross-examination the meditated brutality of a secure attack, while the judge stands ready to commit the witness to Newgate if he dare to assert his dignity.

I am daily more and more surprised at the difference between the English as a nation and as individuals. They themselves seem conscious of the difference. Individuals are more ready to resent national than personal attacks. The man who will sit patiently and hear his neighbors abused, instantly shows a spirit of opposition if it be questioned whether the English were free under Queen Elizabeth. It is the part of most men to take little care of their private, so long as their public character stands fair.

Dan Prior, after spending part of the evening with Pope, Swift, and Oxford, would close it over a pot of porter in Long Acre, with a soldier and his wife.

If the English think they have no circumstantial, prescriptive right to assume superiority, they readily acquiesce in inferiority, and still assume as much as they dare. Not so our citizens; they attach voluntary respect to merit, but do not allow even superiority to assume anything.

I am happy to record the following anecdote, as it illustrates a rare species of magnanimity. I was lately in company with some of those happy mortals, who, having already enjoyed a competency of fame, are now reposing under their own statues. They were speaking of vulgar prejudices. One of them said he had been stoned several times in passing through a certain country village, because his hair naturally curled. I asked him how long since this happened; he replied, "About thirty years since, when I was a journeyman shoemaker."

I cannot better illustrate the subject of the present letter than by quoting the following famous speech of Beckford to George the Third. This speech is inscribed on Beckford's monument in Guildhall, in large, fair characters. It is supposed to do the city of London great honor. There certainly is in the last paragraph a wonderful degree of dignity for a Lord Mayor; but the Asiatic style of the rest of the speech will be received in the United States for sarcastic raillery:—

"MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,—Will your Majesty be pleased so far to condescend as to permit the Mayor of your loyal city of London to declare in your royal presence, on behalf of his fellow-citizens, how much the bare apprehension of your Majesty's displeasure would, at all times, affect their minds; the declaration of that displeasure has

already filled them with inexpressible anxiety, and with the deepest affliction. Permit me, sire, to assure your Majesty, that your Majesty has not in all your dominions any subjects more faithful, more dutiful, or more affectionate to your Majesty's person and family, or more ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes to the maintenance of the true honor and dignity of your crown.

"We do, therefore, with the greatest humility and submission, most earnestly supplicate your Majesty that you will not dismiss us from your presence without expressing a more favorable opinion of your faithful citizens, and without some comfort, without some prospect at least of redress.

"Permit me, sire, further to observe, that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavor by false insinuations and suggestions to alienate your Majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the city of London in particular, and to withdraw your confidence in and regard for your people, is an enemy to your Majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy Constitution as it was established at the glorious revolution."

Thus ended this famous speech; but his hard-hearted Majesty scarcely sat long enough to hear the supplications of his poor, disconsolate subjects. Beckford was dismissed without comfort and without redress. Alas, broken-hearted citizens of London!

But I challenge all the archives of Asia to match the following: "The Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons do, in the name of all the people of England, most humbly and faithfully submit themselves, their heirs and posterity forever," etc. I am sick of such stuff.

ADIEU.

LETTER XX.

LONDON, March 28.

HAD Theophrastus made a voyage to Britain, he might have embellished his treatise, "*De Lapidibus*," with numberless "*lusi naturæ*." That Spartan was no doubt a wag who asked the Athenian whether trees grew square in his country. I know not why trees in Athens should not have been square as well as that the quarries in England should produce stones of all dimensions, some in the form of cylinders, others square, and some round. Nor is this all; stones not only grow in these convenient geometrical figures, but grow as smooth as the hand of art could polish them; and not a few of them seem to be fluted, as though a chisel had been employed, particularly those in the form of cylinders. Among all the curiosities in the British Museum, I saw not one of these natural productions. — a striking instance how little mankind regard the greatest miracles of Nature which are within the observation of everybody. Should one of these fluted columns be discovered in New England, every man would turn antiquary; yet I should be sorry to see any of these fluted columns in our country, for our citizens would be so pleased with them that they might endeavor to force our quarries to conform to those of England, and that would be an endless undertaking.

With these ready-made materials, it is no wonder that many of their public buildings are built on a magnificent scale. St. Paul's is one grand, entire, vast edifice, which does great honor to the Saint, and argues no little piety in the nation. Where so much money is made by religion, it would look like ingratitude not to show some little

external respect to its founders ; yet St. Paul's is rather a niggardly building for a people who have sported away so much money. St. Paul's cost only £1,500,000 sterling. Comparing the value of money at the time it was built with the present value of money, we may suppose it cost £3,500,000 ; a trifle which could never have been missed from the treasury, and which might have been reimbursed to the nation in exchequer bills in two days.

The front of St. Martin's, its bold design, its majestic pillars, its elevated ground-work, rising so gradually that the eye commands it without an effort, its weighty pedestals and spacious portico frequently delay the stranger until divine service is over. I might thus run over, in description, the Royal Exchange, Somerset House, Westminster Abbey, and a hundred other buildings ; but they excite no feeling in the heart, convey no food to the mind, and scarcely the skeleton of an image to the imagination. Yet the Parliament House I must particularly mention. It is a very old building, and from a western view seems to have fallen from the clouds in "*disjuncta membra*" and to have been blown together by a violent wind ; so that the Parliament and Parliament House are perfectly congenial. At different periods this building has undergone many improvements. There is quite a small portion of the building, known as the House of Commons, formerly St. Stephen's Chapel, which long ago was devoted to what was then called religion. This part of the building is thought by many to be out of repair ; but, unfortunately, it is situate so near the centre, and the approach to it is through so many windings that you might as well pull down the whole edifice as undertake to repair it. Besides, many of the occupiers of this apartment have an interest in the premises, and are naturally attached to a house which has cost them so much money ; but, like many other

persons, rather than repair their house they are willing to hazard its falling on their heads. Perhaps no human invention was ever more criticized than this apartment. For instance, some have observed that it appears very well defined at a distance, but that internally it is little better than a labyrinth; that those who enter soon get bewildered, no longer know their former friends, and seldom return the same way they entered. Others have compared it to a worsted purse, extremely accommodating, capable either of contraction or expansion, at pleasure. Some have more ludicrously compared it to a puppet-show, and have stretched the comparison beyond all bounds of toleration. After all, I think it the best room in the house.

A little lower down is another famous apartment more ornamental than useful, called the House of Lords. Its size is a little less than that of the House of Commons. I never was in any place so well calculated for lounging; and I believe it a just remark, that most of those who find themselves on these satin seats lounge away the rest of their days. Indeed, the government not infrequently places restless men there to make them easy; such a wonderful influence have these satin seats on the spirits of men. A violent fever of ten or twenty years has been known to change to a life-long lethargy. Calypso never possessed a stronger influence over the nature of men than do these satin seats.

There are many small apartments on the area well worthy the notice of a stranger. Those termed the courts of King's Bench and Equity are the most remarkable of the several courts. The court of Equity is a very small apartment, nearly circular,—in allusion, I suppose, to the circle, the most perfect of figures; though a person whose case had been in Equity five-and-twenty years might suppose that the allusion points to Time, as the circle has no

end. All these courts of law are so exceedingly circumscribed that you might imagine they were designed for the lawyers only. The entrance to them is through a spacious hall, but the distance is so great that the suitors are frequently lost before they can find the courts. So this spacious hall, though built for the public service, is chiefly devoted to the entertainment of a few lawyers. It is a pity these courts cannot be rendered more commodious and easy of access; but there is very little prospect of this, for the bare proposition would evoke a “*nolumus mutare*” throughout the country.

I shall speak more distinctly in my next letter.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXI.

LONDON, April 4.

THE conclusion of my last letter has given occasion for the present.

Human laws, however well adapted to a people's circumstances, however well defined or mildly executed, are of unequal operation. In all societies there are persons who hang so loosely on the social compact that they may be considered privileged characters, and paramount to the law; while others, though seemingly born for the operation of law on themselves, contrive to slip the noose of justice. These two classes are little affected, whether the laws operate kindly or with the greatest severity. However, the number of these people will scarcely be troublesome under a polity where all the members have it in their power to live by industry in decent respectability. Our own country is an illustrious proof of this; the conven-

iences of life are there procured with such facility, and the government rests so lightly on the shoulders of the citizens, that the most abandoned European rogues find it to their interest, on their arrival, to become honest. The burden of the law forever bears hardest on that class of men who in most countries are the majority, — I mean those who have sufficient honesty to keep within the limits of the law, yet not sufficient property to feel perfectly easy under its authority. Hence the daring observation of Beccaria will be found practically true: “The generality of laws are exclusive privileges, — the tribute of all to the advantage of a few.”

Now, if the association of the rich and poor for the support of law be a very unequal association, and if the poor suffer the chief burden of that establishment which protects the rich, and if law will, from necessity, even in a government founded on the broad basis of political equality, operate in this manner, the man who, confiding in the protection of law which has received its sanction from the highest human authority, experiences from whatever cause its inefficacy, and finds himself ruined — though the law in its sarcastic mockery may give him a verdict — must feel his moral sense weakened, and in the moment of indignation feel disposed to make reprisal.

These observations are necessary in order to convince you that I am serious in what I shall advance in the present letter, though I cannot reasonably expect one word of it will be believed.

It was the policy of Alfred, says history, to bring justice home to every man's door. Now this is either an ornamental story in the annals of that age, or Madam Justice has for many years been too proud to enter the door of a cottage. It is the boast of the English that they live under equal laws, and that in the eye of the law the meanest

man in the kingdom ranks with the greatest. Though this were a vain boast, it bespeaks a people not entirely uninfluenced by noble sentiments. It has, however, unfortunately happened to other people besides the Romans to appeal to laws engraven on "twelve tables," but which, in process of time, attract the notice of the lawyer less than that of the antiquary. A modern Roman may dig up a broken piece of an old column which shall contain the whole spirit of Roman liberty, and on this authority assert himself a freeman. So may an Englishman produce from his dusty archives Magna Charta, and quote you the proud passage : "Nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus, aut differemus, rectum aut justiciam," and I will send him to the court of King's Bench or Common Pleas to recover the sum of £10. A form of government or a code of laws may command our admiration, but unless they operate in practice they serve only to betray the weak more easily to the wary. *The operation of the laws is law, not their theory.*

A legitimate government, that is, a government founded on public will, should make it a first concern that the laws of property¹ sit as easy as possible on the shoulders of poverty. The greatest praise which a code of laws can receive is the high estimation in which it is held by the poor ; but if the operation of the laws be oppressive, the poor naturally transfer their hatred from the abuses of the laws to the laws themselves. Hence the embryo of revolution. It is unfortunate that in all governments destitute of a regenerative principle the first abuse merges in the second, and the latter in the succeeding one ; so that at length accumulated abuses lay claim to prescription and outbrave the law itself. Otherwise it never could have happened that in England, famous throughout the world for just judges and

¹ Criminal law, however severe, in all countries operates more equally than the laws which regulate private property.

well-defined law, a poor man whom injury has overwhelmed is necessitated to fly from remedy, lest the justice of his country should double his distress. Indeed, I caught the following observation from Lord Chancellor Eldon,¹ while on his seat in Chancery: "In many instances a man who trusts to his neighbor's honesty, without taking any security, stands a better chance of obtaining justice than if he brings his case into Chancery on the faith of parchment." The Chancellor delivered this with a vehemence which did him honor, and in just indignation at the perversion of justice, which in his own court and under his own eye occurs so frequently in spite of himself. This, let it be observed, was in the court of Chancery. It is the inferior courts which most interest the great mass of the people. In Chancery, if the scales of justice sometimes labor, the suitors in general can afford to oil them. Let the laws take care of the poor, the rich can take care of themselves: the widow's cruise I wish to spare.

I shall now show you, by a single fact, the practical operation of law in England.

In the year 1793 the number of writs from £10 to £20 only, which issued in Middlesex, amounted to 5,719. The sums sued for amounted to £81,791. If not one of these writs had been defended, the costs would have amounted to £68,728. Had they been defended, the amount of costs would have arisen to £285,950! This I do not expect you will believe. What havoc among the poor! Sir William Blackstone says that the impartial administration of justice is the great end of civil society; but such justice as the above, one would suppose, would soon be the complete end of civil society.

Coleman, in his comedy of the "Poor Gentleman," imagines the following dialogue between Sir Robert Bramble

¹ Better known in the United States as Sir John Scot.

and Humphrey. *Sir Rob.*: "Is there any distresses in the parish? Read the morning list, Humphrey." *Humph.*: "Jonathan Haggens of Muck Mead is put in prison." *Sir Rob.*: "Why, it was but last week Gripe, the attorney, recovered two cottages for him, by law, worth sixty pounds." *Humph.*: "And charged a hundred and ten for his trouble; so seized the cottages for part of his bill, and threw Jonathan into jail for the remainder."

I know not where I read the following story, which, though in the oriental style, was doubtless fabricated in England:—

Tanghi, a young and gay Chinese, had married the daughter of a wealthy Arab, whose dowry was three horses. Who was so happy as Tanghi! He had a very pretty wife and, what in some countries is still more valuable than women, three of the finest horses in the empire. It is no wonder that Tanghi was disposed to make a gay appearance. He sported his horses to the admiration or envy of all Pekin; but if wisdom is sometimes rash, how should folly know where to stop? Tanghi soon sported away his property, and in a moment of distress sold his finest horse on a short credit. Tehin Chan, the purchaser, had a very particular friend, a lawyer, who commanded no little practice at Pekin. This friend had long desired to become the proprietor of at least one of these Arabian horses; and when his friend Tehin Chan informed him of the purchase, the lawyer naturally inquired if the money were paid. To oblige his friend, Tehin Chan promised to refuse payment. The lawyer immediately wrote a note to Tanghi, informing him that Tehin Chan designed to refuse payment, and politely offered his services in recovering the money. At the end of nine months, Tanghi got judgment for the whole sum with interest; but Tehin Chan, by the advice of his friend,

appealed to a higher tribunal, and again recovered judgment for the money with interest. After another appeal in the last resort, final judgment with costs and interest was given in favor of Tanghi, for the Chinese agree with Sir William Blackstone in thinking that impartial justice is the great end of civil society. The story adds, that just before final judgment, Tanghi's two other horses were attached by his lawyer.

Is it not remarkable that legislation, which ought to be the first, has in all countries been the last concern of nations? While people are making telescopes twenty feet long to discover new systems, they are regardless of man, the glory of their own system! Could not an Englishman visit the United States and retort much of this letter? I believe he might.

There is one petty institution in London which merits all my admiration. It is the only instance which I have ever found of a discrimination between the rich and the poor.¹ This institution is the Court of Requests for the recov-

¹ It is very true the laws of property make no distinction between man and man. A poor man is secure of justice, when his cause comes before the sacred tribunal, but if he do not perish before it arrives there, he may possibly find himself buried at last under a load of justice.

Of all the emperors of the East, Selim was the most just. Not a day passed in which it was not proclaimed from the tower of the palace, "Selim is just! Selim never sleeps while injustice triumphs." The name of Selim mingled itself with the religion of his subjects. No praises ascended to Allah, in which Selim was not named; no tears were shed which accused Selim; no wrinkles of age owed a deeper furrow to the account of Selim. His presence among his people was as benign as the dew of heaven to the tropic latitudes. Razai lived far from the capital, content to cultivate a few paternal acres. An opulent neighbor in draining his own lands, had overflowed the little patrimony of Razai. In vain Razai remonstrated, and then proceeded to the capital to throw himself at the feet of Selim, often repeating on the way, "Selim is just! Not a day passes in which is not proclaimed from the tower of the palace, Selim never sleeps while injustice triumphs." Razai had never seen the capital, and when he entered it his inquiring eyes and earnest looks arrested the attention of everybody. He told his story a hundred times before he arrived at the palace, every

ery, without appeal, of debts under forty shillings, at the expense of ten pence! There are many of these petty courts distributed through Westminster, and if they operate without abuse, are, in my opinion, not less illustrious than the most noble order of the Garter.

Such institutions in the capital towns of the United States would afford an alleviation from one of the greatest pressures under which the poor labor. Such courts should command the whole practice under ten dollars; and if the legal fees would not engage a lawyer of integrity and talents, let him be remunerated from the county treasury.

It would not be less glorious than beneficial to the United States should the Congress commission, at the expense of the nation, a number of intelligent men to bring home all that is better in other countries in economy, law, agriculture, and the arts of life.

ADIEU.

one telling him that Selim was just, and that it was daily proclaimed from the tower that Selim never slept while injustice triumphed. He approached the palace, and just before he entered he heard the sound of a trumpet proclaiming, "Selim is just! Selim never sleeps while injustice triumphs." Razai's heart was in his eyes, — his heart was all over him; he exclaimed in the warmth of his feelings, "Selim is just! and I shall return a happy man to Schirah." Razai entered the palace, and thought he found himself already in the presence of Selim, so splendid was the person who received him. It was one of Selim's favorite officers of the household. Razai related his case, and the officer responded, "Selim is just! But all who approach Selim must first purify themselves at the entrance of the palace, with an offering to justice." He was then conducted one step nearer to the throne of Selim, who was sitting in judgment. He was received by another splendid personage. Razai related his story, and the officer replied, "Selim is just! Behold the eternal light of justice! bright as the sun, and pure as his rays; but all who approach Selim must first nourish this lamp with oil." This done, Razai was directed to the chief Aga. He related his story to the chief Aga, who responded, "Selim is just! But all who approach —." At this moment, Razai saw several persons returning from the royal presence. With a heart bursting, dubious, alarmed, he cried out, "Is Selim just?" With one voice they all exclaimed, "Selim is just! But, alas! we perish under a load of justice!"

LETTER XXII.

LONDON, April 9.

AN Englishman once recommended to his son, who was about to travel, to go forty miles to see a man of letters, rather than five to see a famous city. The republic of letters has lost nothing of its ancient liberality. It is only necessary to wish to see learned men in order to be admitted to their society. I discovered this so soon that I burned most of my merchant-letters of introduction.

I am acquainted with a gentleman who seems to have studied mankind with considerable success. He is learned, intelligent, and communicative; and, what renders these qualities still more valuable, he is not an author. Of two men in all respects equal, I prefer the company of him who has not written a book.¹ Mr. L., I imagine, is past fifty; this with me is a recommendation. His age and intelligence give him an authority which, in general, I have no right to dispute, while my deference disposes him to confidence, and raises us above rivalry. He invited me some time since to visit St. Paul's on some pleasant morning, and from its eminence to take a view of the city, as he had not seen it, he said, for the last twenty years and more. I waited on him yesterday morning, and was happy to find him disposed to devote the day to this purpose. It will be a memorable occasion with me, and not uninteresting to you. I shall therefore commemorate it with a long letter.

He observed, that he had "always been fond of cultivating the society of foreigners, for this is a surer means of

¹ Those who have written books are sometimes more precise, but generally dogmatical, angular, and systematic.

understanding the peculiarities of a people than reading either their history or the fictions of travellers. Those minutiae which distinguish the domestic character of one people from another are either overlooked or thought too trifling to claim the notice of the historian, while the traveller is equally ready to embellish or deform. Hence one nation knows very little of another, except of their more prominent or excrescent features. You have heard that the Englishman is a more downright, positive character than the Frenchman; but you will understand this characteristic better if you witness a conversation between them, — the one will use the indicative, the other frequently the subjunctive mood.” He added: “No man can be acquainted with foreigners, if they appear in their proper characters, without esteeming their nation more than if he had never seen any individual of that nation. You, sir,” addressing himself more particularly to me, “esteem the English more than you did before you visited them.”

“That is very true, sir, but I esteem England less.”

“That distinction I expected *you* would make; but I would permit no other foreigner to make it. He should say that he esteemed Englishmen, but admired England.”

I ought to have premised that Mr. L. is remarkably liberal, except when a subject is started which may possibly touch hard on England; and though a bitter dissenter, he is not less an Englishman.

He then asked me if I took notes of whatever made new impressions upon me.

“Yes, sir,” I replied, “I shall note the particulars of our present conversation.”

“I fear you will prove a severe judge.”

“Why so, sir?”

“Your education and principles will lead you to brandish the scourge of satire, rather than wanton with the plume

of panegyric ; you regard society as a wilderness which mocks at the pruning-hook and will only yield to the ploughshare. You ought not to speak of England before you have observed the state of society on the continent."

"In what respect, sir, do you think I shall suffer my prejudices to bias me?"

"Why, for instance, you cannot behold a nobleman's country-seat with any pleasure ; the cottages of the tenants remind you of the feudal system ; you cannot patiently see a fine equipage,—the servants before and behind affect you with convulsions ; nor can you contemplate his Majesty with any complacency,—his guards suggest the pretorian bands ; in short, you are not pleased to see a rich man, for you immediately begin to calculate the number of the poor which one rich man supposes. But, sir, your feelings carry you too far ; so long as civil society exists a large portion of mankind must be comparatively poor. Riches and poverty are convertible terms. The distinctions among men are founded in Nature ; as in a forest, you may observe that a few trees are kings of the wood, many are on an equality and of respectable height, but a greater number are mere dwarfs which Nature stints (and these in resentment grow crooked and knotty), besides a great quantity of furze and underwood."

"Nay, sir," I replied, "you have no right to use this illustration. If the dwarfs, the furze, and the underwood suffer by being overshadowed by the kings of the wood, your exposition were happy. Besides, sir, Nature, to which you appeal, is not so capricious ; you have coupled together trees, furze, and underwood, three different species. Now, we find in inanimate nature a certain deference to equality among members of the same species ; but, sir, if an upas-tree were to spring up on the equator and threaten to overshadow the whole world, would not every tree of the

wood be interested to destroy the poisonous influence of this tyrant? You carry your principles too far, sir."

He smiled at my impetuosity.

In passing down Fleet Street we saw at a distance a man of enormous and disproportionate body. "Do you see that man," said Mr. L., "who is approaching with such hard labor? Twenty years ago he was as healthy, active, and well-proportioned as any man in London; but, unfortunately, a distant relative left him a large fortune. This proved his ruin; he abandoned himself to indolence and high living, consequently to gout and grossness. The fat soon began to grow about his eyes, so that now you see he is almost blind; doubtless another twelvemonth will hermetically seal both of his eyes."

Soon after, he pointed to a little court which we passed, observing, "A man lives in a back apartment there who could not give a better account of himself for the last twenty years than could the person we have just seen."

I asked who he might be.

"He is an alchemist," said Mr. L., "in search of the philosopher's stone; but," added he, "I have known only one discoverer of the secret: he knew the grand art of being happy without it."

"But, sir, how can you account for it that persons in this age should attempt to realize fortunes from those speculations wherein thousands have miserably failed and not one person has ever succeeded? Nothing equals this in the history of madness and extravagance."

"Yes," said Mr. L., "notwithstanding every preceding adventurer has been ruined, notwithstanding the ridicule attached to the pursuit, notwithstanding repeatedly abortive experiments, still there are alchemists who persevere in search of the philosopher's stone. There are anomalies in the minds of men which perplex the deepest research.

"We have on record several instances of characters not less extraordinary than the alchemists of our day, — the character of Proxenus, for instance, as drawn by Xenophon :

"*Ταῦτα οὖν φιλοπολέμου μοι δοκεῖ ἀνδρὸς ἔργα εἶναι, ὅστις, ἐξὸν μὲν εἰρήνην ἄγειν ἄνευ αἰσχύνης καὶ βλάβης αἰρεῖται πολεμεῖν· ἐξὸν δὲ ῥαθυμεῖν, βούλεται πονεῖν ὥστε πολεμεῖν· ἐξὸν δὲ χρήματα ἔχειν ἀκινδύνως, αἰρεῖται πολεμῶν μείονα ταῦτα ποιεῖν.*"¹

"Not less unaccountable was the bias of the mind of Pyrrhus, who proposed the most arduous and impossible exploits as the means of attaining to that eminence which he already enjoyed.

"No other country offers so much encouragement to novelty, whether useful, capricious, or elegant ; hence every new theory, whether of utility or the reverse, is elaborated to perfection. As amidst the boundless extravagance of this metropolis nothing is lost, so among the still more extravagant imaginations of men no idea which can be wrought into a mechanical, scientific, or literary commodity is suffered to float in vacuum, but is fashioned or tortured into profit. Hence you find thousands of quacks of all descriptions whose success gives them a degree of respectability, not a few of whom have probably become dupes to their own quackery."

"Then, sir," I suggested, "all mankind are quacks ; for I have never known a man who had not entire faith in certain errors, in support of which he would have set a contrary conviction at defiance."

"Nay, sir," he replied, "they are not quacks until they expose their commodities to the public, or thrust their sentiments on mankind. If a man really believe he has discovered a panacea, he is not a quack if the secret remain in his own breast. You would not have thought Mahomet

¹ Anabasis, bk. ii. 6.

an impostor if, after his death, you had found the kuran in his cabinet."

At this moment a quack advertisement was put into my hands, and Mr. L. remarked, "There, sir, if that man should swallow his own pills he might be a fool, but he would not be a quack."

"With deference, sir, I object to Mahomet; why would he not have been an impostor?"

"He would have been, if mankind had been weak enough to believe him; so would the author of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. So also would Jacob Behmen and Emanuel Swedenborg have been impostors so far as their works were thought to be real history or divine authority rather than the recreations of fancy or the impulses of delirium."

We now approached Ludgate Hill, on the eminence of which stands St. Paul's. We visited several apartments before we ascended to the cupola. In one of the apartments there is the ancient model from which St. Paul's was built; and being ignorant of architecture I improved the opportunity of learning a few technical terms. I asked what a certain part was denominated; "That is the nave," said the person who waited on us.

"Do you not know," said Mr. L., "that there is usually a *nave* in a church?" He added, "Your churches are differently modelled."

I was proud of the compliment, and told him I believed the clergy in the United States really were, in point of morality and primitive simplicity, an ornament to the country, and not unworthy successors of the apostles.

"To what do you attribute this exemplary carriage?"

"To this, sir, that the simplicity of the Gospel has not in the United States mingled with politics, and produced a religious aristocracy. You know, sir, we have no church

establishment ; there is unlimited toleration without political restriction. Hence among the various sects there is a spirit of Christian emulation."

"Then you do not think," said Mr. L., "that Jesus Christ, at his second coming, will be likely to call on my lords the bishops."

"Our Saviour at his second coming, if he visit any one, will visit him who shall have most of his own spirit, and will be more likely to enter a cottage than a palace."

"Yes, he doubtless will, if he appear in his former character ; for he would be obliged to work all his miracles over again before his lordship the bishop would admit him into the parlor. However, I do not think he would come to England."

"Why not, sir ?"

"They — I do not mean the Jews — would put him to death a second time."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Then," said Mr. L., "you do not understand the manners of the age."

When we had ascended to the cupola, I reminded him of the conversation in the apartment of the church model. He resumed the subject, and spoke as follows : —

"The laws, customs, and opinions of every country, whether good or bad, whether founded in truth or error, must be respected. There are two species of treason, — one of sentiment, or theoretical, the other overt or practical. The latter is regarded by all governments with more lenity than the former. An overt act of treason has its particular object, and the law has defined the nature and punishment of the crime ; but the first named species of treason is too subtle for the law. It can neither be anticipated nor defined ; hence it is more dangerous, as it infects the community without suspicion and tends to

revolution without remedy. We ought not to wonder, then, at the jealousy of governments when new opinions subversive of old maxims are published ; for every government which has not a renovating principle soon becomes a tyranny, and is interested in supporting a certain set of notions, no matter whether right or wrong.

“The death of Socrates has been considered in all ages an enormity of injustice, scarcely surpassed by the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. The fate of this man has caused lamentation in the pulpit and tears in the closet. Who has not sympathized with the old bald philosopher, and been ready to burst the prison, snatch the bowl of hemlock from his hand and dash it on the floor? Yet let us for a moment inspect the conduct of this philosopher. The religion of his country had been settled for ages, yet he disturbed the State by introducing new and disparaging the established gods. He endeavored, as Cato the Censor justly remarked, to abolish the customs of his country, and draw the people over to opinions contrary to the laws. In what country or in what age would Socrates have fared better? If such a man were to appear in England and maintain principles as unconstitutional and as abhorrent to the principles of the lords-bishops as those of Socrates were inconsistent with the laws and received notions of the Athenians, he would awaken a resentment which might forget for a moment the lenity of law.

“The apostle Paul would meet with a worse reception in England than he did in Greece or in Rome. If we consider for a moment his letters to the Greek and to the Roman populace, we shall be surprised at the clemency of those statesmen who so long tolerated a man whose doctrines, inculcated with elevated contempt, not only trampled on the whole national mythology, but entered the cities and expelled the auspicious presiding Lares : nay more, whose

doctrines pervaded the social fire-hearths and exdomesticated the hallowed Penates. What has Paine, Priestley, or Price, what has Tooke, Wakefield, or Godwin advanced so offensive to the feelings of the present age as were the principles of Socrates and of Saint Paul to the Athenians and the Romans? Now, if Christ should appear in England or in any other country in Europe and conduct himself exactly as he did in Judea, what, sir, do you think would be the consequence? He would doubtless find many followers, but the Scribes and Pharisees would feel interested — first to deny him, and then to put him to death.”

This letter is already too long, therefore you may expect in another the conclusion of the expedition to St. Paul’s.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXIII.

LONDON, April 16.

AFTER the remarks to which the nave in the church gave rise, Mr. L. pointing around the horizon observed with national complacency: “You see now the metropolis of the queen of isles. The name of London excites the envy, the hatred, or the admiration of the world.

“ Her fame extends as far as winds can blow,
Or ships or fish upon the waters flow.”

He added, — “There is more public spirit, there is more *amor patriæ*, and when the people are oppressed there is more obstinacy of resistance, within the circumference of ten miles here, than in all the rest of Europe.” Then with

an energy which transported my thoughts to ancient times, he repeated those famous lines of Alcæus :—

Οὐ λίθοι, οὐδὲ ξύλα, οὐδὲ τέχνη τεκτόνων αἱ πόλεις, εἶεν, ἀλλ' ὅπου ποτ' ἄν ᾤσιν ἌΝΔΡΕΣ αὐτοὺς σῶζειν εἰδότες ἐνταῦθα καὶ τείχη καὶ πόλεις.¹

“Now,” continued Mr. L., “cast your eye on the Thames, and contemplate the innumerable merchantmen. The perfumes of Arabia, the luxuries of the South, and the elegancies of the East are wafted up this silver stream, and thence distributed through a thousand channels, to gratify the senses of this happy people. Here you find what no other people ever witnessed, — luxury and liberty, commerce and strength of character.”

“Happy the man,” thought I, “who in the midst of misery and ruin sees nothing but scenes of felicity. Such an one will find flowers in December.”

“You seem to be in a revery,” said Mr. L.

“Yes, sir; I was comparing the English with those blessed spirits of Indian paradise, who, reposing half intoxicated beside water-falls, on the banks of their elysium, sleep only to dream of pleasure, and wake only to enjoyment. Oh, happy people of Wapping, did you but know your happiness! For you the luxuries of the South and the elegances of the East are landed at your doors. Oh, fragrant tatterdemalions of St. Giles’s, would you but incense yourselves with the perfumes of Arabia!”

Mr. L. smiling at this outburst, observed that every Piccadilly and Pall Mall must have a St. Giles’s, and every Fleet Street and Cornhill a Wapping. He then asked me if I had ever traced the progress of civil society from its first

¹ The late Arthur W. Austin, Esq., a son of the author of this volume, turned these and other lines of Alcæus into verse (see “The Woman and the Queen: a Ballad, and Other Specimens of Verse.” Boston, 1875). The lines were also paraphrased by Sir William Jones in his verses entitled, “What Constitutes a State.” — ED.

rude endeavors to its present state of social affection and accommodating polity.

He added : “ Here are nearly a million of people in this small compass, whose interests, views, and pursuits cross one another as do the streets ; yet human policy has contrived to divest the people in a great measure of Hobbs’s principle, and has rendered them the most pliant, docile, and submissive of all animals. In a state of Nature corporal strength dominates the mental faculty. Here, all the violences of a state of Nature are usurped under law, custom, prerogative, privilege, pride, avarice, and fashion ; and what would be considered among barbarians refinement on barbarity is effected here by mutual consent.”

“ I pray you, sir, particularize.”

“ Why, for example, do you wish to banish a man from his country ? It may be easily effected, at the same time you will appear to confer a favor. Do you wish to assassinate your enemy ? gain his confidence, affect friendship, anticipate his feelings, administer to his desires, allure him to the precipice, and in the degree he approaches ruin, you will rise in his esteem ; but if you wish to imbitter his situation with a knowledge of your own perfidy, throw him into prison, and keep him there for life. If this process be too tedious there is a more direct way. If the man be in business, collude with his creditors and employers. Do you wish to see him worn to a skeleton with constant fatigue ? Garrow shall be made to wear away his eyebrows,¹ and Erskine and Gibbs shall become sallow in poring over dark questions, — darkened still more with the glorious uncertainty of the law, — while the judge shall daily sit seven hours² on the Bench, in defiance of gout, gravel, and stone.

¹ Mr. Garrow has no eyebrows, and no wonder, since he has browbeaten so many witnesses.

² The Chief-Justice of the Court of King’s Bench is daily on the Bench seven hours during nearly six months in the year.

In one word, sir, do you wish to send your enemy to hell, advise him to take orders, and offer him promotion in the church."

"But I am most surprised that this immense number of people who live at the expense of one another, and who have less regard for their neighbors than the savage has for his, should contrive to live in a compass so small. I think it worthy of remark that the most populous cities have always been the most easily governed."

"Why," said Mr. L., "those who are most enslaved are most obedient to their rulers. If you could put all the Chinese, Italians, Germans, and Spaniards into a washing-tub, they would be more easily governed. In despotic States the people are more quiet and passive than in a monarchy like this. Hence more enormities are committed in England in one year by the subjects than in any other country in Europe; but, on the other hand, fewer injuries are offered to the subjects under the sanction of law."

"This may be true, sir, with respect to England, but how happens it that in the United States—a country so free that not a few of the savages have preferred it to Lake Huron, or the more temperate regions of the South-west—fewer enormities are committed by the subjects there than in England. To particularize: In the most strongly contested elections there has never been a man slain. They cannot say this at Westminster or Nottingham."

"It is of little consequence to your people, who their legislators are, so long as the Constitution is administered on its own principles. Now the probability is, that of two, three, or more candidates, all will support the Constitution. Hence in most elections, there is at present with your people no other than a personal motive of preference."

“I instanced but one particular. Can you give as good a reason why there are fewer crimes of every description committed in the United States, by citizens, than in any other country?”

Mr. L. candidly allowed that the difference is to be attributed to the system of government.

Mr. L. then gave the conversation another turn and remarked, —“There was once a merchant in extensive business — a man of deep calculation and great foresight — who ascended St. Paul’s to command a view of the city. He took a map from his pocket, and stood some time in melancholy musing, when he exclaimed, ‘Here is a true picture of worldly greatness; this city has already cost more than it will ever be worth!’ What,” said Mr. L., “do you imagine was the process of this merchant’s mind?”

To this it was replied: “Perhaps he was a West India proprietor, or an East India director, or a great stock jobber; perhaps he was all these together, and possibly, he had been in both Indies and had seen in the East those jungles¹ of which Cornwallis, the successor of Mr. Hastings, wrote to the Company. If so, the ethereal air of this eminence might, for a moment, have elevated his mind above personal consideration, and led him to compare the affluence and happiness of London with the misery and oppression of all those who are the sources of your greatness. Then casting his eye on the map, and reflecting how large a portion of the globe was at that moment suffering for the aggrandizement of a few merchants, he was naturally led to exclaim, ‘Auri sacra fames!’”

While I was saying this, I perceived that Mr. L. was collecting himself for a violent explosion. In his opinion,

¹ Cornwallis wrote to the East India Company that three fifths of the Company’s territory had become a jungle; that is, deserted by the natives, and possessed by wild beasts, meaning thereby lions, tigers, leopards, etc., not Englishmen.

I had not been sufficiently respectful toward the majesty of old England.

“Sir,” said he, “you have totally mistaken the merchant’s meaning. He was a notorious miser, who came here for the pleasure of contemplating the various situation of his own estates, but being apprehensive of the depreciation of real estate he was alarmed for his property. Commerce, which you affect to undervalue, is the grand pillar of our strength and magnificence. In these times, a small extent of territory must be commercial in order to maintain its entirety and independence; the people, occupied in commerce and manufactures, must depend for protection on the military resources which wealth insures, or at least suffer a dismemberment of the kingdom. Destroy our commerce and you instantly wither the heart of England; those thousand veins which lead from a thousand distant extremities in so many directions to this centre, would cease to nourish their parent source.”

This was conclusive, so far as it related singly to England; but I could not refrain from remarking that there is no mutual benefit, for England takes profit of the veins, but affords not a single artery. We now descended.

After I returned home, I fell into a revery. “Here is a country,” thought I, “whose greatness is built on the oppression and slavery of all those who are connected with her; wherever England has laid her hand, she has left the print of her fingers. Wherever she has trodden, she has blasted vegetation. Of whatever country she has gotten possession, she has reduced it, either to a state of slavery or to desolation. The moment her influence is felt, it either rouses the spirit of emigration, or impels to immediate flight.¹ The

¹ Yet the government of England, when it destroys its enemies, adores God’s righteous judgment; when it is likely to suffer, it cries out in the name of heaven and earth against the diabolical machinations of its enemies.

fertile fields of Ireland show noble cattle, but a fine harvest is a blessing to her oxen, not to her people,—they are excluded from God's providence. Even Scotland, reduced far below the state of Nature, and weary of the sight of her dear native hills, banishes herself forever to the frontiers of America. Nor is England much more enviable; she starves her subjects to fatten her horses. If this be the state of things under the wing of the Constitution, what may be expected at the extremities of the empire? If England's West India possessions were sufficiently extensive to drain Africa, in ten years the race of negroes would be extinct.¹ The East is more involved in darkness; and perhaps it is more honorable to humanity, and to the honorable East India Company, that this history should never be written or mentioned."

Help me bless God, my dear fellow, that the United States are not within the influence of this upas, and that we are nationally guilty of but one enormity,—I mean the toleration of slavery.

Oh, heaven! is it possible that in the United States, a country where the purest principles of legislation which ever adorned civil society hold sway; a country in which the human character is already elevated to a superior degree, as compared with the miserable people of Europe; a country whose principles, tested by their present operation, are to influence future ages and perhaps sanction the basest crimes,—is it possible that in such a country, you can find a "slave to be sold"?

What abominable impudence! What unheard-of inconsistency! Let other people who do not acknowledge our feelings and our principles, enslave and be enslaved.

¹ It has been ascertained that the West India planters are obliged to import annually at the rate of ten per cent. on their stock. I submit this to Lord Thurlow.

Europe is not inconsistent! She never acknowledged the rights of man. In England,—whose oppressions have travelled with the revolution of the globe, have explored new oceans, and have extended to the four quarters of the world,—a negro is as free as a Briton. I blush for my country; and I have been made by Englishmen to blush for my country.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXIV.

LONDON, April 22.

THE south of Europe has long been accustomed to call the English barbarians. The weaker character, which suffers from the stronger, is readily disposed to strong epithets. The degenerate Greeks termed the Romans barbarians. A nation of slaves will always be inclined to consider their neighbors barbarous, in the degree they approach natural freedom. This opinion of foreigners ought to flatter the English; they would be little disposed to become like their neighbors in order to be more civilized.

That people, whoever they may be, who for a thousand years have neither changed their constitution of government nor their religion, nor suffered the forcible and infectious intercourse of foreigners, but whose laws, customs, manners, and sentiments, kindly bending with time and circumstance, are nothing more than emanations from the spirit of their government, will regard the English as a monstrous sort of people.

However, it must be conceded that foreigners have some little color for their opinion, though they are not suffi-

ciently candid to inquire the reason. The English have been so frequently bandied about and suffered so many modifications within a thousand years that one part of their character is at least two centuries behind the other. This will ever be the case where the original stock of a nation like the English has suffered so many ingraftings and revolutions. In order that laws, customs, and manners may keep pace with civilization, it is necessary that the people should preserve their principles and their individuality, and be neither retarded nor hastened in their career. But if a people be not free when they enter the social confederacy, those checks which they may receive and those foreign inroads which will partially destroy their individuality are as likely to benefit as to injure.

The English, you very well know, have been peculiarly subject to those impressions which revolutions leave behind; and no revolution can happen without exciting the worst passions into action, and transmitting them to posterity.

As we learn from history, this people were at one time little better than savages. Propitious events have led them to comparative freedom; but these events have rendered the English the most complex characters in Europe by not always happening at that period of their civilization which was most conducive to their advantage. I give an instance.

From the moment Magna Charta was signed, the English fancied themselves free; the nobles, indeed, attained their object. The people also were proclaimed free; but they had not more of the spirit of freemen than has the slave who rests on his spade and listens to the song of liberty. They were not then ready for freedom. The issue of the Revolution of 1688 was the best constitution of government which modern Europe — which perhaps the

world had ever witnessed. The English were then free ; unfortunately their freedom came too late. Liberty for the first time found herself seated on the couch of commerce. The consequence might have been foreseen ; an evil has grown up with the English Constitution which has long since proved its ruin.

There is but one period allotted to any people in which they can establish their freedom. Prior to this period they are too barbarous ; posterior to this period they are too civilized. The Romans under the auspices of Lucius Junius Brutus seized the happy moment. In process of time they gradually lost their liberty ; yet they knew not precisely how nor when ; but lost it certainly was in the days of Marius and Sulla. Brutus, some time after, endeavored to restore the liberty of his country, but it was too late. Lacedæmon offers a similar remark. Lyeurgus established what might then be called freedom ; but after a few centuries, neither Agis nor Cleomenes could renovate departed principles.

I will also instance the Reformation. This happened at a period fortunate for the people. The Roman Catholic religion when it has its proper operation, is an effeminate religion and tends to precocious civilization. Had the English continued Roman Catholics until now they would have been much weaker characters than they are at present. Though the Reformation strengthened the national character of the English, yet a change of religion in any country will awaken the most ferocious passions, unless there be an absolute toleration without political restriction and disability. The injuries which the Dissenters, who are one-fifth part of the nation, have suffered from the Church of England, and, on the other hand, the hard feelings which the Churchmen indulge against the Dissenters have given an impression little favorable to the English character.

Political dissensions, which have been urged further in England than among any other people except those who ranged themselves as Guelphs or Ghibellines, have also served to render this people barbarians in the eyes of foreigners.

The beheading of Charles the First, the usurpation of Cromwell, and the consequences of the abdication of James the Second, all had their effects. It is unnecessary to revert so far back as the days of York and Lancaster.

In the opinion of foreigners, the inhuman code of criminal law tolerated by the English is little favorable to the national character. If we reason only from their criminal laws, without reference to the state of society, it would be a fair conclusion that the English are either the worst or the most barbarous people on earth. They have very humanely abolished torture, but they have retained the death-penalty. Their humanity cannot endure the broken arm, the lacerated body, the quivering flesh of the criminal; but a simple hanging affects them as little as the loss of a sheep, a sorry horse, or forty shillings. I have heard Erskine laboriously address a jury, in the presence of the Chief-Justice of England, in behalf of five pounds; yet if a man's life be at stake, no counsel is allowed the felon, whatever may be the palliating circumstances, lest the jury, more humane than the law, should be driven to compassion.

The commonalty of the English have a most ferocious appearance; but, as far as I have observed, it is only an appearance. We cannot expect that the deportment of those who bear the whole weight of society should be so engaging, or their countenances so rounded with complacency, or their dispositions so placid as we should expect, if their lives were exempt from the pressure of daily anxiety. If two men have originally the same features, different

pursuits will so entirely change their physiognomies that Lavater would have classed them in different species. Another pursuit might have converted the hard features and sallow complexion of the lawyer into the round lineaments and ruddy glow of the bishop.¹

In fine, a people who have suffered so many impressions as have the English cannot have a nicely distinct character; like the senators of Tiberius, they will be likely to have all the airs of freemen, with the conduct of slaves; and to those who are both slaves in their manners and actions the English will seem barbarians; yet these barbarians have been governed by women, and were quiet subjects under petticoat government.

There are only two marks in England of a very barbarous people. The first concerns the inhabitants of London and the other great cities only, a large portion of whom spend their days below the surface of the earth. This is owing to the lack of accommodation, which obliges them to convert their cellars into kitchens. The other mark concerns the women only; like many barbarous people they paint, but with this difference, — the former to look like angels, the latter to look like the devil.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXV.

LONDON, April 29.

THE English ordinaries and eating-houses offer an inexhaustible source of observation on the national character and manners. You meet not only with all descriptions of

¹ The business men are chiefly conversant in does not only give a certain cast or turn to their minds, but is very often apparent in their outward behavior. — *Spectator*, No. 197.

London people, but likewise with French, Irish, Scotch, and country people; and you may choose your company, from the most humble to the most exalted; that is, you may choose the price of your dinner, from sixpence to a guinea. You are not troubled with the least ceremony; if you wish for nothing more than a dinner, you have only to enter these places, hang up your hat or keep it on your head, sit down, look at your bill of fare, call for your dinner, pay for it, and go away.

A Londoner generally enters the room and observes nobody, plants himself firmly at the table, then in an airy manner breaks his bread in halves, falls to, says not a word during his dinner, — which he masticates rather slowly, yet swallows too quickly for his health, — rises from table in resolute reserve, and retires from the room as he would from a cavern. The Frenchman, on the contrary, makes a general bow when he enters, no matter who the company may be, carefully hangs up his hat, sits and adjusts himself, cuts his bread, eats his dinner rapidly, sits a little while, converses, and retires with a general bow.

If you are willing to make an effort, you may often engage a Londoner in conversation; especially if he thinks you are a grade above him, otherwise he may regard you as impertinent. The Scotch, Irish, and country people are more sociable at table, — the country people from curiosity, the Scotch with a view to information, the Irish frequently from a love of rodomontade.

However reserved and indifferent people may be, they never so fairly lay themselves open as at their meals. On no other occasions did the pagan gods and goddesses so openly betray their origin in human invention as at their jovial feasts of nectar and ambrosia. At table, the divine forgets his system, the physician his last fatal experiment, and the lawyer no longer casts a side glance

at his neighbor's pocket. All being on an equality at these places, those who are so disposed feel no embarrassment in giving themselves up to their natural impulses. The most grave will sometimes be induced to forget their affectation, while those who claim their parentage from Mercury and hold to the "*dulce est dissipere in loco*" desire no better place to worship the god than these liberal institutions afford. Not knowing that they shall ever see one another again, they scarcely feel responsible for the sentiments they utter, and hence they sport their opinions on men and things, and not infrequently throw out, as though by chance, dubious yet favorite notions, in order to ascertain their probable currency with the world.

If you wish to study human nature you can see it in all alive, provided you are willing to adapt yourself. There is not a grade in society with which you may not familiarize yourself; but then it is necessary to have a various and extensive wardrobe, otherwise you will miss your object. Under the late administration, the Venetian custom of spying out people's opinions was adopted; so that every man was suspicious of the company in which he chanced to be. It is not exactly so now, though I have been shocked more than once by the remains of this poison of social intercourse. Figure to yourself a party of strangers flung back in their chairs in all the security of good-humor and ingenuous remark, struck dumb on the entrance of a person suspected for a pointer of government commissioned to scent out sedition. You would imagine the Roman "*delators*" revived again. Had I been in London during certain late years I should have felt myself at Venice, and should never have passed Cold Bath Fields without being reminded of the Inquisition. How different in the United States! If a person dislikes the

administration of government he says so in the open market, in the public streets, in popular assemblies, nay, more — a custom which I disapprove — in the pulpit, in those places dedicated to divine harmony! If his abuse be mingled with any sort of reason it is listened to; if it be scurrilous, it is only laughed at, or rendered harmless by inattention. In a good government seditious infection is never dangerous; it is not contagious; it cannot find matter on which to operate; by its dissipation it is rarefied, cleansed, or annihilated.

The same person, if he choose, in the course of a week may parade Bond Street in the morning;¹ gamble in the evening with knights and noblemen; show himself at Hungerford's, and discourse of redoubts, battles, sieges, or broadsides, captures, and prize-money; shift his dress, and dine and dance with the beggars in St. Giles's; look in at the Stock Exchange Coffee-House, and affect the man of business; or go to Wapping, be entertained for sixpence, and pass himself off for an accomplished sailor.

No wonder the London wits should write good comedies; they can pick up a character every day; and if they are at a loss for a whole character they can readily put together two halves. A stock-jobber and a politician will always make an excellent knave; and if a pensioner with a courtier will not make a complete parasite, they can add a lord bishop. I am acquainted with a comic writer who told me he met a man at an ordinary who afforded him the hero of his most successful comedy; but it cost him, he added, more than a week before he could perfectly catch his hero.

If you wish to know how the petty cooks can afford to

¹ Those who are termed "Bond-Street loungers" consider mid-day mid-night; hence three o'clock in the afternoon is early dawn. These gentlemen are frugal in one respect, — they save their breakfasts.

give you a dinner for sixpence or less, I will tell you what I learned at Wapping, where I dined for fourpence halfpenny including a farthing to the waiter, who was very much obliged to me. I was told it was the custom of the more respectable ordinaries and eating-houses to sell their leavings to the next less great houses ; these in their turn sell again, so nothing is lost ; but a part of that dinner which is eaten at a high price at the west end of the town is eaten at Wapping, perhaps a fortnight after, for fourpence. Thus the delicious viands of the rich degenerate at length into twopenny broth for the poor. This may offend a delicate stomach, but hunger never reasons, and as the sailors say, "Poison is killed by boiling, and what will not poison you will fatten you." Some of these cook-shops boast of more liberality than others. They give you a tablecloth, a pewter plate and a spoon, and do not demand your money until you have dined ; while others will make you pay before you eat a mouthful, and will trust you with nothing but a wooden plate, a wooden bowl and a wooden spoon.

The different sorts of men whom you meet at these places are remarkable. If it did not excite the most debasing ideas, it would be humorous to converse sometimes with a class of men you find at these places, whose stupid ignorance would disgrace a Hottentot. If they have half an idea, they know not enough of the English language to convey even that. They seem to have been born in a cockle-shell and have never burst their confinement. Locke possibly got his opinion that the human mind was like a blank sheet of paper from his knowledge of this description of men, whom you may find in every cook-shop. They are so profoundly stupid, they scarcely know whence they came, where they are, or whither they are going ; yet frequently they possess a remarkable

sagacity in whatever is directly connected with their occupations, — a fair proof that they once had minds capable of discernment. Therefore they ought not to be classed by naturalists as a distinct species, though they are generally considered such by certain politicians.

As you know not who your company are, you may be as likely to dine with a pickpocket as with a saint. One day, after a genteel person, whose conversation was very intelligent, had retired from table, I was asked if I knew him. Answering in the negative, I was informed that he was reputed to be a highwayman. This will probably surprise you, but it ought not. In such a city as this, and in such a country, where, if a man is willing to brave suspicion, the law waits until he affords full proof, a person may possibly pass the greater part of his life in the business of a highwayman, parade the public walks every day, and even affect the highest style of splendor, and all the while under the strongest suspicions, yet no one will venture to arrest him, or to charge him with his crimes. Although a thousand witnesses should testify that they were robbed, and could almost testify they were robbed by the prisoner, yet they must more than *almost* identify his person, which is extremely difficult on account of his mask; otherwise he would assuredly be acquitted. Our own criminal laws are similar. The same person who informed me of this reputed highwayman, remarked that most persons of this class are well known to the Bow-Street “runners.”¹ Like other associated bodies, they frequently assemble at known public-houses and the Bow-Street runners are on tolerable civil terms with them. For instance, if one of these runners should demand admittance to their assemblies, which is frequently the case, he would be admitted, though treated in the most laconic style. Thus: “Whom do you want?”

¹ Officers of justice employed to pursue suspected persons.

The runner names the person if he sees him, who replies, "I will wait on you directly." If the runner says the person whom he wants is not there, the reply is, "Well, then, off and be damned!" Such persons as are arrested and carried off are called "flats" by their associates.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXVI.

LONDON, May 8.

I PURPOSE in this letter to answer your important question respecting the Constitution of the United States; and to render the subject less tedious, I shall introduce the English system by way of comparison.

The Constitution of England is said to be the strongest form of government which the world has witnessed. This is too general: a government may be very strong in its political operations, and yet of very brief duration. A strong government implies stability as well as energy. Otherwise an absolute monarchy is the strongest of all the three original forms. Age, not energy and dispatch, is the mark of a strong government; still, duration is not a sure sign of its excellence.

It will be worth the labor to prove that the government of the United States is as strong as that of England. I shall go further, and from the natural bias of man's mind, reasoning on the causes of revolution, shall satisfy you, I believe, from analogy, that the Constitution of the United States is even stronger than that of England.

Dating from 1692, the Constitution of England is one hundred and eleven years old. An Englishman will probably date from the reign of King John; but with whatever

triumph he should appeal to Magna Charta, the successive tyrannies which the nation experienced down to the time of James the First were still more ignominious, if England really had a free Constitution to which to appeal. What check had Henry the Eighth, or with what reference did Elizabeth govern England? Her authority was a perfect despotism, confessedly mild, but undefined and uncontrolled, which frowned down all opposition into disaffection and treason. James the First, though personally as weak as the Emperor Claudius, felt himself not less absolute; and Charles the Second, had he been less a buffoon, might have revived the days of Henry the Eighth.

The English would be wise to appeal to history in support of one dubious point only, — which, if true, is worthy of the remark, “If we were once slaves, we are now free.” Most people are tied down to the sorry reflection, “If we were once free, we are now slaves.”

Allowing the Constitution of England to be as old as Magna Charta — which I myself would allow, could I find a single reason for so doing — it unfortunately proves too much; for the repeated revolutions England has undergone since that period argue a weakness, which totally destroys every claim to stability.

The Constitution of England is one hundred and eleven years old, that of the United States only fourteen. Both have this merit, — a change of public officers may happen in either country without a revolution, or, to speak more precisely, without affecting the Constitution. That this total change should occur in England there is scarcely a remote possibility, because, agreeably to Mr. Burke's position, the king himself enjoying the fee simple of the British empire, and his own consent being necessary to effect such a change, it cannot be expected a king of Great Britain will surrender his family inheritance. The change of public

officers has already happened in the United States, and successive changes will more firmly establish the Constitution. The sovereign people perceiving how easily a change may be wrought when the government is either weakly or corruptly administered, will not be disposed to proceed to those violences which are necessary in England, if the original compact between the people and government should be so far superseded as to warrant a revolution.

The Constitution of England cannot be contemplated except with reference to King, Lords, and Commons. Hence the affections of the subjects are regulated by their consideration for the reigning prince, and by the degree of respect which the House of Lords attaches to itself, but particularly by the independence or facility of the House of Commons. Thus the long reign of a weak prince, successive unpopular ministers, together with an unprincipled House of Commons, would weaken, if they did not render contemptible, the Constitution. In the United States the citizen contemplates the existing administration without a necessary reference to the Constitution; they are two distinct things. Now, no administration can be long in power without becoming in a certain degree odious; and this odium attaches to the Constitution in the degree that a change of administration is more or less practicable. But the citizens of the United States are in no danger of this disaffection. There is scarcely a possibility that abuses should gain strength in spite of the Constitution; there is no danger that the first abuse will take root, perpetuate itself, and rise to enormity. In one word, the Parliament does not so much flow from the Constitution of England, as the Constitution flows from the Parliament. The King, Lords, and Commons are, in a very great degree, paramount to the Constitution, while the Constitution of the United States is paramount to the Congress.

Further, the Constitution of England is unwritten, and known only to the people by its operation. It has indeed been questioned if the English have any real Constitution. Whatever is undefined cannot admit of reasoning. Argument may forever flutter round the dubious point, but can never rest. More than this, the most carefully worded statutes are frequently defeated by the ingenuity of the lawyers, and every new act of Parliament extends the field of litigation. To what a labored debate did the question of our federal judiciary give rise! Yet both parties constantly appealed to the first section of the third article of the Constitution which contains but seven lines. Now, if the sagacity of the wise be frequently liable to wander in doubt, or falter in perplexity, an unwritten Constitution is *prima facie* much worse than none, by reason of its lending itself on all occasions as a sanction to Parliament.

Let us confess the truth: the English are the freest people in Europe. Whence does this arise? From that portion of the Constitution called the common law, which recognizes three grand popular prerogatives, — the right of personal liberty, the right of personal security, and the right of private property. One might suppose that the Englishman intrenched behind these, would hurl defiance at oppression; but unfortunately these prerogatives are continually liable to be superseded by a paramount prerogative of the Constitution. Insure an Englishman his common law, and he will scarcely contend for his Constitution; while the citizen of the United States not only reposes under the protection of the common law, which certainly is well calculated for people asleep, but he awakes to assert and claim the positive rights of a well-defined Constitution.

The common law is founded on equality, its chief excellence. This sometimes gives the lowest of the English a

dignity to which slaves are insensible. But the common law is barely protective, while the Constitution offers little on which the people may rest their fondest hopes. Not so the Constitution of the United States; with all the equality of the common law it acts on the citizens as an incentive, not only to all the political but also to the moral virtues; the Constitution attributes nothing to family, nothing to riches, nothing to reflected merit. He who was born a beggar frequently arrives at a condition in which he might retort on a nobleman, "My ancestors are a disgrace to me; you are a disgrace to your ancestors." Hence with the poorest, love of the Constitution becomes a passion, and mingles with their sentiments and actions, mingles with their religion, mingles with their life. In England, on the other hand, the most felicitous and generous feelings of which man is capable are cautiously cherished, or blighted in youth. It is justly considered in the United States that all those honors and riches which descend to a great man's posterity, would be a direct injury to the greatest men in the republic. A great man founds a new family; but his posterity, from age to age, do not inherit the rights of the great ancestor; they cannot do this unless they inherit his ability. They usurp the natural rights of some other man equally great¹ with the founder of the family, but who has been necessarily excluded by reason of hereditary succession because rewards and honors in every State must be restricted within certain bounds. It is not for me to determine who, but some one of the nobility in England possesses the *natural* rights of Horne Tooke, and some other nobleman possesses those of William Windham.²

¹ If every century produces an equal number of great men, this is precisely true.

² If natural ability be frequently perverted in England, it is the fault of the Constitution. A great plebeian must either be hanged, pensioned, or

I will illustrate: If the first characters in the United States should be ennobled, the offices of honor and emolument would naturally flow from them to their heirs. In cases of emergency, indeed, if the descendants were not equal to great occasions, necessity would compel the government to summon to its aid the plebeian great. Hence in England you find a Chatham, a Hardwicke, a Smith, and a Duncan. *Nobiliores viri factis quam genere.* If the remote relatives of the nobility had been barely competent, these great men would have sunk under the ascendancy of those who so frequently rise like air balloons, and rise pretty much on the same principle, — for want of weight. Now, if the heirs of this nobility were permitted to represent their great ancestors, long before they had arrived at the age of thirty years there would be an equal number of men great as the ancestors of these heirs, of most of whom it might well be said that it would have been better both for themselves and society if they had been born idiots. Hence every noble sentiment of which plebeians are susceptible would be early suppressed, or, if indulged, would be more likely to lead to disgrace than to usefulness. A citizen of the United States has nothing to fear from this usurpation; on the contrary, the reflection that his children start in the race of life at the same moment with their contemporaries, and the assurance that their merits will not be overshadowed and blasted by hereditary usurpation open to each citizen new resources, and insure the parental duties; hence, the child is educated to love that Constitution titled. Tooke nearly underwent the former fate: Windham, more fortunate, was made Secretary at War.

I embrace this opportunity of offering my esteem to one of the greatest, wisest, best, and most injured men in England. Horne Tooke has ever labored under a most disgraceful and multiform oppression, which has frequently ended in the basest exertions of his enemies. Unfortunate man! had destiny cast your lot on our shores, you would have been revered while living, as much as you yet will be when dead.

under which his youth is passed ; and hence the strength of our government consists in that alone which is competent to its destruction.

Whatever may be the power of a State, however prompt the executive and however inexhaustible the treasury even, without the affections of the people all is false, all hollow, all artificial. In vain does the government nail up its authority on every post, if it is not cherished in the hearts of the people. In vain will a few purchased voices cry, Long live King Richard ! In one night Pelopidas overturned a tyranny. In the height of his power Dionysius found himself deserted in Syracuse. "*Huic tantæ tempestati quum se consules obtulissent, facile experti sunt, parum tutam majestatem sine viribus esse.*"

Let us suppose a case. If a revolution should be attempted in the United States, who would be the actors, to whom would they apply, and what method would they adopt ? Would they, like Catiline,¹ address the people : "*Nobis reliquere pericula, repulsas, judicia, egestatem. Quæ quousque tandem patiemini, fortissimi viri ? Nonne emori . . . præstat, quam vitam miseram atque inhonestam, . . . per dedecus amittere ? . . . Etenim quis mortalium, cui virile ingenium, tolerare potest, illis divitias superare, quas profundant in extruendo mari et montibus coæquantibus, nobis rem familiarem etiam ad necessaria decesse ? illos binas aut amplius domos continuare, nobis larem familiarem nusquam ullum esse*" ? Or would they apply to the rich, and attempt to weaken their confidence by explaining the little consideration which the Constitution attaches to wealth as due to an odious spirit of equality which be-reaves the pride of affluence of half its importance ; or, more successfully, would they promise future grandeur, the charms of aristocracy, and the self-complacency of

¹ Sallust. Catilina, xx.

hereditary succession? What a singular paradox! The conspirators would cautiously avoid every man, that is, the great body of the people, who earn their bread by personal industry, and would fly from all those who enjoy a golden competency. Singular paradox! The rich alone would be actors in the revolution, and the poor¹ would be the supporters of government! On one side you would see only those whose ambition had overstepped the proper bounds, and whose riches had only added to their restlessness; on the other, the great mass of the citizens, knowing that a revolution would not benefit them, but terminate in aristocracy, would support the Constitution as the grand pillar of their own consequence. Hence the Constitution is as strong as natural affection, and as durable as self-interest. It destroys some of the worst and enlists in its support some of the best passions of which human nature is susceptible. It lops off the efficient cause of revolution, and impels to patriotism. It is founded in popular feeling, and is considered by the people as a part of their property, as a part of their blood, as a part of their very life; and hence the strength of this Constitution consists in that alone which is competent to its destruction.

You are now prepared, I believe, for the following maxim: "A revolution cannot happen until it ought to happen." This maxim is founded in human feeling, and rests on the broad basis of experience. A people blessed with a good government are themselves the surest pledges of its support. Need I appeal to Sparta, Athens, Rome, confessedly the best and most durable governments of antiquity? The long continuance of despotic power proves nothing; where the will of the prince governs, his violent

¹ Rich and poor are convertible terms; therefore in every country there will be rich and poor. But poverty, in the European meaning of the word, does not find a place in the United States.

death begets a revolution, although his successor be equally absolute. Thus by consulting history, absolute monarchies will be found to have undergone more frequent revolutions than republics. Hence governments have ever been found to be weak in the degree they have been absolute. A great prince, indeed, may during his life give the impression of durability to his rule; but his successor usually proves the inanity of power without personal character. At this moment I should be obliged to consult history to know who were the successors of Alexander, Charlemagne, or Alfred the Great.

In no instance recorded in history have the people hazarded a revolution prematurely: they have indeed attempted many too late. It is characteristic of every body of men in subjection to suffer long before they appeal to the last resort. The enterprise demands such an effort, such vigor, such a degree of secrecy and unity of action that most people are already slaves before they confess it to one another. They hear the clanking of other men's chains before they seem to feel the weight of their own. Yet it is a favorite declamation with the pupils of that school which Mr. Burke opened in prospect of a lordship, that there is no political monster but the people — no tyrant but the multitude.

Now, if a revolution cannot happen until it ought to happen, the Constitution of the United States is pre-eminent in strength over all other forms of government. There are not sufficient materials wherewith to work a revolution. It is not in human extravagance to act without an object of action; and happily the most dangerous passions are rendered inefficient or subservient. Ambition, indeed, may soar to the empyrean, but unless its object be heavenly it must descend to prey on its own carcass. The Federal Constitution has not only expelled every humor

which might injure the habit, but has lopped off every excrescence which might fret the body. Nor is this all; its regenerative spirit, operating at short intervals, preserves its youth and gives it immortal vigor, so that the principle of revolution is a part of the system.

The productive causes of revolution are restriction and exclusion on the one part, and usurpation on the other. In the latter particular our Constitution has nothing to fear; the first step of usurpation is the last; nor has the Constitution more to fear from restriction and exclusion. It remained for the people of the United States to exhibit the happiest sight which philosophy ever witnessed. The extremities of all the religions in the world might meet in a circle. "*Incredibile memoratu est quam facile coaluerint.*"¹ Hence unlimited toleration, incapacitated by no political disability and no invidious exclusion, not only teaches the citizen to respect other men's opinions or to regard them with indifference, but strengthens the government by lopping off one principal exciting cause of revolution. Should the Constitution of England be threatened, the Dissenters, to say the least, would either sit with their arms folded as if in triumph, or in a sort of anxious indifference.

It is the property of most governments to grow strong by usurping the rights of the people; and when the executive, like the northern whirlpool seizes and swallows up everything within its reach, then the government lays claim to dignity and energy; but this strength is as baseless as an inverted pyramid, or is like the water-spout, which, in the moment of its greatest strength and towering pride, finds its level with the ocean. In a considerable degree the government of England partakes of the nature of the northern whirlpool, in that it has seized and swal-

¹ Sallust. Catilina, vi.

lowed up the rights of the Dissenters, and moreover has weakened itself in proportion to their strength. It is like the inverted pyramid in that its chief strength, built originally on the canon law, partially ameliorated, and on the feudal system, partially corrected, flows from the head and not from the heart of the social compact. It is like the water-spout, in that its abuses, for want of an effectual regenerative principle, are in danger of accumulating until they rise to that pitch of enormity which naturally cures itself.

On the contrary, the Constitution of the United States is founded on natural strength, on popular right, on popular affection, and may be amended and even newly modelled without danger of a revolution. Such a government will probably possess all possible good with least possible evil.

In short, a monarch, a hereditary nobility, an established church, are supposed here to be the foundation of government. In the United States they are considered as pompous titles, imposing names, usurpations; nay, more, it is held that legitimate government cannot exist under them. Hence it will be found a more difficult enterprise to introduce than to overturn such a system. Most other governments originated in slavery; ours originated in freedom. In the former case the weak have to contend against the strong, and every unsuccessful effort renders the weak still weaker, the strong still stronger; and unless the spirit of freedom should inspire the people, or the tyranny should be intolerable even to slaves, there is no remedy. In the latter case the conflict is only defensive; guard the sacred fire and freedom must be co-existent with the principle.

Were the United States like ancient Carthage, or like England or Holland, we should soon look with regret on

what we once were ; but being an agricultural rather than a commercial people, we shall be enabled, in spite of commercial aristocracy, to preserve the Constitution in its most wholesome state. The agricultural will happily swallow up the commercial influence ; and even if commerce should ruin both the Atlantic and Pacific shores, there will still be ample space between for liberty to range in. Poverty, misery, and slavery, when they find a residence in the United States, will first seat themselves in the capitals of the Atlantic, and may advance a little way into the interior, but in vain will they endeavor to trespass on the freeholders. The wings of our eagle, sitting on the great range of mountains, if not large enough to cover both the Atlantic and Pacific, will still shield the freeborn, brave, and hardy sons of the soil.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXVII.

LONDON, May 15.

IMAGINE to yourself a man of short stature, who has just passed the prime of life ; whose broad high forehead is inclined to baldness, but whose ruddy, thoughtful, yet open countenance shows the temperature both of health and philosophy ; of manners remarkably mild, unassuming, rather reserved ; in conversation cautious, argumentative, frequently doubting, yet modestly courting reply, more from a desire of truth than a love of contending ; in his family affectionate, cordial, accommodating ; to his friends confidential, ready to make any sacrifice ; to his enemies — you would never know from Mr. Godwin that he had an enemy.

Mr. Godwin lives at Somerton, about three miles from London. His house is neat, but in all respects unpretentious; it is called a cottage. His study is small, and looks out upon the country; his library is not large, yet sufficient for a man who depends more on his own resources than on the labors of others. The portrait of Mary, painted by Northcote, hangs over the fireplace. This rendered the study one of the most interesting places I ever visited. Though I have frequently been in the room, I have ventured only to look at the portrait. Mr. Godwin is since married to a charming woman who seems devoted to domestic happiness. At present he is occupied with his "Geoffrey Chaucer," a work of which great expectations are entertained.

A billet received from Mr. Godwin this morning, informed me that Mr. Holcroft and Dr. Wolcott would dine there to-day.

Mr. Holcroft, though nearly sixty, has suffered nothing from years, laborious mental exertion, or persecution. He has all the activity and vivacity of youth. Just returned from the Continent, whither he had banished himself in compliance with the wishes of the English government, he has brought back with him not the least resentment. Persecution, instead of imbittering his disposition, has had the effect which it has on all good men. A villain will always hate mankind in proportion to his knowledge of the world; a good man, on the contrary, will increase in philanthropy.

Literature is not a little honored when one of her votaries, leaving a mechanical employment at a period of life when habits are usually fixed, has employed his pen successfully, and realized a handsome support. Still more charming is it to see the votaries of literature giving proofs of the strongest friendship. Holcroft and Godwin are firm

friends. A striking likeness of the former, also by Northcote, is in the dining-room.

In appearance, Dr. Wolcott is a genuine John Bull, and until he opens his mouth you would little suspect his relationship to the poet of Thebes. He is a portly man, rather unwieldy, and, I believe, is fond of a sedentary life. He is hastening to old age, and seems disposed to make the most of life. There is little similarity of character between Wolcott and Godwin. They are both constant in mental exertion; but the one prefers to sit on a silver cloud and be wafted through the four quarters of the world, looking down on all the varieties of Nature and the follies of man. The other, possessed of the nicest moral feelings, loves to envelop himself in darkness and abstraction, in order to contemplate whatever is just, fit, or useful. The one, laughing, dressed in the gayety of spring, enters society with the pruning-hook; the other, more serious, labors with the ploughshare. Holcroft, who, owing to a defective education, never began to think until his mental powers had come to maturity, embarrassed by no system follows the dictates of his own mind, and if he is sometimes erroneous, the error is all his own; it is never a borrowed error. Hence his conversation, embellished by the variety of life which he has seen, is rendered rich, brilliant, original, and impressive.

It is singular, but I believe old age is more disposed to egotism and more open to flattery than youth. I can account for it only from a fondness for the past and a certain kind of jealousy which are natural to old age. However this may be, a man like Wolcott, and a poet too, whose society has been courted as much as his works have been read, will naturally in the company of friends frequently find in himself a subject for conversation; nor is this in the least displeasing. They are always the greatest egotists

who are most offended with the egotism of others. Wolcott seemed delighted with the following anecdote respecting certain of his works. He said that the ministry had it in contemplation to prosecute him for a libel; and when the good policy of the prosecution was questioned, the gracious Lord Thurlow, to whom Wolcott was under great obligation, rose and asked his fellows whether they were sure a jury would condemn the man; and on the surmise of a mere doubt, Thurlow said: "Then it is not expedient to prosecute."

I was struck with surprise and horror when Mr. Godwin informed me that the ministry once had it on the carpet to prosecute the "Political Justice." I took occasion on this to ask him how long before he was known to the world he had devoted himself to literature. He replied: "It was ten years before I was known as an author." This ought to inspire the persevering with new ardor.

Wolcott, like most men of genius, has a contempt for mere scholars, who, walking on the stilts of pedantry, imagine themselves a head taller than other folk. The talents of a certain famous man being questioned, Wolcott remarked that he was not a man of genius, but a man of great capacity. He also said that if we would attend to him he would distinguish between the learned man, the man of capacity, and the man of genius. "Here," said he, "we will suppose a number of coins—ducats, pistoles, dollars, guineas—on this table. The learned man, after thumbing his dictionaries for half an hour, will be able to tell you the names of these coins, in all languages. The man of capacity will go further, and tell you the value of each coin and the amount of the whole together, with everything relative to their use, difference of exchange, and origin. But who invented these coins? The man of genius."

This gave general satisfaction. However, it was replied, and I thought very justly, that unless the man of genius should acquire capacity, his genius without capacity would be less useful than capacity without genius. For, the exertion of genius is rare. God does not every day create a world; and although genius may claim a higher prerogative than capacity can claim, they are mutually indebted. If genius gives employment to capacity, not infrequently capacity gives direction and results to genius.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXVIII.

LONDON, May 24.

I AM conscious how much I hazard in the present letter; but the preceding notices on the English character will dispose you to consider this letter a commentary, rather than a dictate of my own authority.

Those various prerogatives which the English claim to possess exclusively might induce a stranger to suppose that they would fling themselves back in their easy-chairs and either deride or despise all those who are not self-dependent, self-supported, and regardless of the opinions of everybody else. Yet I am inclined to believe these self-poised characters sacrifice more to their foolish passions than any other people. This can be illustrated only by instances taken from real life.

It is obvious that in proportion as a country is free, its people will display a variety of passions; while the ease and safety with which the passions may be indulged will lead many to preposterous lengths; and while the man is

ruining himself his obstinacy of perseverance will increase to the last; the same spirit which first incited, propels him forward. He will esteem it more honorable to flounder in desperation than to stop midway in his career. "*Maluit patrati, quam incepti facinoris reus, esse.*"¹ His passion acts in a circle, finds no end, but still progresses in degrees. The poor, in proportion to their means, will be in danger of low pleasures, or, what is not less ruinous, they will sacrifice themselves to a hopeless emulation.

I think it necessary to premise this, in order to preserve a degree of verisimilitude among so many inconsistent traits as are discoverable among the English.

I have frequently thought that if such a man as Fabricius should visit England, he would leave the people with sentiments little to their honor. He would discover that poverty was considered not only the greatest evil, but a species of crime. He would perceive a disposition to exchange fame, happiness, even principle, for worldly appearance and the inglorious reputation of riches; nay more, that the poor enjoyed a transient happiness in being thought affluent.

Zimmerman, you know, in speaking of the different observations which different peoples make on strangers, does the English the superior honor to attribute to them this liberal characteristic: "What sort of a man is that?" The praise which this supposes may, for aught I know, be comparatively just; but certain it is, if the English ever do respect a poor man, it must be under a singular circumstance; for they cease to respect themselves only in the degree they approach poverty; and such a horror have they of the mere suspicion of indigence that they become prodigal in counterfeiting affluence, and insure future through fear of present distress. The coward who killed

¹ Tacitus.

himself lest he should be killed by the enemy was not more ridiculous.

The truth is, and I have noticed it before, the English attribute to themselves a wonderful degree of consequence: they will naturally do this in comparing themselves with the slaves of Europe. Unfortunately they appreciate the fact that unless they possess the talents of a Burke or a Sheridan, personal worth commands no respect without a certain style of appearance; and with all classes, except that which is abandoned to hopeless wretchedness, this necessary appearance is rated far above ability. Hence it may easily be credited that the English are generally extravagant, frequently desperate, and always unhappy; for no people descend to misfortune with less dignity than the English. The fearful calm which precedes despair or the headlong impetuosity of Niagara, seizes the unhappy Englishman. His native frankness forbids him to suppress his feelings; from far you hear the brewing storm.

If the English possessed the real spirit of independence they might still retain all their pride, but they would manifest it in a very different manner. Indeed, they sometimes assert their independent spirit in devoting themselves to mad pursuits, but, whether governed by whim or madness, they would feel themselves disgraced if they indulged their caprice or madness at less expense than they could their sober senses. He who is fantastic is easily tolerated; but if he is singular merely to save expense, he instantly becomes contemptible.

This unhallowed attachment to wealth does not spring from the miser-passion of possessing property, but rather from a consciousness that its dissipation affords the surest means of gratification. The English are not remarkable for being "*alieni appetentes*," but only for being "*profusi*

suorum ;” yet the “*profusi suorum*” are nearly related to the “*alieni appetentes*.”

If you descend to real life you will find this same spirit operating through all the ranks of society. In presence of this influence, moral fitness, natural justice, and social feeling are all annihilated. From the august tribunal of the Lord Chief-Justice down to a petty Court of Requests, from the Secretary of State to his humblest retainer, or from the magnificent merchant down to a haberdasher of small wares, — all, all are in counteraction to the proud principles of their Constitution.

No people are more ready at the theatre to applaud the fine sentiment, “Who steals my purse, steals trash.” This sentiment still passes in a court of honor, and it passes in the theatre. When retired from real life, the people forget themselves ; but I have never heard the lines quoted at Guildhall, nor at Westminster. The filching of a good name and the stealing of a purse would conduct to very different tribunals ; and the damaging of another to the amount of a sixpence in purse and a sixpence in reputation would terminate in very different consequences. The sentiment of Shylock is more just : “If you spare my life, spare my property, for that is life.”

In general, the spirit of a nation is shown in the spirit of its laws ; but England is an exception. The English laws ignore all distinction in the several gradations of crime. This would puzzle a foreigner ignorant of the English character. He would either pronounce the English to be more attached to property than to life or reputation, or conclude that they are a nation of thieves. At the Old Bailey I saw a wretch capitally convicted for stealing a ragged pocket-handkerchief, while the humane judge, feeling the hardship of the case, asked the prosecutor this question : “Were you in the least degree sensible of miss-

ing it at the time, or immediately after the time; for if you felt it go from your pocket, the felony was not capital." Sometimes the jury, to save a man from the gallows, will generously perjure themselves. At the Old Bailey, they are in the frequent habit of reckoning two for one, except when specie is stolen; then they are obliged to value two pounds at forty shillings; though I have heard the judge condole with the jury because there was no system of arithmetic which would warrant their computing three guineas at one pound nineteen shillings.

I am not sure if it be candid to attribute the unequal laws of the English to their intemperate regard for property; though I have labored in vain to find a less dishonorable reason. Commercial people, we all know, will, as much as they can, render law offensive to others and defensive to themselves. The same spirit seems to run through the whole system of English law, whether relative to commerce or to the landed interest. If you ask the merchant, "What do you consider the greatest crime?" he might possibly say murder, but he would mean forgery; on the other hand, should you ask the country squire the same question, he too might possibly say murder, but he would mean the murder of one of his hares.

In this country, few crimes are thought to be highly criminal so long as property is secure. One would suppose that the forcible amputation of a man's ears or nose was a greater crime than the stealing of one of his sheep; but the fact is, a man's ears and nose are not essential members, nor subjects of trade; whereas, if a man's ears or nose were soused, like a hog's feet and ears, the law in this respect would change from a civil process to a felony. If you steal the only child of a fond parent, the law is silent; but if you steal the child's clothes you commit a felony. I was present at a trial of this sort, on which the

prisoner was acquitted, it not appearing sufficiently evident that he stole the child with a view to steal the clothes.

The same spirit influences the administration of public affairs. The subject is invidious, yet sufficiently notorious. Public offices are not sold at vendue, but it is well known they may be purchased. You frequently see in the most celebrated newspapers advertisements offering certain sums "to any lady or gentleman who can command sufficient parliamentary interest to procure the writer a public office with a specified salary"—the utmost secrecy being promised! I confess I had so much simplicity, when I first saw such an advertisement, that I thought it an excellent joke. I am now fully persuaded that public offices may be purchased, if you know where to apply. Mr. Addington is the last man to whom I would recommend a suitor. He would certainly suffer disappointment.

The following singular circumstance passed under my own observation. An honest fellow in the west of England, with more money than correct knowledge of the world, had doubtless heard that public offices as well as loans and state lotteries were sold in London. A valuable sinecure in his neighborhood becoming vacant, he wished to purchase it for his son. In full expectation of getting the office, he applied to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, promising him two thousand pounds. The simple man had no idea of bribing the Minister of State, and was not a little frightened when told his proceeding was not exactly regular. Mr. Addington prosecuted the man for an attempt at bribery, and he was convicted; but the judges, much to their honor, feeling the merit of the case, imposed the small fine of one hundred pounds. They were obliged to convict the man, otherwise Mr. Addington must have paid the costs.

In this instance the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not

show himself the great man. Had there never been an office sold in England, public virtue might have exacted this from Mr. Addington ; but England is not early Rome, though Mr. Addington may be Cato the Censor. It would have been more magnanimous in the Chancellor to have written back a gentle reprimand, attributing the man's offers to ignorance. This prosecution was as ill-timed as a similar one would have been at that period of Rome when Jugurtha, with a certain famous exclamation, departed from the city.

In common life so much is attributed to the reputation of riches that you meet with few men who would not be happy to pass themselves off as worth ten thousand pounds. This shows itself in the style of appearance and manners of the people. Understand me ; I do not impute this so much to a passion for property as to a fondness for appearance. To this ambition the old men are an exception ; they are the same in all countries. No wonder if he who has outlived the world and all his friends believes nothing in this life is so substantial as money and so durable as real estate. No wonder that when he can lean no longer on this world, and when society conspires to cast him off, he considers his bag of gold his softest pillow.

The first lodgings for which I inquired in London were shown me by a decent-looking man. I had scarcely entered the apartments when he told me he was independent and not in the habit of letting lodgings, but that a part of his family was in the country.

I was chatting lately with a lady newly married, who excused herself for a few minutes. On her return I observed that she was more richly dressed. I bantered her ; she said she expected one of her husband's relatives. " Well, and were you not dressed with perfect decency ? " " The gentleman whom I expect," replied the lady, " would

never have called on me again, had he seen me in that dress."

"You must not judge by appearances" is the most frequent precaution one hears in London; and perhaps one half of the credit given in this city is due to the strength of appearance. In passing the streets thousands will value you with a *coup d'œil*. It is surprising how rapidly the eyes of those one meets will scrutinize your personal appearance, and invariably fix on that part of your dress which does you the least honor! A man with a hole in his stocking will meet with an insult at every step, unless the eyes of the passengers are arrested by his waistcoat or his breeches. Hence some gain a false credit, while others receive a transient injury, from every one they meet. So usual is it to annex a certain style of appearance to certain characters, that, where the persons are not known they are in danger of being taken for impostors. A certain innkeeper between Oxford and London had never seen Counsellor Garrow, but had formed an idea of his personal appearance. Unfortunately for Garrow, this innkeeper had decorated him with the trappings of a Lord Mayor, and imagined a person very different from plain Mr. Garrow. Mr. Garrow's carriage breaking down in the neighborhood of the innkeeper, the owner endeavored to bargain for another to proceed to London; but the innkeeper hesitating to trust his own carriage for the broken one, Garrow unwittingly told his name. "Counsellor Garrow," replied the innkeeper, "might command anything in my house; but I believe *you* to be an arrant impostor, and will not trust you a farthing." Whether this be true I know not, but I heard Garrow tell it to embellish some case he was supporting.

This letter has become tedious: expect the remainder in my next; for the present

ADIEU.

LETTER XXIX.

LONDON, June 4.

GLORY does not so sensibly affect the English as one might imagine. If talents or valor be requited with money, they seem little solicitous to survive their bodies. They eat parsley with their victuals. The sight of this plant, so sacred to the ancients, affects them as little as do turnips or cabbages.

There is now a ballad-singer under my window chanting the praises of Nelson. The most characteristic couplet is the following : —

“Like a true British tar he sported while ashore,
Has spent all his money and gone to sea for more.”

Successful valor is scarcely to be censured, if the present time command most of its attention ; trappings of honor, splendor of appearance, joyful ovations are the principal rewards of valor. Bravery is a common virtue : mankind are naturally brave, and only become cowards when they become effeminate. The successful exertion of mind co-extends with time, operates through every grade of society, and is felt through all ages. The man whose fame is to be endless ought to feel himself the first among mortals, whether, like Cleanthes, he works in a mill, or, like Anaxarchus, he is pounded in a mortar.

The glory of valor and of literature became a passion with the Greeks and Romans, melting them sometimes to tears, and sometimes depriving them of sleep. I know nothing of the English, if the feelings of the present age are similar to those which influenced the great men of

Greece and Rome. They seemed to be endued with a pure, ethereal spirit, expansive as the light of heaven, and disinterested as the goddess of harvest. Even those who knew not how to imitate them either paid in admiration or detracted in envy. These feelings were, indeed, sometimes carried to excess by the Stoics, but had their origin in magnanimity. If a man can believe that poverty is not an evil, and that pleasure may be extracted from pain itself, he is doubtless a god among men, and may trample temptation under his feet.

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!¹

Can you believe it, my dear fellow, that there are characters here to whom Greeks and Romans would have erected altars, — men who would feel themselves honored in being admitted among noblemen whose chief distinction might perhaps be traced to the herald's office? What a perversion of Nature that mere matter should thus gain ascendancy over mind! Nobler sentiments would have taught them that the immortal exertion of mind ought to inspire a slave, like Epictetus, with more magnanimity than the worthless court of a worthless monarch² could boast. How can you believe that there are those in England ready to sell their names to works not their own!

Most of the English, I suspect, would, like Congreve, rather be esteemed "independent gentlemen" than authors or philosophers, and would sell their tombs in Westminster Abbey for a pair of buckskin breeches.³ I might illustrate this with numerous instances, but they are too well known to you, and are disgraceful to the republic of letters.

¹ Virgil, *Georg.* bk. ii.

² Nero, under whom Epictetus flourished.

³ These are in the fashion both in summer and winter.

The cause of this debasement of human dignity might easily be found ; republics and monarchies will ever exhibit the human mind under different aspects. Under the former an Aristippus will be an exception ; under the latter a Wollstonecraft and a Jean Jacques Rousseau will be exceptions. It might be worth the labor to pursue this inquiry from the time of the philosophers who flourished while the republics of Greece were in full vigor, to the period of the Sophists, when liberty began to decline, thence down to the pandering authors who sprung up under the thousand petty monarchies. It would appear that the government of Greece through all its various stages, from liberty to slavery, produced the like. Philosophers flourished with liberty, sophists on its decline, and an abandoned set of parasites on its catastrophe. Dignity, servility, truth, falsehood, knowledge, ignorance, virtue, vice,—all flow from the spirit of the government as naturally as the stream flows from the fountain. Who could not discern that Cicero wrote during the existence of the Roman republic, and that Horace wrote under a monarchy ! Who could not discern that Lord Bacon¹ at one period of his life held the pen of a slave, while Sydney, Harrington, and Milton wrote during a respite !

In short, this passion for appearance, pardonable in the glowworms of society, which shine only in the absence of light, has not only infected both city and village, but has pervaded the republic of letters, has tricked out philosophy in the garb of the coxcomb, and sent her to dance attendance on the great.

¹ Lord Bacon, in speaking of James the First, in his *Essay on the Character of Queen Elizabeth*, says : “There remain two posthumous felicities, which seem to attend the more noble and august passages of her life ; the one is that of her successor, the other that of her memory. For she has got such a successor, who though by his masculine virtue and offspring, and late accession to the throne, he may excel and eclipse her glory ; yet, etc.”

The remark must be qualified with many exceptions, but I believe it will generally be found true that if this people could have their choice of property or happiness, they would prefer property and trust their happiness to the fashion.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXX.

LONDON, June 16.

I DINED yesterday with Mr. L.

“And so,” said he, “I have heard you say you esteem the English more since you have seen them, but esteem England less.” Mr. L. then threw the gauntlet by observing: “The English form of government exhibits this remarkable peculiarity, that while all other forms of government have deteriorated and become victims of their own corruption, it is the fortune of the English Constitution, — notwithstanding so many revolutions, which frequently ruin what they are designed to mend, and the constant collision of party, which as frequently either relaxes to imbecility or strains beyond the vigor of law, — to stand at this day the wonder of the world.”

In reply to this it was asked: “How does the government operate on general happiness? A government may be excellent in theory, and yet its administration be a mockery of its principles: that is, the government may be nothing more than a form.”

Mr. L. observed: “The theory of every government is doubtless more pure than its administration; the sublimest principles become sullied in their descent to common life; but the English Constitution has provided a remedy for

every wrong, and brought that remedy home to every Englishman's door."

"What, sir, is your definition of the best form of government?"

"That," replied Mr. L., "which operates most extensively on general happiness."

"What, then, sir, may be the proportion between the rich and the poor in England?"

"Whom do you term poor?"

"All those whose daily industry produces only their daily bread, and leaves them at the end as destitute as they were at the beginning of the year; not only those who have not bread to eat, but all those whose daily labor enriches others, while it affords only a scanty subsistence to themselves."

Madam L. observed, "Such were not considered poor in England, and you are in a fair way to conclude that we are a nation of beggars."

Mr. L. replied, "Perhaps, four fifths of the people would come under this description of poor." I then asked, "What was the proportion in the reign of Henry the Eighth when the pleasure of the king was the law of the land, — greater or less?"

"There was, doubtless, then," said Mr. L., "a more equal state of things, for society was not so complicated as at present; the largest possessions did not exert so dangerous and oppressive an influence; the desire of acquisition had not thrust out of doors the liberal, chivalrous spirit of hospitality."

"Nor," added I, "had commerce and manufactures enriched a few at the expense of the many."

"But what is your view," said Mr. L., "comparing the present state of society with the past?"

"Why, the English would be willing to exchange the

reign of his present Majesty for that of Henry the Eighth."

"Nay, sir, the spirit of the modern English would not tolerate a tyrant like Henry on the throne; and if there be at present less general happiness in England than there was in the days of Henry the Eighth, it is not to be attributed to the pernicious influence of the Constitution of 1692, but to the national debt."

"Very plausible," I replied; "but suppose the English free from debt. If your king happen to be a weak monarch, he falls into the hands of a minister,—the consequence of this let Walpole, Bute, and North answer; if he happen to be an Edward First, an Edward Third, or Henry the Fifth, and capable of governing *per se* without a minister, your Constitution is *pro tempore* annulled, for he must be a very weak prince who is not stronger than that Constitution which thwarts his wishes. A James the Second, I readily admit, ought not to attempt an usurpation on the Constitution; but a bold prince, nay, a woman, like 'good queen Bess,' might use the Constitution as she did the Earl of Essex,—flatter it when pleased, and discard it when jealous. Indeed, I hazard a doubt if your boasted Constitution has ever had a trial of its strength."

"But," said Mr. L., "you seem to be ignorant, sir, that the English have a House of Commons,—the protector of the Constitutional rights of the subject, the watchful guardian of the interests of the people, without whose consent not a farthing can be levied; this is the glorious bulwark of an Englishman's liberty. This inestimable popular branch of the government was peculiar to England until the wisdom of your own legislators adopted it under the name of a House of Representatives."

"Your House of Commons, I concede, has been a very economical guardian of the interests of the people; since

the commencement of the last century, it has involved them in a debt of only five hundred and fifty millions. Your House of Commons is the most convenient thing imaginable for a Chancellor of the Exchequer; it affords him color for those measures which might have cost former ministers their heads. Hence, one of them in imitation of the Roman said: 'Money and votes are equally necessary, for with money I can purchase votes, and with votes raise money.'"

Mr. L. replied: "This national debt, which so much alarms you, is not only an imaginary evil, but a positive good: it consolidates the strength of the nation. The riches of the country have increased with its debt, and at this moment she is as competent to pay the interest as she was in the days of George the First or George the Second."

I observed: "If the landholders and the merchants should divide between them the burden of the national debt there might not be so much cause for complaint; but the whole burden falls on the poor."

"How do you make that appear?" said Mr. L.

"It is sufficiently evident; for there can be no possible proportion between that tax which levies one hundred pounds on him who will never feel the remotest inconvenience from the imposition, and that which levies only sixpence on him who will suffer the deprivation of a single dinner, or work two extra hours, in consequence of the tax; and this is equally true whether the tax be direct or indirect. Therefore, your national debt does impoverish the country, and chain the poor to hopeless poverty. It is a tyrant whom no law can bind, no weapon reach, no submission soften, no condition escape; a new species of monster, which would collect within itself the whole world, and then sink beneath its own weight."

"But," said Mr. L., "what nation under heaven ever dis-

criminated in this manner between the rich and the poor? It is utterly impossible, if the taxes be indirect. Do they, in your country, discriminate between the rich and the poor?"

Thus Mr. L. turned my eyes on our own country. Certainly, my dear fellow, it is one of the first principles, and it ought to be the operation of our Constitution, to check the tendency of inequality, to burden those least whose doors open with a wooden latch, to facilitate the endeavors of industry, and to discountenance the redundancy of wealth.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXXI.

LONDON, June 27.

THERE is no description of people in England holden in less respect than the Quakers; yet I have seen no sect in this country with whom I have been more pleased. The cause of this dislike lies very deep. In a corrupted state of society, those who approach nearest to first principles will forever be objects of dislike, if not of abhorrence, with the rest of the community; for the latter will naturally hate those who differ from them in so many important points, and who not only differ from them, but interfere with their immediate interests.

With respect to the rest of the world, the Quakers certainly are a hopeless and barren set of people. They hate in equal degree both kings and priests. Their consciences revolt at tithes in any shape; therefore the clergy hate them. Their own meditations serve them instead of preaching; therefore the religious of most other denominations dislike them. Their temperance laughs at the

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physician, and their honesty starves the lawyer, while their prudence and foresight exalt them above the active, injurious hatred of the world, and elevate them above those who despise them. Their decency of carriage, their unassuming manners, their habitual economy, and their general spirit of equity, have long, and will perhaps forever connect them in a body as lasting as their present maxims.

There is one characteristic which distinguishes the Quakers from all other sects. They exhibit nothing of the spirit of proselytism; their favorite sentiments partake not of enthusiasm; they hurl no damnation on the rest of the world. Tolerant of everybody, they consider all honest men their brethren. There is not a single trait in their character which is incentive to ill-will, nor a movement in their conduct which has ever courted persecution. Their humility has never resisted even oppression; patient in suffering, they are active only in support of their principles. Remote from all hypocrisy, they have never sought after temporal power, nor has their own system ever operated to the prejudice of others. Yet this sect has been persecuted and its members put to death! This is the blackest stigma on human nature with which the annals of politics or religion have been stained.

Though the Quakers live under a monarchy they have contrived, without the aid of temporal favors, to erect themselves into a government of their own, approaching as near to a republic as is consistent with any sort of allegiance to the national government. This is a masterpiece of policy, which has gained them a firm standing in the midst of their enemies, and which ought to teach the rest of mankind that it is practicable for a virtuous, persevering few to counteract the many. The Quakers have contrived to render themselves happy in the midst of misery, and free,

in a great measure, in the midst of slavery. Hence, they have all that natural, unaffected dignity, and all that manly, cordial spirit of accommodation which man shows to man before he becomes degenerate ; and hence, they regard mankind pretty much as that Cherokee did, who, being introduced at Paris and shown everything which was supposed capable of delighting or surprising him, was asked, after his eyes had devoured the objects of a whole week's exhibition, what astonished him most. He answered, "The difference between man and man ;" and then being asked with what he was most delighted, he replied, "I was most delighted to see a passenger help to carry a heavy burden which he saw upon the back of another."

Although the Quakers approach nearer to the religion of Nature, notwithstanding their correspondence with the world, than any systematic sect which has ever appeared, they still hold to the great principles of the Christian religion, though in point of "orthodoxy" they can hardly be termed Christians. Most other religious persons, whether eastern sages or western saints, have retired from the world in the degree they have approached Brahma or Jesus, while the Quakers, contented with this world until they can find a better, have found the secret of living in the midst of society, and of mingling as much of this world as is consistent with heaven, and as much of heaven as is consistent with making the most of this world.

I have been led to these observations from a circumstance which occurred yesterday. I found on my table the following printed notice : "Some of the people called Quakers, intend to hold a meeting this evening, at their place of worship, in Martin's Court, St. Martin's Lane, to which the neighbours are invited." In expectation of something extraordinary, I attended. At the door I was received by one of the Friends, who introduced me to a seat

among the elders. The house was soon filled, and a profound silence reigned for a few minutes, when one of the brethren rose and began to speak, but he had not spoken a minute, when an elder said, "We would take it kind of thee, friend, to sit down." The speaker looked up to see whence the disapprobation proceeded, then bowing in acquiescence, sat down. Presently a fine-looking elderly lady of matronly appearance, dressed in the most elegant simplicity, rose, and after a warm and impressive prayer, delivered extempore an animated and edifying discourse with a flow of elocution and grace of manner, which, had she been forty years younger, might have inflamed those passions she sought to allay.

There is one defect in the polity of the Quakers, which will forever subject them to the tyranny of the times, — they love peace so well that they will not even fight for their liberty. This known principle divests them of all political consequence when those great political movements are agitated which sometimes involve the deepest consequences to society. Otherwise, the Quakers would gradually effect a revolution throughout the world.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXXII.

LONDON, July 9.

It is the custom of some of the London booksellers to give weekly dinners to their literary and other friends. Hence you sometimes find at the same table, characters who would never have met except under the auspices of roast beef and Madeira wine. It was these which brought together "Jack Wilkes and the venerable Samuel Johnson."

A bookseller's dinner is doubly a treat to his guests. It offers an indirect but agreeable compliment, by telling them their own fame has enabled him to treat them so sumptuously.

The republic of letters is never more respectable than on those occasions of good humor and liberal mirth, when all the arts and sciences find themselves encircled round the festive board. The man who is in the habit of associating with his enemy will frequently finish by esteeming him. Mr. Malthus, who, in opposition to the "Political Justice," has written an essay on the "Principle of Population," a work of some fame, was lately seated at a bookseller's dinner next to Mr. Godwin.

Yesterday, I found myself at Mr. Johnson's, the bookseller, in St. Paul's Churchyard, where, among those to whom I was introduced, was Fuseli the painter, and a Scotch gentleman who is publishing in Scotland a new edition of Ossian in the "original language."

The English don't say much at the table till the first course is finished; but their manner of eating soon throws them into a gentle fever which invites to sociability when they have sufficient confidence in the company. Mr. Bonnycastle contributed not a little to the entertainment; though remarkably merry, I suspect he is a mathematician, for he remarked that "the ball on the top of St. Paul's would appear ten times larger if placed on the ground at the same distance." The difference in the medium of vision was concluded to be the cause of this; but one of the company, who thought it much easier to be certain of a thing than to ascertain its truth, proposed to Mr. Bonnycastle to go and measure the circumference of the ball and then make the experiment.

Fuseli was the life of the entertainment. Ready on all occasions, his happy combination of language joined to his

emphatic manner, bordering hard on dogmatism, together with his deep insight into human nature, renders him an oracle wherever he goes. This is the same Fuseli to whom Lavater dedicated his "Aphorisms." His first publication was a romantic essay on the principal works of Rousseau, written, as Mr. Johnson, the publisher, informs me, forty years since; and from that time to the present he has published nothing except his professional lectures.¹ Fuseli was brought up in the family of Lavater, and caught from the latter not a little of the enthusiasm of his character. He spoke of Lavater with reverence and affection, and seemed gratified with my marks of respect for the memory of that original sage. One of the company related the following anecdote of Lavater: "A Swiss lady waited on him to request his opinion of her. Lavater observed her a considerable time, and promised he would send her a written character. The contents of his letter were, 'Very pretty, very silly.'" I remarked that "pretty" had no relation to character, and if it had, Lavater's style of conduct was very remote from such trifling. Fuseli nodded assent, and said that the author of the anecdote knew nothing of Lavater's character.

There must have been a conflict in the mind of Fuseli, between the painter and the author, but the painter got the ascendancy, and claims a large portion of the sublimity of his character. However, I am inclined to believe he sometimes regrets that he has preferred the temporary and limited fame of the brush to the more durable and extensive expression of the pen; for his conversation shows all the correctness of the scholar with the enthusiasm of original sentiment. His profession has naturally led him to history, which he seems to have explored with the jealous eye of incredulity.

¹ Fuseli is Professor of Painting in the Royal Academy.

The character of Julian was accidentally remarked upon by one of the company. Julian, whom his enemies have attempted to depreciate with the name of Apostate, has always been a favorite of mine, on account of his justice, valor, constancy in adversity, and moderation in command. But Fuseli, I perceived, regarded Julian with more than dislike, — with abhorrence; and when I volunteered in his defence, and appealed to the “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,” he put me down by saying that “Ammianus Marcellinus, the historical authority of Gibbon, had drawn a very different character of Julian from that exhibited in the ‘Decline and Fall.’ The worst traits in his character are concealed, and the best embellished by Gibbon, who, fond of Julian, was afraid of spoiling his hero by giving him his just character.” However, Gibbon is not the only historian who has taken delight in celebrating the virtues, the wisdom, and the valor of Julian; and I am yet to be persuaded that Julian the Apostate was not a fine fellow, and worth all the holy Fathers who have worn a tiara.

The features of Fuseli are as strongly marked as if they had been cut in marble; but his character, which I suspect is naturally violent, seems tempered with philosophy and adorned with an exquisite taste. Eccentric from his cradle, age has taken nothing from the impetuosity of his conceptions, which by turns dazzle, elevate, and astonish. It is now a profound remark, then general satire, and presently a romantic excursion. In all the relations of life, in short, Fuseli is a respectable man.

The Scotch gentleman, who is publishing Ossian in the “original language,” had come to London to mortgage a large quantity of Scotch land. One of the company at dinner whispered, “He ought to have gone to Norway or Lapland; there Scotch lands might be praised.”

The new edition of Ossian gave rise to several observations. I endeavored to obtain Fuseli's opinion of the authority of those poems, but was prevented by the rapidity of his conversation. He seemed to treat the poems with no great respect, and at length let off a shot at the whole clan of Scotch poets, by roundly asserting that all the Scotch rhymers put together would not amount to half a poet. Fuseli, I discovered, would allow no man to be a poet who is not in the habit of attaining to the sublime. He himself deals altogether in the sublime of painting. He has even attempted the sublime in the three witches in Macbeth. But if the object of the various kinds of poetry be to please, to enrapture, to soothe, to elevate, he is a true poet who can attain his object in either way. The Greeks were not so nice: Anacreon, Theocritus, and Pindar were acknowledged by all Greece. Then why should Allan Ramsay, Thompson, and Burns be questioned? For my part, I should be loath to see the more humble Beattie whipped from Parnassus.

It seemed to be the opinion of the Scotch gentleman that if the "original language" was printed with the translation of Ossian, every doubt respecting the authority of the poems would be silenced. I suggested the possibility that the "original language" might have been translated from Macpherson's Ossian, and if so, the fact would probably raise another storm of criticism.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXXIII.

LONDON, July 20.

AN excursion at this season of the year to Oxford, on foot, with an intelligent companion, will afford all that the charms of Nature can give, in addition to what one may collect as a tourist.

Having procured a letter of introduction to Mr. Portall, a fellow of St. John's, Oxford, we proceeded by the way of Windsor, the summer residence of their Majesties. Nine miles from the city, on the road to Windsor, is Turnham Green; here dwells the venerable Dr. Griffiths,¹ the projector of the "Monthly Review." Having formerly been introduced, and received by him with the affectionate compliment that he had "a reverence for the citizens of the United States," we called on this literary patriarch, and ran over fifty years in about an hour and a half. Sociable, as most old men are when you have their confidence, and highly interesting, by having at command the cream of all the literature and the connecting anecdotes of the last half century, Dr. Griffiths requires only your attention to carry you into the "greenroom" of the republic of letters. Fortunately for most celebrated authors, their books live, and their memories perish; otherwise the glory of their names would rarely save their characters from contempt.

I asked him if David Hume did not formerly reside in that vicinity, and if he was acquainted with that writer. Dr. Griffiths pointed from the window to the house in which Hume resided while at Turnham Green. He added: "Both Hume and Rousseau have spent many an hour in

¹ Lately deceased.

this room." I was transported by the fact that I was conversing with a man who had been intimate with Rousseau, and I was anxious to collect every particular respecting that wonderful character.

Dr. Griffiths thought Rousseau knew the human heart much better in the closet than he did in the world, which, notwithstanding the goodness of his heart, led him to exhibit —

"Then," I added, interrupting him, "he had an excellent heart?"

"— which, notwithstanding the goodness of his heart," repeated the doctor, "frequently led him to exhibit a jealousy, which rendered it extremely difficult for people to accommodate themselves to him."

"But, sir, this jealousy was nothing more than the excess of sensibility; it did not originate in envy?"

"No; who was there for Rousseau to envy? Rousseau envied no man."

"But," I added, "Voltaire, I suspect, envied Rousseau."

"No wonder," said the doctor; "the world gave Voltaire a rival, and Voltaire had not sufficient magnanimity to admire a man who like Minerva sprung full-grown from the head of Jupiter, and who seemed to usurp part of that temple in which Voltaire alone had been so long worshipped."

I asked the doctor, "How did Rousseau spend his time when he visited you?"

"As little like a philosopher," he replied, "as you can imagine. He had a small sagacious dog called Cupid, that always followed him. Whenever Rousseau was urged to converse on subjects either disagreeable or fatiguing to him, he would begin to sing; at the same moment Cupid would begin to dance, — and thus Rousseau would frequently spend two hours, excepting those short intervals

when Cupid would make a blunder, and then his master would fall a-laughing. In this manner would the philosopher of Ermenonville spend many an hour in that window-seat, while he resided in this town with Hume."

We left this civil old gentleman, who made us promise to come and eat a bit of mutton with him, and proceeded to Windsor. The castle is on a high hill of gentle ascent, and from the Round Tower commands a fine prospect of not less than twelve counties. But nothing gave me more pleasure than the view of Runnymede, so memorable for the extortion of Magna Charta from King John,—if a natural right can ever be said to be extorted. It is a pity that every royal castle has not a Runnymede in sight. I observed that the keeper, who pointed out the places of most note, passed his eye over this famous campaign. Within a short distance and seemingly within reach, stands Eton College, noted for good classical scholars. The hills, covered with wheat, which was quite ripe and promised a golden harvest, the stately oaks, and trees of less growth variegated the face of Nature; while the brute creation grazing at large in the neighboring plains, the calmness of the scene around, the approaching decline of day, together with the curling smoke from the fire-hearths of many villages, inspired a serenity of mind which was fast approaching to a religious revery, when a beggar¹ who had followed us up to the Round Tower broke the charm.

The castle is ornamented with many fine paintings, among which the cartoons of Raphael were shown to us. Of course I admired them, not that I know an original from a copy; I only aspire to judge of the design and execution, of the moral or humor of the piece, or whether it be true to Nature; and every one can do this. The cartoons are so called by way of eminence, to distinguish six of Raphael's

¹ The royal waiter who admitted us to the castle.

large paintings, the subjects of which are taken from interesting passages of the New Testament, whence most of the subjects of the Italian masters are taken.

You, in the United States, know nothing of the raptures which fine paintings are capable of raising in the arms, face, and shoulders of real amateurs. A man is scarcely a critic unless he can expire in convulsions or become petrified with astonishment at the sight of a fine new painting. At the late annual exhibition at the Royal Academy, I observed a gentleman examining very attentively one of Turner's recent paintings. For my part, I had visited all the rooms and was about to retire when I saw the same man fixed in the same place and contemplating the same portrait. I ventured to inquire of him what he saw in that portrait, which commanded so much of his attention. "See!" exclaimed he, "I see something that looks a little like painting! I wish I was chained to that portrait!" I told him that Lord Thurlow¹ would have no objection to that, as he was fond of chains and slavery.

I lately visited a small collection of pictures, which cost the proprietor £20,000. He had formerly made the tour of Europe in search of paintings, and was then gone to Italy to purchase more. Two of the pictures, called by way of eminence the Murillos, which cost him £4,000 sterling, would scarcely sell at a Boston vendue for so many pence, — only because we do not know the worth of pictures. However, if the affluent have no worse passion than a passion for fine paintings, let them enjoy both by day and night their sleeping Venuses, or wanton with the houris over the landscapes of Claude Lorrain.

The time now approached when it was expected that the royal family would walk on the terrace. The terrace is situate on the declivity of the hill southeasterly from the

¹ It was a most striking likeness of Lord Thurlow.

castle. It is a charming walk, faced with freestone, and, as I judge, is nearly two thousand feet in length. Here, in fine weather, their Majesties with the princes and princesses, accompanied by a band of musicians, graciously walk at six o'clock in the evening to show themselves to strangers. Behind the royal family came several lords in waiting whom I stupidly mistook for liveried servants; so nearly allied, sometimes, is the height of greatness to the height of meanness. There were as many as a hundred strangers who lined the terrace to view this royal exhibition. As his Majesty passed by they stood uncovered, he himself frequently bowing to the spectators.

The same evening we proceeded to Maidenhead. A sound sleep would have been highly agreeable, but like all strangers who tarry in that town, we were compelled to lie awake. At every half-hour a watchman crying the time of night passed under my window, and what made the matter worse he tagged every thirty minutes with "Praise the Lord! Amen!" A monkish relic, I suppose.

Our landlord, one of the most civil men in the world, had risen before us and seemed really sorry to have us go before breakfast. The English inns are certainly the most accommodating places in the world; two knocks on the table will immediately produce all the effects of magic. I have never met in England but one innkeeper who did not appear to be a gentleman. This was at Newbury. It is the custom for most of the English to drink at every inn at which a stage stops. As the English travel day and night, a passenger will sometimes drink about twelve times in the twenty-four hours, besides what he drinks at dinner. The landlord, having waited on those who were most pressing for drink, at length came up to one of the passengers and asked him what he would have. The passenger assured him that he had drunk five times since

dinner, and could not venture on any more. "But then," said the landlord, "what shall I make by you?" "Oh, sir, you shall lose nothing by me," replied the passenger; "if you will be so good as to deduct from a pint of porter the original cost and duties, I will pay you the difference between that amount and the retail price."

We breakfasted at Henley, a considerable country town; and while breakfast was preparing, I went into a neighboring churchyard — the place of most interest in many country towns — to read the epitaphs, some of which were highly impressive, though written in very bad taste. Possibly without knowing it, the writers of these epitaphs sometimes hit upon the sublime of human character. The following epitaph I met with in a country village: "Here lies the body of Henry Steele. He was a good son and a good brother, a good husband and a good father; and the neighbors all followed him to his grave."

Between Henley and Oxford, the prospects, scenery, and cultivation, the ripe and abundant harvest of wheat, the mellow temperature of the season, — all conspired to enhance those pleasures which liberal Nature offers to the senses.

"Surely," said I, "this is a delightful country!" "Yes," replied my companion, "but finish your rhapsody quickly, or it will end in a sarcasm." I looked up and saw at a distance a company of gleaners approaching, with their arms full of sheaves. "There," said he, "your first reflection will be that, although Providence has lavished an abundant harvest, this little company of gleaners will scarcely have in winter bread enough, while the granaries, in mockery of Ceres, will hold much of this wheat until it rots. But who can help it, if monopolizers frustrate God's providence?"

As the gleaners passed by, I asked one of them why

they went so far to glean, when the reapers were so busy all around. "Oh, sir," said another of the company who seemed to be the brightest, "it is not every farmer that permits us to glean, nor is it a favor granted to every one."

We passed on. "Ah," said my fellow-traveller, shrugging his shoulders in raillery, "this would be a charming country if there were no men in it!"

In the evening we arrived at Oxford, an inland city, about sixty miles northwesterly from London, and famous all over the world as a nursery of great men and great scholars. Oxford particularly is an object of curiosity on account of the variety of Gothic architecture. The colleges, twenty in number, are very large, and some of them are noble buildings in the Gothic style. Separated from one another at considerable distance, they give the city a most venerable and solemn aspect. Oxford too has the happiness of being visited by the Thames, of all rivers in the world the most adored by Englishmen. The Hindoos do not hold the Ganges in higher veneration than do the English this river, and should they become idolaters they would pay divine honors to silver Thames. The Cherwell, too, and the more humble Isis are in the neighborhood of Oxford.

In the morning we waited on Mr. Portall. I cannot express to you how cordially he received us; he gave us two days of unwearied attention. He is a ripe scholar and, what is more, a man of good sense. He seemed to partake of the satisfaction he afforded in showing us everything remarkable in the different colleges, which he rendered doubly impressive by adding all the interesting particulars which have been collecting for ages.

The Bodleian Library, the largest in the world except that of the Vatican at Rome, contains many precious,

unilluminated manuscripts, which no doubt in the course of centuries will enrapture many an antiquary, as will the Arundelian marbles lately arrived from the East. These fragments were imported at great expense; and probably when the inscriptions are deciphered, it will be found that they amount to nothing more than some loose couplets to a favorite mistress, or what is more pernicious, that they record the apotheosis of some tyrant.

Some of these manuscripts are so exceedingly obscure that it is not yet ascertained in what language they are written. It is told with considerable humor that one of them was presented to a famous antiquary, who after six months returned it, giving his serious opinion that the manuscript was a ramification of a branch of a dialect of the language which was spoken by the northern Huns who broke down the Great Wall of China!

This immense library was to me a source of various reflection. "Here," thought I, "is collected not a little of the nonsense of the days of monkery, much of the truth and falsehood of antiquity, the romantic extravagance of the days of chivalry, 'which now, alas, are gone forever!' and the more dangerous, because more subtle, dictates of modern tyranny." The wonderful exertion of the human mind which this library displays produced a mingled emotion of admiration, pity, and contempt for the sublimity, perversion, and meanness of the race of philosophers and authors. Nine tenths of the volumes here laid up in literary penance ought to have sent their authors to bedlam; for every famous book filled with more errors than truths adds a new link to the chain of error. Notwithstanding truth is eternal, and error temporary, yet owing to self-interest, passion, and wrong-headedness, there are in all countries ten errors published for every one truth; hence we ought not to wonder at the doubt in which men of

sense are involved, nor at the inconsistencies into which the thoughtless fall. Truth and error are at first received by mankind with equal credit, and when these ten errors are discovered the solitary truth is not secure, for out of mere resentment the errors turn persecutors.

Your fancy cannot figure, either in Arcadia or in imaginary Parnassus, more charming retreats for contemplation, or more inspiring recesses for prosecuting lofty composition than those afforded by the secluded gardens of the colleges. Here the peripatetics might have forgotten their favorite walks, or the more refined Epicurus and his disciples their earthly paradise. Here Art has successfully introduced the varieties of Nature, and administers to the senses at the same time she expands the heart and elevates the mind. No wonder this is classic ground; no wonder this University is the nursery of so many veterans in the republic of letters. Whether they prefer to contemplate mankind, explore Nature through the various formation and use of the leaf, or, leaving the garden, to ascend to the heavens, they have within their reach every assistance to establish truth or confute error. Oxford has at present fifteen hundred students.

Here is the largest collection of paintings by the great masters which I have ever seen. Some of the more public apartments of the colleges seem to revive the Italian and Flemish schools. Nor do the Dutch make an awkward appearance among the more southern artists, although a Dutchman rarely considers his painting finished until he has introduced a dirty table, with pipes, tobacco, and a pot of Geneva, together with a fishing-smack in a fresh breeze; but if the latter cannot be introduced the artist is content to hang up a large ham and several pounds of Bologna sausages over the fireplace.

At four o'clock we dined at St. John's with Mr. Portall

and several other Fellows of that college. The apartment was decent and the furniture elegant. The dinner was perhaps too sumptuous and gross for those who are laboring up the hill of science. According to custom, or more probably as a compliment to the guests, dinner was scarcely ended when coffee was introduced, and immediately after that supper was on the table ; so we did not rise from dinner, coffee, and supper until nearly ten o'clock. If these are usual habits, Aristippus would be found there much oftener than Zeno. During the entertainment, questions were naturally multiplied respecting our own country. The company seemed delighted to hear that their own great men were perhaps more generally known and read in the United States than in England. It was a romantic pleasure to imagine the reverberating echoes of their own labors in what they were pleased to term the wilderness. They were not a little surprised when I told them that there were no cities in England, excepting London, which could vie with New York, Philadelphia, or even Boston. A regret was expressed that we are no longer one people. I laughingly told them that this is their own fault, for doubtless the United States would accept them as a colony.

After a morning excursion along the banks of the Isis, a stream made sacred by the poems of Mason and Warton, we took our leave of Mr. Portall, who now added those cordialities which gave a double interest to his warm reception of us.

We proceeded to Woodstock, about eight miles from Oxford, to take a view of Blenheim House, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough. On our way thither we stopped at a cottage to buy a draught of beer. There was only an elderly woman with her daughter at home ; the latter of whom appeared to be ten years of age, and was sitting at a table learning to write. The mother regarded us with-

out the least curiosity, but seemed gratified when we examined the little girl's writing-book, and offered to mend her pens and set her some new copies; those from which she was writing being very little better than her own attempts. When we had ruled her book through, and set her more than twenty copies, she was highly pleased with the fairness of the writing, and showing it to her mother, said, "John himself cannot write half so well." This incident is not otherwise worthy of notice than by way of comparison. This woman lived in rustic retirement, and saw less of the world than if she lived in a village; yet though we were travelling on foot, an unusual sight in England, and presumed to enter a private dwelling-house with no other view than to buy a draught of beer, a suspicious circumstance, this good woman eyed us with no attention, asked us no questions, and courted no knowledge of our pursuit. How different in our own country! In such a case the good woman would first inquire whence we came, and whither we were going, and what might be our business. Then she would contrive to find out our names. Then, pausing a moment to recollect if she knew, or had ever heard of the names before, she would ask if our grandfathers or grandmothers were not related to Mr. or Mrs. Such-a-one. This would naturally lead to all the good woman knew.

Woodstock is doubly famous on account both of the past and the present. Here Geoffrey Chaucer was born, and here he spent most of his days; but in vain I looked for that door-stone which one of our own bards has so happily imagined:—

"Chaucer on his door-stone sits and sings,
And tells his merry tales of knights and kings."

Woodstock is famous at present for being the seat of

the Duke of Marlborough, and for gentlemen's fashionable gloves and steel watch-chains.

At the great gate of the ample domain of his Grace we were received by one of those persons, powdered for the occasion, whom you so frequently find in the service of great men. He was an elderly man, who in the course of perhaps forty years had accumulated ten thousand particulars respecting this country-seat, and which he had told ten thousand times, probably without the least variation. Thus: "Do, pray, gentlemen, take a view of the river from this artificial eminence; see how it opens upon that lawn, how picturesque that little wilderness of trees. Now cast your eye a little to the right, and observe that island, seemingly afloat; turn a step to the left and see the monument,—you have certainly heard of that monument, how it breaks upon you when it is seen from the other side of the river, while the trees seem suddenly to retire. Fair Rosamond lived yonder,—you have certainly heard of Fair Rosamond." In the same manner he ran over everything which concerned his particular office.

When we came to the bridge which is between the palace and the monument, I ventured to ask the servant if the stream over which the bridge is built was always as wide as it is at present. He regarded me with a look of suspicion, and replied in the negative. He may have supposed that I had seen the famous epigram on this bridge, made in the time of the first Duke of Marlborough:

"This mighty bridge his great ambition shows,
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows."

The monument is a proud pile, distant from the palace about half a mile. It celebrates on one side all Churchill's merits as a soldier; and on another side it gives an extract from the Act of Parliament, presenting Blenheim House and domain to John Churchill, etc.

We now turned and approached the mansion. The powdered gentleman began to discourse on its architecture, which he thought rather too low and heavy, but added : "It is in the usual style of Sir John Vanbrugh," not forgetting the epitaph : —

" Lay heavy on him earth ! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

At the gate of the palace there were five other visitors waiting to view the apartments. Between the hours of two and four the family retire in order to accommodate strangers.

There was nothing in the palace worthy of particular notice except a collection of pictures, many of them by the Italian and Flemish masters, which had been presented to the first Duke of Marlborough. A few of the paintings were on a large scale, exhibiting his exploits. Here is the largest library, except the Bodleian, which I have ever seen ; but the neglected appearance of the books confers very little honor upon their authors. The dining-room and dining-table, which was set for dinner, were simply elegant, as was her Grace's bedchamber.

The powdered gentleman endeavored to persuade us to admire the damask bed-quilt, the history of which consumed some time. He had now completed his usual circuit, and having received the fees which he exacted, — the amount of which would have maintained the first Duke of Marlborough a week, — we were dismissed into the hands of the keeper of the park, who finished his official duties with a like demand. Here I had another opportunity of observing how nearly the height of greatness is sometimes allied to the lowest meanness. I should despise that man in the United States who would condescend to raise a revenue on the curiosity of his own countrymen or from strangers.

This system of exaction runs down from the royal palace to the waiter at the coffee-house or the more humble ordinary. It cannot be supposed that their Majesties or the Duke of Marlborough lease out these lucrative offices; but in the lower ranks of society they are objects of speculation. One of the waiters at a London coffee-house informed me that to secure his place he paid to his master weekly the sum of eight shillings sterling! This needs no comment. I just add that with a few exceptions you find in England but two sorts of people, beggars by privilege, and their co-relatives, beggars from necessity.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXXIV.

LONDON, July 29.

You request a sketch of the state of society in England. The few hundred miles westerly from London which I have travelled, will hardly warrant my speaking generally; besides society here is so diversified that if you speak generally you are in danger of falling into an exception, and if you would speak particularly, you must enter into everybody's kitchen. It is as difficult to describe the state of society as it is to delineate the characters of the English; for though they are slaves to the opinions which are held by people of their own class, yet they object to being exactly like their neighbors. Hence you would see no Dutch fashions which last a hundred years, no blind attachment to an idol Lama, no uniform state of indifference as in Spain. In short, England is in a continual state of various experiment; everything seems inconsistent. The nobleman frequently forgets his peerage, and the plebeian

frequently imagines himself a nobleman. You find a singular compound of liberty and slavery, of dignity and servility, some little degree of equality, yet every one despising those below himself. Not an individual in the nation knows the form of government, or knows what it may be three months hence. Under the mere form of law and of freedom, it is a perfect political despotism; and though the people may protest that it is otherwise, they have no representatives in Parliament. The people, indeed, are fully persuaded they ought to be free, and the Parliament, fearful lest they should resort to first principles, is willing to persuade them they are free. Hence while most other governments are supported by main force or passive consent, the English system is conducted by mutual concession. Except at the beginning and conclusion of a war, the king is nothing; yet he does not lose his dignity in time of peace, though he may be little more than a King Log.

The private history of this people is a subject equally for the philosopher and the buffoon. Their public history is a little more consistent and offers more uniformity, though less honesty. You perceive the same spirit streaming down from Jack Cade and Wat Tyler to John Hampden and William Beckford, though Cade and Tyler do not rank in history with the latter, merely because they were not gentlemen of education. It is true, however, that the public history of a powerful people is no criterion of their domestic happiness. Like certain beautiful and majestic women, such a people will show best at a distance, and possibly be most envied when least known.

The few notices which I am enabled to offer on the present state of society will be partly drawn from my own observation, and partly from as good intelligence as I have been able to procure without seeming to seek it

directly, for the English have one very great foible, — if they are ever disposed to deceive, it is in order to gain a stranger's good opinion; yet all of a sudden they are perfectly indifferent if you are unwilling to admit their pretensions. So that if they do not pay, they do not exact deference.

I shall state a few facts from which, with the help of a little imagination, you may draw a passably correct inference. The land in England is either possessed by the nobility, or monopolized in a great measure by private individuals; hence all the miseries of the feudal system. From this you will readily conclude that the tenants are in a state of slavery. The fruits of industry do not go to cheer the domestic hearth; and although the English peasantry are not serfs, their condition is hardly more enviable than that of serfs: every change of master would serve only to render them less respectable and more distressed. It is for the interest of the landlord to retain his peasantry in a condition just above absolute want, and to discourage their removing from one master to another. Should they be permitted to attain a competency, the landlords would be ruined. The next generation would lower the price of leases; the third would be capable of purchasing the fee simple, and the lands, unless sold, would lie uncultivated. The contemplation of this state of things would burst the blood-vessel of New England; but I am only a spectator and can write with moderation.

The aspect of commerce will afford another insight into the state of society. Rapid acquisitions of fortune, pomp, and luxury, attend commerce; but in her train she carries misery in a thousand shapes. Commerce is not so odious in monarchies, where aristocracy is essential; but in small republics it is destructive, and in great republics it is an evil, unless its spirit be fully counteracted by agri-

culture. In the scale of nations, England would be nothing without commerce; therefore if commerce be an evil, it is a necessary evil. Besides, I think it doubtful if the people be not happier in having the alternative of gleanings in the fields of their landlords, or of becoming the drudges of merchants.

One misfortune allies itself to commerce without any possible remedy; it creates the most odious of all aristocracies, — the unfeeling and unprincipled aristocracy of sudden wealth. Then, destitute of every generous sentiment, the man is disposed to retaliate on society for all those hardships which he has suffered in his adversity. Commerce has the head of a serpent, the arms of a tyrant, and the feet of a slave. It soon beggars a part of society and flourishes in their ruin, while this miserable portion is reduced to the necessity of administering to their own depression; for the more wealthy and powerful a few individuals become, the more weak and miserable are their neighbors. This evil, which it is not in the power of the statesman to remedy, necessarily flows from commerce. If agriculture produces a similar effect, the effect is not necessary but artificial.

Legislation cannot operate on commerce in the light in which I am now considering it, but it can operate on land. The law has only to abrogate the rights which attach to primogeniture, and the face of Nature in England would immediately wear a different aspect. Society in this particular would find its level as soon as the falling waterspout finds its level with the ocean. Such a law, if it were made to operate at a certain future time, might take effect without injuring any individual. Legislation may operate on land in a thousand ways. The people of Lucca so proportioned their taxes to the landed interest of each individual that when his land exceeded a certain number of

acres, the tax on the supernumerary acres exceeded the rent.¹ But these observations with respect to England are altogether futile; for the abolition of the right of primogeniture would effect an entire change of the English system. The nobility will never suffer this. “*Quicquid enim Libertati plebis caveretur, id suis decedere opibus credunt.*”²

You will think a country sufficiently wretched under these circumstances; but in this country there is another evil flowing from commerce, which one cannot contemplate without pain. If the English merchants, like the Hamburgers or the Dutch, traded in foreign merchandise, or, like most of the merchants of the United States, in the produce of agriculture, commerce might not operate so deplorably. The English merchant, like the spider, literally spins his web from the bowels of his fellow-subjects. England is the first, or among the first manufacturing countries in Europe; consequently among the most miserable. Every nation is miserable in proportion to her manufactories. Commerce operates indirectly, but manufactories directly, against equality. They are the stone of Sisyphus, and the wheel of Ixion. The labor of thousands goes to enrich an individual. The daily bread of the workmen is precarious; if those employments to which they are educated fail, they are reduced to the condition of your common sort of gentlemen who have dissipated their property, — they are fit for nothing. A manufactory cannot flourish unless the laborers sacrifice themselves to their employers; for the employers are as much interested to retain the

¹ Suppose there should be a law in our own country prohibiting any citizen possessing more than three, four, or five hundred acres of land, either for himself or to his use, within the territory of his own Commonwealth? Such a law is already desirable, and might be passed *in presenti* to operate *in futuro*, suppose seven years, without prejudice to any individual.

² Livy, iii. 55.

laborers in indigence as are the landlords to impoverish their tenants. Nor is this all; the bodies of the workmen are not less distorted than are their souls contracted. Their children are a lampoon on God's image, and carry through life the distortions of their parents.

I have now given you the outlines of that state of society which every nation would present under similar circumstances. There is nothing in England of which I am aware, that substantially counteracts the operation of commerce, manufactures, and the tenure of land.

I know that every man has his own mode of reasoning, and sees things through a medium peculiar to himself. Some esteem that the happiest country which shows the charming sight of a village peasantry¹ in the vicinity of a magnificent palace. Others, like the Chinese mentioned in a former letter, will esteem that country happiest where five and twenty servants are attached to an individual master. Some will consider that the happiest country in which the labor of thousands enriches a few. Others, like Lord Ellenborough, reasoning more abstractly, and taking a more general view of things, will think that the happiest country where a golden inequality² prevails. To such, the even surface and the waving harmony of a field of corn convey no pleasure. I differ from all these authorities, and believe that to be the happiest country where labor is most equally divided and the decencies of life are most easily obtained.

I know that man is disposed to give himself preference

¹ The English farmers all live in a gentlemanly style, much superior to the farmers of New England; but those who do the offices of agriculture in England are the peasants. We have no peasants in the United States. Peasants, or hinds, or boors, are not dignified with the name of farmers.

² At the trial of Despard, the following charge which his Lordship alleged against the prisoner was not the least important, that "he had conspired against their most desirable state of inequality."

whenever he can; and when we look around on society we see that this selfishness is in great danger of being increased beyond toleration. We are ready to exclaim: "This man ought to be a slave, that man was born to be subservient, and the third, even from the dawn of reflection, was unprincipled." But this mode of reasoning is not better than that of the West India planter, who complained he had the worst slaves on the island, and yet he whipped them the most. It is false reasoning to assert that, because the majority of any people have lost the character of man, they were never capable of being good citizens. In the United States human nature has often retrieved its character when England has thought her subjects not worth hanging. In short, it is the part of most governments to render their subjects bad; then they have a pretext for rendering them still worse. The man who dies at Newgate between the hours of eight and nine in the morning little thinks that possibly his crimes and his fate are a necessary part of that very system which has condemned him.

A citizen of the United States will naturally ask, "How is it possible for such a state of things to exist? What connecting principle is there to support a fabric so enormously disproportionate?" Is not the top of a pyramid as secure as the bottom? Now, all civil society partakes in a greater or less degree of the form of the pyramid. The broader the foundation the more weight it supports, and the more secure is the column. How can this evil in society be remedied? It can be remedied only by counter-action. In my next letter I shall descend to particulars, and perhaps qualify in some measure the impression which this may give you.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXXV.

LONDON, August 12.

AMONG the many millions who cover the face of this little spot of earth, there are many who enjoy all that mortals, circumscribed only by their own dispositions, can enjoy. If the Englishman frequently fortifies himself against happiness, and sleeps on thorns in the midst of roses, it is his pleasure, whim, or madness. There is certainly sufficient affluence in England to give a stranger from a country like ours a lasting impression. The eye is not continually turned on misery, nor the ear always listening to the tale of distress, nor is the heart rendered more hard by unceasing calls to commiseration.

The sedate countenance, the rolling eyes, the careless swing of the arms, and the easy step prove that many of the middling class are in easy circumstances, and have a contented heart; while the more guarded step, the more costly though careless dress, and the more erect head of another class show their affluence and self-complacency. The simplicity of the Quakers does not forbid them to display their general prosperity by the best apparel, which owing to its modest color does not attract notice.

There is still another class, who never know a want which is not gratified too soon for the pleasure of full fruition. They command the four seasons. If they are not happy, they are impious. Nor is this class of subjects small, though among nine millions it would be difficult to find them.

These are the natural conclusions of my last letter. For if a few rich suppose many poor, the contrary is also

true,—many poor suppose a few rich. It is impossible that a cultivated country should not be at least partially rich, or that an industrious people should be universally poor. And if such a people in general are necessitous, neither God nor Nature is to blame; for it was never meant that man should suffer a double curse,—lose his sweat¹ and then lose his bread.

The English system is not a little alleviated by the noble generosity of thousands. The sight of the poor does not always offend the eye of the affluent. It is the part of many to relent while oppressing; and it frequently happens that those who are most interested in the support of certain principles are the first to counteract their tendency. The merchants are celebrated for their maintenance of charities² founded on voluntary subscription. The highwayman sometimes returns a part of his plunder.

The condition in which most of the people of England are born, ought to be noticed as a further alleviating circumstance. A citizen of the United States cannot have a just view of the state of society in this country unless he is informed that the feelings of the poor are entirely different from the feelings of the people of the United States. The English lose the disposition to reflect even before they arrive at the years of reflection. A situation, a hopeless situation, which one might suppose would awaken their souls to agony and rouse their feelings to rebellion, reduces them to stupidity. Hence the condition which in the United States would be shunned as the greatest misfortune, is in England a state of contentment, and not infrequently an object of desire. This is certainly a happy

¹ Moderate labor is the first dictate of Nature. The economy of man sufficiently proves this,—the circulation of the blood and the activity of the mind.

² A multitude of charities and hospitals are a sure mark of a nation's misery.

circumstance since it saves society from the influence of those persons who would otherwise become desperate. The man who is born heir to a wheelbarrow seldom aspires to a handcart.

You will often see at the west end of London one, two, three, and even four men, always more than decently and sometimes elegantly dressed, standing behind a carriage and supporting themselves with the holders. If it rains, they are indulged with umbrellas. Many of these men are not more than twenty or twenty-five years of age. Their majestic height, broad shoulders, straight bodies, and taper legs would have induced Hercules to enlist them in some of his expeditions. These people have the appearance of the most perfect contentment. They are pleased with their party-colored clothes, and never seem more happy than when they exhibit themselves to the public. Nor is this all; they claim a sort of distinction, and affect to look down on the more respectable man who cries his wares.

Another numerous class spend their days behind the counter. Such would be more respectably employed in felling wood in the Appalachian mountains. They do the work of girls, and deprive them of bread. Such and many others, however contemptible they may appear, do not increase the national misery otherwise than as drones.

The condition of the lowest class of English women attracts particular notice. They are habitually occupied in the most laborious offices. I have seen a few making bricks; others, chiefly Welsh women, carry yokes fastened to their shoulders, and from these yokes two pails of milk are suspended. Others act as porters, and not a few propel wheelbarrows, while sometimes the more hardy lade and unlade vessels, or work in the coal mines. Sad offspring of woman, of whom it is said, —

“Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.”

All this, for aught I know, may be worse in other parts of Europe; but nothing of this was ever seen in New England. Do you think it strange that in such circumstances women should wish to unsex themselves?

In England the poor who are sufficiently honest to labor for their daily bread do not anticipate a comfortable old age, nor even look forward to the time when their daily bread will not be the price of daily labor. They forever tarry on the wrong side of Jordan. If they are sick, and the laborious poor are most subject to sickness, they are overwhelmed by the tide of adversity and become a public burden. They are so sensible of this that many with a determined and abandoned purpose give themselves up to debauchery.

In passing through the suburbs of London, I had frequently observed a very industrious man and woman making bricks. I had given them sixpence¹ and sometimes I had stopped to talk with them. I knew their constant labor and the amount of their daily pay; yet I never heard them complain. “Surely,” thought I, “persons who are thus contented to work all the year and lay up nothing, are valuable subjects and very honest folk.” On a Sunday morning not long since, as I was passing by an inn I observed both this man and his wife lying on the floor and buried in forgetfulness. In the evening as I was returning, I called on the innkeeper, to inquire if that was their usual Sunday frolic. The man and his wife were still there, senseless. I asked the publican if they had not come to their senses since morning. “Not quite,” said he, “that is the least of their concern; they have recovered themselves two or three times, just enough to call for more

¹ Laborers expect a small sum if you show them the least attention.

liquor." In the course of the week I observed these people at work as usual and undertook to remonstrate. Far from being abashed, they hazarded a justification; and how do you think they reasoned? They had long endeavored, they said, to better their circumstances, but found it altogether in vain, for some unforeseen accident had always deprived them of the earnings of weeks; that the surgeon¹ would have their money if the publican did not, and of the two, they preferred to give it to the publican. "But in case of sickness what would you do?" "Oh," said the woman, repeating the first couplet of an old song, —

"Hang sorrow, and cast away care,
The parish are bound to find us."

Another occurrence, not less to the purpose, made a similar impression on me. It was at Bristol, where I lately spent a few days. I was purchasing a pair of boots of a woman whose husband kept a shoe-store. She appeared to be a worthy woman, and I congratulated her on her seemingly flourishing circumstances. "Ah, sir," said she, "we should do very well, if the price of labor was not so high. Indeed, sir, we are obliged to give our journeymen so much money that it ruins them, and they are drunk one half of their time, and not fit to work the other half." This was after I had purchased the boots. I have forgotten how much she told me the weekly pay of the journeymen amounted to, but I endeavored to convince her that it was impossible for them with double the wages to maintain a small family. "Ah," replied the good woman, "what would they do with a family? They cannot take care of themselves." "But do you think they would do better if they had less wages?" "Certainly,"

¹ The physicians are not answerable for the death of the poor; that is the concern of the surgeon or the apothecary.

she replied, "they would then mind their business, and not get drunk." I said no more, and she thought she had the best of the argument.

Now, ought we to wonder if most of the laborers and manufacturers are drunkards? Those who drink most eat least; and it costs them less to get drunk than it does to fill their bellies with wholesome provision.

Another instance is not less illustrative. I attended the trials at the Old Bailey. A prisoner was tried on a capital indictment and acquitted. My own heart bounded with joy; but he heard the verdict "Not guilty" pronounced with as much indifference as I have seen others receive the sentence of death. This surprised me, for his acquittal was unexpected, and ought to have excited his happiest feelings. He was immediately discharged, and I followed him out of court, and asked the cause of his apparent unconcern. He replied with contemptuous apathy: "How do I know that I shall not soon have to go through this disagreeable business again?" This explained the secret why so many criminals in England die heroically. They foresee their fate, and die their natural death.

Perhaps in these notices I have descended too frequently to low life; but the circles in which the great and the little move are of very different circumference. If one frequent the company of the great only, and bound his views within the purlieus of St. James's, doubtless he would describe England as a paradise; but he would know no more of the people than he would of the Romans from reading the lives of Cæsar, Cato, and Pompey.¹ But if he should travel in the Pythagorean style, conversing with every man he met, and comparing the generality of Englishmen with their race of horses, he would pronounce the condition of the latter

¹ No one from reading the history of these men would suppose Rome contained five hundred inhabitants; so easy is it to overlook a million of people!

preferable to that of the former. I speak this with guarded caution, conscious of its reckless illiberality if it is not true; but I believe no one who has ever made the comparison will hesitate to pronounce the English horses better fed than the English subjects.¹

A writer, Colquhoun, whom I have quoted before, says: "The commutation of perpetual labor for the price of life is thought too severe by the legislature. A moment's reflection, however, will show that in point of manual labor, the hardship to be imposed is no more than every honest artisan who works industriously for his family must during the whole course of his life impose on himself. The condition of a convict would in some respects be superior, inasmuch as he would have medical assistance and other advantages tending to the preservation of health, which do not attach to the lowest classes of the people." I do not coincide with all this, but I think it probable that had Mr. Bruce in Abyssinia, or had Mr. Park in Africa, discovered a people in the same situation as those of whom Mr. Colquhoun speaks, the English would instantly open subscriptions, and send an expedition to the relief of that people; yes, even to the source of the Nile.

I have found it impossible to avoid several seeming inconsistencies. The English system is perhaps the most intricate labyrinth in which any people ever found themselves involved. Man is the creature of the government under which he lives: from that he takes his disposition, his carriage, his sentiments, his vices and virtues. If the government be complicated, the motives from which the people act will often appear extraordinary, while in reality the motives may be founded in secret reason or in absolute necessity.

¹ In a late treatise, Dr. Buchan has given it as his opinion that bread is too good for the poor, and has offered a cheaper substitute. I wonder why the doctor did not propose saw-dust.

I have told you the English are exceedingly humane and charitable,¹ yet the poor fare worse than the horses. I have remarked that the merchants are naturally well disposed, yet their commercial spirit obliges them to become hard and oppressive. They would be among the first to support the cause of liberty at home; so they would be among the first to support the cause of slavery abroad. Their natural dispositions are good, but they are selfish from principle.

In former letters I have more than once observed that the English populace frequently display marks of a free people, while at the same moment you are ready to pronounce them slaves. No one can comprehend the cause of these inconsistencies, unless he takes an extensive view of the various operations of the English system, which distorts the subject into more shapes than the imagination can figure.

Would to God I might be heard across the Atlantic! I would proclaim to my fellow-citizens their proud pre-eminence in the ranks of civil society. I would show them the Constitution of England, fair in theory as the divine forms of Plato; in its operation on the great mass of subjects as different from the Constitution of the United States as the condition of the English peasant is different from that of the Green Mountain farmer. I would impress on them the futility of a government which affects

¹ The English claim the merit of being the most generous and humane people in the world. Their public and private history certainly exhibit them under very different aspects. If one knew nothing of this people except from their public history, he would suppose every Englishman walked the streets with a club on his shoulder. The truth is, John Bull has a foible: you must appeal to his humanity, if you wish to soften him; otherwise, he will often resist the soundest reason. Many of our own people are strongly prejudiced against the English. This originated in the American Revolution; but it is not the English character that is detestable, it is the English system.

liberty on the hereditary principle, reduces the people to beggary, and, like the crocodile, devours its own offspring. I would conjure them by past happiness and future prospects, to cherish that Constitution which produces men, which is more powerful than despotism in restraining the worst, and all-efficient in exciting the best, tendencies of man. I would say to the citizens of the United States: Be constant to yourselves. You have nothing to fear from your Constitution; but your Constitution has everything to fear from you.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXXVI.

LONDON, August 22.

ERSKINE, Gibbs, and Garrow are the three most powerful speakers in the courts of law.

The person of Erskine is slender, his height not exceeding the common size; his complexion is sallow; his hair dark; his face oval and a little emaciated; the lower part of his forehead prominent, yet gradually retreating; his eyebrows full and a little knitted; his eyes are hazel, open, and conciliatory; his nose is narrow between the eyes, yet neither too large nor too small; his mouth is gently closed, seeming ready to await the dictates of his tongue, yet it is not large enough to give his eloquence its just tone; his lips are thin, meeting in union, and when irritated inclining to retreat rather than to project; his chin is gently retreating, and in conjunction with his forehead bespeaks the man,—firm yet modest, positive yet ingenuous.

When in a state of repose his countenance is prepossessing; but when he speaks his gestures are rhetoric,

his looks persuasion, his voice eloquence. In the glow of animation he is commanding ; but in the moment of passion, when self-convinced, he is pure intelligence. Disdaining every by-road to conviction, he strips the cause of all extraneous circumstances, and places it on its own position, true to nature ; paints it visibly to the eye, and buries in oblivion every interfering particular. Both judge and jury are prostrate in chains. It is the contention of principle ; no matter whose or what the interest, or if heaven were concerned, it is still the contention of principle. Of all causes which could arise, the present seems to involve the deepest consequences. There is no distinction now between the great and the little ; everything but the point in question is forgotten, — Erskine and his cause are sovereign over all. Now flows the fountain of justice, now the recesses of iniquity are explored, now the deep foundations of fraud are broken up. His eloquence becomes a torrent which sweeps away every defence which art or subterfuge had raised. No longer has the law a single hard feature, no perplexities, no uncertainties, no idle evasions ! Saturnian Jove descends with his equal scales, cunning retires in shame, oppression lets go its victim, and innocence is seated on the throne of equity. At length, by degrees Erskine himself is forgotten, and forgets himself ; he rises to an effort not his own, and sinks under superior feelings, while the judge and the jury already convinced even to enthusiasm, impatiently withhold the verdict.

O sacred tribunal ! guarded in the spotless ermine of justice. O hallowed walls ! where party spirit never enters, where the oppressed breathe an ethereal element. O glorious institution ! which chains the passions of men, and checks the exactions of self-interest ! O venerable judges ! whose sacred office knows no bias, whose sympathy is never wakened but in the cause of humanity.

I know not with whom of the orators of antiquity to compare Erskine. He possesses neither the voice, nerve, nor vehemence of Demosthenes, but he has more cordiality. The audience of Demosthenes is driven, you see the goad; that of Erskine follows its leader. While the one shows both of his hands clinched, you see the arms of the other extended. Demosthenes stamps with his feet, Erskine folds his arms; while the one assumes a look of defiance, the other pauses a moment with open eyes. Erskine has all the grace and elegance of Tully, and, like Tully, is anxious to round all the angular points of his cause in a qualifying exordium. He has less art, is more rapid, more earnest, more original than Tully; and if the periods of the Roman are more majestic than those of Erskine, it is the fault of the English language. Erskine has not Tully's reach of learning, though I suspect that in case of a surprise Erskine's readiness would extricate him, while the Roman would sink under the weight of his own erudition. Erskine has not the confidence nor the grandeur of Pericles, but he attaches you more quickly. Pericles is willing to impose on you; Erskine's first concern is to make friends. While Pericles is throwing the gauntlet, Erskine is on the defensive, watching the moment of doubt or indifference. The one stands erect, imperative, and will take nothing which he cannot extort; the other is submissive, inclines forward, and appeals to impartial justice.

Erskine will suffer nothing on being examined as a man: his profession has not defaced his original features of greatness. When engaged in a weak or unjust cause, he never sacrifices his hardihood of honor to the views of his client. He says all that ought to be said; yet he never compromises his dignity by urging a corrupt principle. You see nothing of the attorney; Erskine is a counsellor.

You see no attempt to take petty advantages ; Erskine is a gentleman.

By turns he is serious or witty, and when the occasion offers and he is disposed to descend, like Roscius, he can turn off a case by pantomime. Among the thousand actions which are presented to him, some on trial appear to have originated in mirth, and others in impudence ; this Proteus is ready in a moment to throw off the professional buskin and tread the sock.

I have followed Erskine to the House of Commons, forming to my mind the attitude of a man treading empires under his feet, and holding in his hands the destinies of the world. If, in a petty court of law, he could move heaven in behalf of a poor orphan or an oppressed widow, surely in presence of the British Parliament, when the fate of nations is depending, the front of opposition must cower beneath his frown, or follow in the wake of his triumphant progress. But the moment he enters Parliament he disappears. He is only one among five hundred. An Arab would never kill Erskine, unless he caught the counsellor in his gown, band, and wig ;¹ with these he seems to put off his whole virtue. As a statesman, Erskine is nothing. I do not say he is a great man in a little room ; but when he is addressing twelve men in a court of law, and when in the British Parliament he is addressing the speaker in behalf of the nation, he is not the same man. He begins, indeed, on a broad foundation, but he ascends like a pyramid, and either produces an abortion or attains to a point, and terminates where he should have begun. In Parliament he shows nothing of that copious precision, that ascending order, that captivating fluency, that earnest conviction which at the bar stamp him Erskine. In Par-

¹ When in court, the English lawyers are dressed in a black gown, a band, and a tie wig.

liament he labors with a harrow through the impediments of politics ; now it catches hold of Pitt, then it interferes with a straggling limb of Hawkesbury, now it tears away the skirts of Addington, presently it is to be lifted over the body of Windham. He concludes, and the impression which he had made is quickly effaced.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXXVII.

LONDON, August 28.

THE person of Gibbs is diminutive, his appearance contemptible ; he has not a single strong mark of character, except a sagacious eye. There is nothing engaging in his looks ; he repels rather than attracts, but all his defects are forgotten the moment he begins to speak. Doubtless Gibbs is the greatest lawyer in England. In a common case he is inferior to Erskine and Garrow ; but in a cause which involves first principles, where there is no room for the trappings of eloquence, where passion is vain, where digression weakens, where embellishment begets suspicion, he commands admiration, pens up Erskine in a corner, and not infrequently makes him stammer.

In addressing a jury Gibbs is second, but second only to Erskine and Garrow. He neither understands human nature so well as they do, nor can he sift character, nor can he insinuate himself and take advantage of a fortunate moment. He has no conception of the extremes of virtue and vice ; he measures everything with his compasses, but he is sure of his dimensions. You make it merely a case of conscience to agree with him, yet he never lets you go until he has secured you, though he never thanks you for

a verdict, well knowing you would not have given it had he not compelled you. Sometimes, though rarely, he attains to eloquence not inferior to Erskine's, and then he is sure of his cause, for what can resist the arguments of Gibbs, backed with the eloquence of Erskine? Yet his eloquence is not of the expansive order, because it is not the eloquence of the heart, but that of the head. He cannot look all the jury in the face at the same moment; he does not regard the jury as one man; he feels as though he had twelve persons to convince,—in this respect differing from Erskine, who addresses the whole twelve, and persuades each individual that he is solicitous to convince him in particular.

Gibbs knows that human nature varies in different men; Erskine finds the tie of connection which governs the whole. While the one is laboring his point, the other has already touched you with his wand. Like his countrymen, Gibbs effects by main force all that he does effect. Erskine and Garrow are exulting on the top of the fortification, while Gibbs is mining the foundation; and before Gibbs enters the city it is already sacked.

I have spoken of these great men as addressing a jury; in addressing the judges, before whom nothing but law and argument can avail or will be heard, before whom the most eloquent might as well speak in the dark, Gibbs rises pre-eminent. He assumes nothing, yet his very deportment bespeaks a man sure of himself, who has sounded his position and is able to grasp the whole common law of England. When Gibbs addresses the judges, Garrow is out of court, or sits with his calimanco bag tied up, and Erskine, his antagonist, fearful of a surprise, is as anxious and as busy as a general on the field of battle.

The deeper the case, the more perplexed, the more original and involved in law learning, the more firm is Gibbs

in his position ; he is secure in himself and less cautious of his competitor. He rises with a solemnity and moderation which impress every one. His voice is strong and his utterance is slow and well articulated, perfectly suited to a man who in pursuit of the light of reason is willing that every word should be judged by the rules of precision. Without the appearance of arrangement he has all the elegance of method. He is luminous ; you see his path through the wilderness of the law, while in his rear follows a stream of connected discourse and reasoning. Thus securing all the interest of historical order and logical process, he gradually convinces until he challenges all he demanded.

The gestures of Gibbs are moderate, his countenance is never impassioned ; unlike Erskine, he is never agitated. He uses but one arm, and that never in a waving line ; his person is scarcely big enough to wield the weight of his mind. He uses little illustration, depending on his last argument to illustrate the former. He never condescends to be witty, despises embellishment, would trample on all the flowers of rhetoric, displays no learning foreign to the case, and indulges in no sally, except a strong and overwhelming irony, correspondent with the strength of his reasoning.

In these moments Erskine's self retires before him like the shadow which you have sometimes seen in a cloudy day retreating over the hills before the invading presence of the sun. But in his turn Erskine rallies himself, and easily persuades all that, except in that particular case, he is superior to Gibbs, and though vanquished, is prepared for another combat.

Doubtless the judges, as judges, have most reverence for Gibbs ; it is evident they look up to him with veneration, and are disposed to suspect their own judgment rather than his. This man, a plebeian, is a candidate for noth-

ing ; while Erskine, the son of an Earl, is a candidate for the Lord High Chancellorship. I do not say this in disrespect to Erskine, who honors England more than England can ever honor him. ADIEU.

LETTER XXXVIII.

LONDON, September 5.

GARROW is not a lawyer, nor in the full sense of the word, is he an orator ; yet as an orator he is not less extraordinary than Erskine or Gibbs. His person is respectable, rather rawboned ; his face is square and flat ; his complexion a dry, brown red ; his forehead is high, and appears higher through a total defect of eyebrows ; his chin is triangular and a little prominent.

If I have been correctly informed, the history of Garrow is singular. He is the son of a country clergyman, and in his childhood was considered a dead weight on society. Until the age of thirteen he was a cow-boy ; and his intellect promised nothing. About that period, his father sent him, at a venture, to London. What occupation he followed I know not ; but he found his way at length to the evening debating societies, where he soon showed a wonderful readiness in reply, and a copious flow of original matter, all the more remarkable in view of his lack of education.

I suspect that Garrow entered on the study of the law under unfavorable circumstances, for he began at the Old Bailey. Hence if human nature wore but one aspect, Garrow would naturally paint it black. If they have ability, most men in the profession of law attain eminence by degrees. A lawyer never appears full grown at once, like

an air-balloon or a newly created lord. He is obliged to arrive at certainty through the labyrinths of uncertainty. Although Garrow became famous as soon as he showed himself, yet his celebrity did not depend on his acquisitions.

As counsellor for felons¹ at the Old Bailey, Garrow was necessarily a spectator of human depravity from its first moment of lax principle to the last degree of abandoned practice. The code of criminal law in this country is so disproportioned, so barbarous, so unnatural, that Garrow might frequently deem it a matter of principle to save the accused. Hence the more desperate the situation of the prisoner, the more severely would Garrow tax his own ingenuity.

I will give you two instances, the latter of which I heard Garrow relate in the King's Bench. The first occurred in a criminal action, the other in a civil.

Some years ago, a servant was indicted for robbing his master. The penalty in this case is death, and in general justice is inexorable. The prisoner had no hope except in Garrow. He had robbed his master of several guineas; they were all found on his person, and, to render his case desperate, they had been marked, and the master was ready to attest their identity. Garrow asked the prisoner if he could mark another guinea in a similar manner. The prisoner marked one, and Garrow told him he might begin to repent, for his acquittal could not be assured.

On the day of trial, just before the master of the accused was about to swear to the guineas, Garrow desired to look at them, and cautioning the witness not to swear to money, as it was so frequently marked, requested the spec-

¹ I have already stated, that a felon is not allowed counsel to address the jury in his behalf; but he is allowed counsel to cross-examine the witnesses, and to take every possible advantage which may offer.

tators if they had any guineas in their pockets, to lend them to him. In a moment he had a handful,—it was so contrived. He shuffled them together, and presenting them to the witness desired him to select his own. The witness hesitated, and being pressed by Garrow, did not venture to identify. The prisoner was acquitted. It appeared afterward that Garrow in presenting the handful of guineas had witholden those which had been stolen.

The other instance was of late occurrence. A will suspected to be a forgery was set up. One of the subscribing witnesses, in giving his evidence, stated that an English shilling was placed under the seal. The judge called for the will, broke the seal, and found the shilling. In Garrow's opinion this was not conclusive; he desired to look at the shilling. Fortunately, it was not worn so smooth but that the date might be discerned; by which it appeared that the shilling was coined long after the will purported to have been made.

While practising at the Old Bailey, Garrow was an impediment to justice. The only remedy was to make him a king's counsellor. This at once placed him in the King's Bench, beside Erskine, Gibbs, Dallas, and Park. The sagacity which distinguished him in criminal cases, followed him to the more ample field of litigation. There, amidst the intricacies of self-interest, fraud, and cunning, he divests the cause of every assumed color, or as readily extricates suffering innocence from the fangs of the oppressor. His wonderful knowledge of human nature is only equalled by his facility of entering into the feelings, views, and conduct of mankind under all circumstances. He is a perfect master of the theory of the probabilities of human conduct, while the variety of causes at the Guildhall gives him a view as extensive and as broad as the relations of society. He is a metaphysician, and what is

more, knows how to reduce his metaphysics to common sense and to the purposes of common life. No casuist could enter more sagaciously into the theory of the will, motive, and the degree of necessity; no other could so palpably distinguish between the necessary, the indifferent, and the perverse of human action.

Garrow's chief excellence consists in impressing on the jury a full and distinct apprehension of the merits of the case. It is the fault of some great lawyers to enter too deeply into their causes; they injure them by attempting to give them a false importance before the jury. Garrow, on the contrary, comprehends with a glance just how much the case will bear, and to what length he may presume on the jury; then, after a clear and precise opening of the cause, in which is contained the real outlines which he knows his evidence will support, he rises in a moment to the middle style of eloquence, and with a fluency surpassing Erskine's, turns his back on the judge, and worms himself into the common sense of the jury, with whom he never hazards a dubious point by urging it beyond the fair bounds of plausibility. Here he takes his stand; by resting his case on the jury's own competency, he pays them deference, and engages their self-love, while without any considerable effort on their part, they follow him at their ease. Never does he, like Gibbs and Erskine, address himself partly to the judge and partly to the jury; but forgetful of all the solemnities of his profession, he seems to leap over the bar into the midst of the jury, his fellows. With him, a sagacious pointer, at their head, they are ready to follow from White Chapel to Hyde Park.

Nothing great, no sublime apostrophes, no appeal to the passions, no distracting digressions, no learning, not even law learning, trouble the pure stream of Garrow's

eloquence. With extraordinary rapidity he touches on all the important points, throwing out with one hand whatever is immaterial, and establishing with the other whatever is substantial, thus laying the marrow of the cause before the jury; and lest the cause should be obscured with circumlocution, when he has said all that they can bear, he ends in apparent exhaustion.

Garrow attaches more surely than Erskine himself. The latter sometimes strains the feelings too high; amidst a world of matter, he is in danger of losing sight of the question. Garrow never yet wanted to the prejudice of his client. He never ascends like the eagle to the sun, but he never stops his pursuit in order to chase butterflies. Though his style of speaking and tone of voice are always the same, yet his penetration is so subtle and his conclusions so natural that he succeeds in convincing the jury he is only elucidating their own sentiments. Thus whatever he gains instantly becomes a part of the verdict, no matter whether the verdict be right or wrong, — that is the judge's concern, not his.

Doubtless Garrow is the first man at the bar, when the action is involved in dry matter of fact: for then, fearless of being put down by law authorities, he can give full play to his own ingenuity; and as no man ever had more producible common sense, no man was ever so capable of applying it well. No man ever had a clearer mind, which, though not deep, embraces the extremes of sagacity, foresight, and probability. He is like the beds of those rivers, of which, though you can see to the bottom, you see nothing but golden sands.

To distinguish between Gibbs, Garrow, and Erskine, I should say Gibbs is a man of a powerful mind, Garrow an extraordinary man, and Erskine a man of genius. To compare them with our New England lawyers, I should

say Dexter was the most like Gibbs, Otis most like Garrow, and Erskine—I know not with whom to compare him; he is a partial assemblage of all the others.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXXIX.

LONDON, September 15.

ON the subject of the English orators I should prefer to be silent, rather than to confine myself within the bounds of a letter. However, I will attempt a sketch of the principal speakers.

From the predominant class of contending men in the House of Commons, I might select Pitt, Fox, Windham, Sheridan, Wilberforce, Grey, Tierney, Castlereagh, Hawkesbury, Corry, and Addington.

The characters of these men, as orators, are well known in the United States, and particularly so to you. I shall, therefore, confine myself to the first three,—Pitt, Fox, and Windham. Sheridan I would have included, but I have heard him speak only twice, and then he left no impression. He has taken no part in any important debate which I have attended, but has kept his seat,—silent, reserved, looking earnestly toward the treasury bench, and seemingly dubious of his former principles, which have left him as poor as his old client the Nabob of Arcot.

Mr. Pitt still rises with an ease, composure, and assurance, indicative of former influence, while the House, conscious of his presence, are disposed to give him all that attention as a member which he once commanded as a minister. And though at present he is a fallen states-

man, he sustains a character none the less ascendant as a man; so that his enemies are not willing to approach nigher plain Mr. Pitt than they did the once arbiter of the kingdom.

The station which Mr. Pitt has supported so long has given his eloquence a peculiar turn, and even rendered his character ostensibly cold and hard. The political calculator, always in search of expedients, habitually regards mankind mechanically, and sooner or later becomes impenetrable to the first dictates of nature, and sublimely overlooks every obstacle which might impede his course. A prime minister of Great Britain, if he continues long in office, must of necessity familiarize himself with deeds which in their extensive consequences render all the crimes of the decalogue comparatively harmless. In fact, Mr. Pitt's eloquence shows a frigid, palliating, defensive, yet positive character. It has ever been sufficient for him to maintain his ground: not to be driven from his post has been to gain the victory. At this day, he addresses the Speaker as though the conflict were still between himself and his great antagonist, Fox, while Addington is forgotten, and forgets that he is minister.

Had Mr. Pitt labored all his days in the opposition, he would have been a much greater orator and a much nobler man. Ever on the defensive, he has naturally fallen into a confined uniformity, which has seldom permitted him to take excursion beyond the tedious business of office; at the same time the system of government, forcing the current of business to mingle itself with the sighs, tears, and groans of the nation, has rendered him officially obnoxious to the people, and afforded his parliamentary enemies the fairest provocations for attack. Once, indeed, Mr. Pitt found himself on the side of humanity, and shone conspicuously among Fox, Burke, Wilberforce, and others. But, singular

as it may appear, he then, and then only, found himself in a minority. I speak of the famous motion of Wilberforce for the abolition of the slave trade.

Under these circumstances, the members of the opposition have every advantage, not only of popular respect, but of humanity, and consequently of oratory; for true eloquence must be founded on the honest feelings of nature. But a prime minister has already closed every pore to the glow of humanity, before he ventures to open the budget.¹ Hence he is cut off from the most fruitful source of eloquence. No appeal to the passions, no earnest supplication, no sympathy with distress, no palpitation of the heart, render him dear to the people and soften his exactions. Impelled by inexorable necessity, he comes into the House, and knowing the final result of the question, boldly exposes himself to the whole artillery of the opposition. But all this confidence in his followers does not suffer him to remit the severest exercise of his own powers in order to give plausibility to his most suspicious measures. Hence it may easily be imagined that before any important step is taken, the treasury bench have already been summoned to weigh every difficulty which the opposition might possibly raise. Thus such men as Fox, Sheridan, and Grey have the honor of being answered twice. But Fox is so various, rapid, and overwhelming, that he frequently loses the whole ministry, who, long since ripe for the question, are happy to be released by the last resort of the minister, — I mean the vote of the majority.

From these observations you will easily collect what the style of Pitt and of Fox will probably be; still, each of them preserves a distinct character.

¹ "Budget:" a political cant word for the yearly estimate of expenses. I saw Mr. Addington open one of his budgets, and I imagined I heard the groans of a hundred million people.

Mr. Pitt is the most cool, perspicacious, dignified, and fluent speaker who ever rose in a deliberative assembly. The moment he is expected, a solemn stillness pervades the House; and while his presence is felt, his adversaries lose all their influence. His manner is gentle and unassuming; his gestures, moderate and conciliatory; his voice, musical, clear, and distinct; his words, most happily selected without the least appearance of selection, flow in an unruffled, uniform stream, always sufficiently rapid to interest, and frequently to command attention. With these advantages, he opens upon the House a mind veteran in politics and as extensive as the various relations of the empire. Nor is he deficient in illustrations drawn from modern science, or in embellishments derived from ancient literature; but he uses both illustrations and embellishments sparingly. With a mind thus adorned by nature, thus disciplined by art, and habitually cool and determined, no wonder he displays on all occasions a reach far beyond the attainment of ordinary men. While the fallen statesman is yet willing to hazard his former immense responsibility, he still seems to support a mighty kingdom, nor does he sink under the weight. Doubtless no member of the House of Commons could support such a weight of character unless his pre-eminent abilities had first given him the necessary strength, and then that weight of character had seconded his abilities.

His chief excellence consists in inspiring a full confidence in his own capacity; then he places you at a due distance, perfectly at your ease, and whether he is right or wrong you are loath to interrupt the copious stream of his eloquence, which flows with such a felicity of connection and concludes with such an elegant compactness, that you fancy you have been listening to an oracle, whose words dictated in the harmony of numbers carry a divine influence. No breaks, no exclamations, no agitation, no

violence of expression mark his course, ruffle his temper, or disturb the spell. Never does he astonish, like the column of Niagara, by his headlong torrent, falling, sparkling, and spreading wide its foam,—he preserves his natural and deep channel. He fixes you, it is true, and you are satisfied while under the power of his words; but the moment he concludes the impression is gone, and you are ready to dispute him. The reason is, Pitt's eloquence is the eloquence of the head, and not the eloquence of the heart. He is as cold as the polar regions, and as dry as the deserts of Arabia. He is afraid to tempt his feelings, lest his heart should betray his head. Hence he is sparing of ornament, suspicious of moral digression, and fearful of an appeal to the passions.

Destitute, at present, of the pioneers of the treasury bench, Pitt stands self-supported, and seems to plant himself in a narrow defile, prepared to oppose all who may come that way. Although he sees his adversaries from afar—some, like Fox, approaching directly, others scouring along the declivities, and a few subaltern partisans who retreat the moment their heads are discovered above the hills—he maintains his ground, notwithstanding his accustomed armor renders him incapable of varying his weapons, while his mechanical movements forbid him to pursue the enemy.

Fox appears in the House of Commons under the most favorable impressions which an ambitious orator can desire. He commands the awe if not the admiration of the Ministry, steals into the affections of the indifferent, and carries with him the enthusiasm of his friends. How can it be otherwise? His heart is full and laboring before he rises. Consistent from the beginning, his sincerity is never doubted, and thus he is always in possession of the foreground; and though he frequently breaks out in sud-

den abruptness, the beginning of his last speech always seems the conclusion of the preceding. His whole political life has been one continued flow of eloquence,—here only a narrow stream, and there scarcely flowing at all, but on every great occasion collecting itself like a torrent and rushing in a wide and lengthened volume; now breaking over rocks and precipices, and now making its own channel through the mounds which his busy competitors had laboriously reared, sweeping all away, and not infrequently overwhelming his enemies, and leaving their dead bodies floating far behind.

In vain will a king of Great Britain draw a line over the name of such a man as Fox. If no longer privy counsellor, he is counsellor of the nation. It is impossible to oppress or humble such a man. Wherever he treads, he must leave an indelible impression; whatever he does, becomes a part of his country's history; and whatever he says, must descend to posterity.

Though Fox is slovenly in appearance, unwieldy in person, and ungracious in manners, though his voice is disagreeably shrill, his words frequently indistinct, and his action generally embarrassed, yet he has scarcely begun before you are solicitous to approach nearer to the man. In the midst of passion, which sometimes agitates him until he pants high, he displays so much gentleness of temper and so little personal feeling that a stranger might easily imagine he saw this man among the gods, unencumbered with any mortal affection, debating for the good of mankind. So much pure principle, natural sagacity, strong argument, noble feeling, adorned with the choicest festoons of ancient and modern literature, and all these issuing from a source hitherto inexhaustible, never before so distinguished a man. If nations were not suffered to go mad before they are destroyed, the voice of Fox, raising itself in the midst

of corruption, false politics, and the abuses of a full century, would yet be heard.

With these advantages of consistency, of integrity, of political sagacity, of irresistible and lengthened argument, no wonder if while he never condescends to personality, all those over whom the influence of corruption has passed seem to shrink under his presence. They have nothing to fear. Fox never descends from the summit of his reputation. He knows that he has long been a spectacle to his own countrymen and to neighboring nations, and, as if standing in the presence of all Europe, he seems to hold in his hand the record of his past life, while his eye pierces down to posterity, in pledge of his future constancy to his avowed principles.

Pitt you are willing to hear until he is exhausted. But Fox first lays down an interesting position, fixes your earnest regard, and attaches you wholly to himself; then by the rapidity of his utterance hurries you on, not to immediate conviction, for he is sure the minds of all are pressing forward. Fearless of presuming on the patience of his hearers, he is enabled to give free play to his feelings, to his genius, to his learning, — all which united give an irresistible force to his arguments, and would confound all distinction between his friends and enemies, did not Pitt, the sole support of his party at these moments, breaking in upon the calm and silence of the solemn impression, recall to a new conflict the wavering majority.

In one respect, Fox will forever be esteemed above his contemporaries. Though he has grown gray in the opposition, he has never made one personal enemy. At the end of a twenty year's contention, he is still considered a man of a noble disposition; and both in the moment of debate and with the nation at large, he still maintains the influence of his former days.

Mr. Windham is not an orator of that commanding presence which fixes confidence or attaches a party. Though hardly an orator, he is one of the most successful partisans who ever entered on the warfare of debate. His graceful person, his serious air, his bald head, joined to his deliberate, distinct utterance, give him at once a senatorial dignity independent of his various intellectual forces.

I have seen Mr. Windham out of place only ; I have seen him in pursuit of Mr. Addington. How he would appear on the treasury bench, I can only imagine. In his present seat he shows nothing but his talons ; and with all the unfeeling instinct of the bird of prey, he fixes on the neck of the minister, who, unlike Pitt, is vulnerable at every point, and daily bleeds afresh.

Nothing great, nothing manly, nothing conciliatory mark the course of Windham ; whether he rises in meditated or instantaneous assault, he points out at once the object of his destruction. No disguise : the man cannot hide his features ; it is forever the same inveterate spirit. "*Idem habitus oris, eadem contumacia in vultu, idem in oratione spiritus erat.*"¹ Passing by the plausible Hawkesbury, the laborious York, and the elegant Castlereagh, auxiliaries of the minister, Windham never suffers one of his arrows to miss the heart of Addington. He is as terrible to his enemy as those enormous serpents which carry with them threefold terror, — whose fangs are not less fatal than the squeeze of their bodies, nor this less fatal than the lash of their tails. His instant, downright attack precludes all escape ; while his close logic, lengthened out by the winding subtlety of metaphysical reasoning, leaves his enemy bound hand and foot. Not satisfied with this, and himself not half exhausted, he collects all his sarcastic powers, and begins a new onset, the most ferocious of the muses

¹ Livy, ii. 61.

waiting his pleasure, and opening all the stores of ridicule, jest, and satire.

No wonder the Chancellor is chafed, no wonder he frets in his seat; his ministerial dignity suffers under the daily ridicule, while his self-love is touched to the quick under the ever new contempt of Windham, for no man ever possessed a more insidious, villifying talent at reproach, which can neither be warded off nor retorted. It is not a single taunt, and then a respite; it is not a passing sneer which is presently forgotten, but the ceaseless assault of the fabled vulture.

Though Windham possesses a fine imagination, a strong current of argument, and a various and extensive reach of mind, adorned with the best portions of classic literature,—add to these a fluency second only to Pitt's—yet the ultimate requisite for a great orator is wanting,—I mean passion, of which Windham is wholly destitute. He is not deficient in violence; but he shows at once a cold heart and a passionate head, so that you follow him indifferently. Before you can feel with Windham, you must first hate the man whom he attacks.

However, Windham generally brings to the debate something new, something dazzling, something original; and when he does not add anything of his own, he displays the question in its best possible position. Always perspicacious and elegant, his words seem to flow from the press already arranged, and exhibiting the fairest impression. In short, Windham is one of the most interesting speakers in the House; and if he could suppress the black bile which continually flows from his mouth, if he could conceal his bitterness, he would add new weight to his character, would lose nothing of his senatorial dignity, and would be the delight of the House of Commons.

ADIEU.

THE
HUMAN CHARACTER OF JESUS CHRIST.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Essay, I am sensible, is but a sketch. If it have merit, it will be attributed to the design rather than to the execution. The subject is worthy the hand of a master, and is still open to much philosophical research. I have endeavored to explore a new but indirect source of argument in favor of the divinity of Jesus Christ. For my support, I have relied on human nature, and strengthened my proofs by illustration and parallel, so far as illustration and parallel could be applicable to the character. I thought it possible to render the subject interesting to piety. Let the public judge.

THE HUMAN CHARACTER OF JESUS CHRIST.¹

EVERY age has produced heroes, enthusiasts, and impostors. To rise pre-eminent over others is the first wish of the human heart. After man ceases to be wholly selfish, the predominant sensation expands itself in comparison, which gradually awakens the ardor of ambition. This restless feeling has a governing influence on man in early life, and never entirely forsakes him until he loses all confidence in himself. If the nature be generous and events propitious, they produce a great man; otherwise the disposition takes an eccentric turn.

It is not a singular circumstance in the annals of human nature that every one of those heroes, enthusiasts, and impostors, the history of whose lives has been sufficiently interesting to merit preservation, has been actuated by his particular bias, and excited by motives which in his own estimation were powerful, however weak or criminal they were in the opinion of mankind. One man, already a conqueror, thinks he must subject the world before the world will acknowledge him a hero. Another, already a sovereign prince and perfectly at ease, proposes more than mortal labors in order to enjoy a quiet old age. A third, favored by the times, boldly associates himself with heaven in order to govern the earth. A fourth, more humble though not less ardent, clad in a hair shirt, is willing to travel to Jerusalem, preaching a crusade.

¹ First printed in 1807, for William Pelham, Boston.

The characters of these men were so distinctly marked in their own days, their inspiring motive was so apparent, that succeeding ages have been contented to appeal to them for illustration, or to raise commentaries on their lives. Doubtless they all thought themselves paramount to the common sense of mankind, and little less than inspired, however romantic or absurd their object of pursuit. Hence the questions of magnanimity or of selfishness, of imposture or of enthusiasm, will forever arise while the pursuits of men tend to pre-eminence over their contemporaries.

There is one person on record who has commanded the attention of every succeeding age; and, what is not a little remarkable, it is not yet settled in what class of character this person ought to be placed, notwithstanding he has engaged the zeal, the curiosity, or the resentment of the divine, the philosopher, and the statesman. He was a person whose singular fate it has been to be accredited by some whose lives reflected no honor on the object of their adoration, and to be reviled by others whose moral worth was never questioned. How, then, are we to estimate a man whom many worship as a god, whom some consider an enthusiast, and whom not a few revile as an impostor?

If the characters of all eminent men have been drawn and judged from their lives and actions, why may not we, confining ourselves to the *human character* of Jesus Christ, reach the merits of the question by testing his life and actions by the general principles of human nature, or at least by those principles which usually influence great men?

In the reign of Augustus Cæsar, and at a period famous in the history of that time for an universal peace, an

infant, now universally known by the name of Jesus Christ, was born at Bethlehem, a village of Galilee, a Roman province. His parents, no doubt, moved in the humblest walks of society, and during their whole lives, notwithstanding the reputation of their son, remained in obscurity. Their poverty and humility may readily be supposed; for the child was born in a manger, a circumstance which probably would not have been recorded if family pride had been studious to conceal it,—unless, like the story of Romulus and Remus, it was designed to be the groundwork of a romantic tale; or, as the child appeared to be promising, to make his humble origin enhance his personal merit. But as no such uses as these were ever made of his remarkable birth, it seems reasonable to conclude that this was a well-known part of their family history.

The education of a boy thus situated is generally contracted and consistent with the narrow means of his parents. Hence the adventures of Christ's childhood are singularly barren of incident. Until the age of twelve years, it does not appear whether he was grave or gay, ardent or reserved. There is no mention of even one brilliant observation of his sedate, nor one effusion of his more heedless, moments which can be regarded as prophetic of his future character. The cause of this is open to two remarks, both plausible, though offering different conclusions. It may be said he was just like other children, and showed nothing worthy of particular notice. On the contrary, it may be replied, that a more early revelation of himself might have derogated from the dignity and importance of his purposes. A boy-God could not so easily have supported a great mission. But neither of these remarks has much weight; for it seems he did exhibit himself to the world in early childhood, and then commanded the attention of the public.

If the first wish of an obscure, inconsequential, but aspiring young man should lead him to associate with the world, and to solicit public notice, it is nothing uncommon. Obscurity connected with ambition usually inspires the boldest confidence; but it rarely happens that a boy of real genius obtrudes himself on the busy world. In the first moments of conscious, superior worth, the boy of genius undergoes sensations wholly averse to its public manifestation. He trembles in the glare of observation, and flies from the presence of those whose attention he is most anxious to arrest. This is natural; the first openings of a great mind overcome the heart. A new and powerful sensation oppresses him; he is jealous of others and doubtful of himself.

At the age of twelve years, this boy found himself at Jerusalem. His parents had taken him with them to celebrate an annual feast. To a child of common observation, the city of Jerusalem must have been a source of much surprise. How many questions and how many remarks such a journey must have raised in a young mind! His soul must have expanded in allusion and comparison. In the midst of such a scene as Jerusalem presented to youthful curiosity, every step would have awakened reflection. Yet strange, not a single observation on human life, on the city, or on the inhabitants appears to have escaped him, who was too young for an impostor, and too simple for a hypocrite. Stranger still, this ignorant boy, regardless of all the novelties of the city and truant to his parents (who had already left Jerusalem on their journey home), without any introduction, alone, and probably in mean apparel, proceeds to the Temple, the most famous place in the city. There he finds the most learned men in the country discoursing on public affairs. He seats himself in the midst of them, and of a sudden enters into the debate. By the

singular pertinence and depth of his observations rather than by any artifice of eloquence, he draws on himself the attention of all. Soon they become astonished, and, dropping their own concerns, regard the child with mixed feelings of curiosity, awe, and wonder.

One might imagine that this early and brilliant success in his first attempt to attract public admiration would have fixed the predominant character of the man. If the tremulous nerves of the Olympic victor were sometimes overpowered in supporting the laurel which his corporal strength had won, what must be the nature of him who in youth receives with equanimity the more cherished and flattering distinction which a powerful mind commands from the willing, perhaps the unwilling, voices of his contemporaries? Already, in imagination, the brightest scenes open upon his manhood. The obscurity of his family is forgotten. The trappings of honor will not only clothe himself, but conceal the meanness of his parents. Who will not follow him in the ardor of riper years whom they reverence in childhood?

We know nothing more of Jesus until he is thirty years of age. Of this blank in his life, during a period of eighteen years, every man must judge agreeably to his own feelings and views of human nature; but it must be obvious to every one that this long obscurity is perhaps the most extraordinary circumstance of his life. How could a young man, conscious of talents, and contemptible in that age both on account of his parentage and place of nativity, sacrifice so long the laudable pride of raising his family, or, possessed of more expanded feelings, of honoring his native country? Though age is slow and calculating, youth is hasty and clamorous of the present. How could a youth, who at the age of twelve commanded the attention of sages, preserve a silence during so many years?

Though prudence measures everything with her compasses, genius is more rapid. How could a young man like Jesus, whose nation was the reproach of the earth, bury himself in the obscurity of Nazareth for so long a period of that time when the passions are all alive, and when pleasure engrosses the current moment, or ambition lays plans for the future?

At about the age of thirty, Jesus appeared again in public. He was then in the ripeness of manhood, at a period equally distant from the levity of youth and the sobriety of age. He is reported to have been exceedingly beautiful in his person, if you examined but one feature at a time; but his entire countenance raised in the beholder an interest which immediately affected the heart. Sympathy, awe, reverence, but chiefly reverence, were the prevailing sentiments he inspired. These were the features of his character in the moment of repose. His stature was rather above the common size, as was his person, and that was finely proportioned. His hair was auburn, gracefully flowing over his shoulders; his steps were slow and firm, bespeaking a man of purpose. The most brilliant complexion of health adorned his cheeks, which, in conjunction with his flowing beard—the fashion of those times—and a piercing hazel, yet unassuming eye, would have rendered him altogether attractive, had not a high and gently retreating forehead of the most perfect symmetry restrained familiarity, and impressed the beholder with an emotion of respect. Though he appeared under every disadvantage, under almost suspicious circumstances, it was impossible to behold him without being in doubt as to the true character of the man.

Such is said to have been the personal appearance of Jesus Christ. But who will undertake to portray the cast of mind of one who at every step of his public life ran

counter to the ordinary pursuits of common sense? Yet his public movements and public counsels offer sufficiently distinct outlines from which to draw a character, not the less to be mistaken for its entire originality.

Jesus Christ was endued not only with all those qualities of mind which are considered the attributes of command, and insure a superior standing among men, but he was still more noted for the milder virtues. These, though less splendid, are entitled to more merit, in that they are rarely associated with strongly marked characters, are subjects of attainment rather than gifts of Nature, and require a habit of circumspection to preserve, and a constant exercise to practise them; but in Jesus the most opposite traits seem to blend so naturally that you are in danger of mistaking two virtues for a single one. His habitual meekness and undaunted firmness, his all-subduing wisdom accompanied with a subtle sagacity, and his almost childlike simplicity, never for a moment proved a foil to one another. Perhaps no man ever possessed a more ready versatility. The lowly life in which he was educated, was not more familiar to him than the more ceremonious company of the Scribes, the Pharisees, and the Doctors of Law. His easy conformity bespoke on all occasions a knowledge of human nature which seemed to be intuitive. No man ever approached him without being improved, or at least laid open to self-inspection; while his habitual calmness and presence of mind gave him ascendancy over the capacious, whom he put down not by the force of argument, but by a moral appeal to the heart, or by a happy illustration of the matter in question, or frequently by the method employed by Socrates,—by compelling the capacious questioner to confute himself. It is worthy of remark, also, that whatever this man spoke was addressed to the heart and not to the head; hence he was always

irresistible, while the simplicity of his appearance and his unassuming manners gave his wisdom a novel and all-attracting charm. Unembarrassed with the doctrines of the day, unversed in the subtleties of the schools, contemning the formal processes of logic, he made no claim to learning. Original in everything, he seemed superior to all his predecessors in fertility of mind. Doubtless owing to his lack of learning, the sciences of Greece or of Rome were never subjects of his appeal. His own resources served him instead of the light from other men; and if he was ever at a loss to explain himself or illustrate his subject, the nearest object generally afforded the most lively proof of his intuitive powers. The little child who happened to be present is as strong an example of the readiness with which he converted surrounding objects to his purposes as the more ingenious, though artificial parable. Possessed of such resources, where was the necessity of a display of learning, or to what profit could Jesus use the embellishments of rhetoric, when to enforce his doctrine a grain of mustard-seed was ready to spring to a full-grown tree, in whose branches all the fowls of the air might lodge? His was not the eloquence of the Sophists. True eloquence must affect the heart; if the heart be not affected, however deeply engaged the head may be, it is no longer eloquence,—it is argument. If Christ was not a finished orator by the rules of art, he was the first of orators by the force of nature. Suffice it for others to insinuate themselves, to watch the propitious turn of indifference, and gain in an hour what they cannot command in a moment; suffice it for others to beguile their hearers by the subtleties of the schools, by splendid figures, by apt illustrations, by strong allusions. The orator, however successfully he may use these advantages, betrays only a barrenness of mind compared with the powers of him who

speaks only to the heart, and can at one effort convert his hearers into disciples.

No doubt there was a peculiar and agreeable manner of address accompanying the discourses of Jesus. It cannot be supposed but that the graces of his person, — his ruddy complexion, still more spiritual in the moment of animation, his piercing eyes, mild or commanding at pleasure, his fixed and ingenuous countenance, — added much to his success ; yet there certainly was an unknown, secret charm attending this man who was free from any affectation of applause.

There was nothing popular in his manner ; he never seemed to make an effort. How, then, was he always so ascendant over his followers, or rather, how did he collect so many followers ? With the famous orators of that age and the preceding ages, graceful gestures, an animated eye, frequent violence of action, passionate invocations and appeals were the by-road to persuasion ; with Jesus *expression* rendered unnecessary any exertion of voice or of person. Expression in him was action, passion, manner, address, — everything. This was the mighty power, the unattainable power, which is said to have produced such strange effects, whether he rose upon the multitude in the terror of his wrath or addressed them in the tone of charity and compassion ; whether he overwhelmed the assuming Pharisee or raised the humble publican. It was this inconceivable, this mysterious expression which so much perplexed his hearers as to the nature of the person.

Why, then, did not this man succeed in life ? “ He was not ambitious.” But was not his public appearance a sufficient proof of his ambition ? — for without ambition no man throws himself on the public. Why, then, did not this man succeed in life ? “ He knew not how to embody the passions of men, and to point their direction.” Yet this

man, in a chance walk, in a first interview, could enlist two fishermen in his service, and fix them in his interest during their future lives. Why, then, did not this man succeed in life? "He knew not how to adapt himself to the age in which he lived." Yet no man ever possessed an equal facility of bending to times and circumstances, though in truth no man — no, not Cato or Socrates — ever yielded less to the principles of his age. Besides, Cato and Socrates gained all their reputation and influence by resisting their age; and it might have been pardonable in Jesus, a man of obscure birth, had he sacrificed a little to popularity, especially as he did not associate himself with the Stoics, or profess himself an adherent of any one of the prevailing systems of the day. The rigid Cato betrayed his principles in some degree by carrying a servant with him, who pointed out the citizens by name, lest in shaking hands Cato might seem not to recognize his friends. Nothing of this sort is attributed to Socrates; yet it ought to be considered that Socrates was a retired philosopher, while Christ and Cato were public characters. Nor, in my opinion, is there so strong a resemblance between the Nazarene and Athenian as many have noticed. Socrates led a quiet, contemplative, theoretical life, and either from indolence or contempt of foreign nations, closeted himself at Athens, and scarcely professed himself a public character, much less the reformer of his nation.

The short career of Jesus was the reverse of this; and though many have been at a loss to discover a substantial motive for his action, no one has denied him an uncommon ardor in his pursuits. Therefore his want of success either supposes a great defect of character, or throws a veil of mystery over the man; for it cannot be concealed that a strange and fatal inconsistency seemed to precede every step of Jesus. What a contrast between the mind and the

actions of the man ! Never before was there seen such a powerful mind apparently counteracting itself. We search in vain to find the slenderest tie of connection between the mind and the conduct, the passions and pursuits of the man. Had he lived longer, he possibly might have unfolded himself.

If candor should temper suspicion over the grave of a character we do not understand, the motives of Christ ought not to be prejudged. That man must be a consummate hypocrite who lays down the fairest system of virtue on which to raise a monument of usurped power. The man who clothes himself in humility in order to steal a robe of State, must be superior to all his contemporaries. In the road to sovereignty, who ever descended to the offices of a servant ? In pursuit of a royal crown, who ever underwent the public mockery of a crown of thorns ? Few have seriously charged Jesus with such motives. Human nature is more consistent, and human motives are less refined.

However, let the motives of Christ be estimated as variously as the various views of mankind, still his public life is not a less interesting subject of remark. We will draw a little nearer the man, and accompany him to the end of his life,—it is but one year more,—to his singular catastrophe.

We must now imagine to ourselves an original character, who, conscious of his own extraordinary powers, had purposely reserved himself until he could appear the most ascendant among men. As he was an obscure subject of a conquered nation which had sunk into a Roman province, whatever were his views, he might esteem it most prudent to reserve himself until the moment of his mature character. Hitherto he had conducted himself like a wary adventurer ; and his succeeding movements were far from raising

suspicion. He neither forced himself, like an adventurer, on opportunity, nor even calmly waited its approach. If it was the first concern of Jesus to win to himself a numerous party, the method that he took, though at first successful, displayed a total ignorance of human nature, and left a blemish which marks an incomplete character; for it is a blemish in a great man to lend himself to half of the community in despair of gaining the whole.

The first adventure of Jesus, though perfectly consistent with the future tenor of his life, has no parallel. So extraordinary is it, that had it been related of any other person, it must have disappeared long since among a thousand fleeting fictions, or at best have preserved itself in some repository like the Arabian Nights. Alone, friendless, and meanly clad, unassuming, and destitute of every means of inducement except that mysterious expression of which we have already spoken, Jesus meets two fishermen, brothers, busy with their nets. In all probability they had never seen him before, had never heard of him, and knew nothing of the man or of his designs. Possibly they were young men in the rich enjoyment of domestic happiness; probably they were poor men, to whose daily industry a helpless, affectionate family looked for daily support; perhaps they were desperate in their circumstances, of careless life, of reckless principles, and ready for any adventure. Yet Jesus made them no promises, he awakened no passion, he applied himself neither to their ambition, nor to their avarice — no, nor to their love of pleasure, to such men the passion most present; he neither revealed his designs nor tempted their curiosity. “Follow me,” said he, “and I will make you fishers of men.” In a moment, without hesitation, sooner than reason could dictate a resolution, they deserted all. In a moment, this world had dwindled in their estimation to a point, and a new scene opened to

their imaginations,— which scene, though apparently as unsubstantial as a moonbeam, turned the future current of their lives. Although they fared hard and were generally despised as vagabonds of a new kind, yet they never forsook him, until, become dubious of heaven and earth, they saw the man arrested and led like a felon to a death more ignominious than that of the gibbet. This was no miracle ; but to me it is a miracle. It is a miracle in human nature, and therefore less liable to suspicion than a wrought miracle in the natural world.

Thus this extraordinary man in a chance walk by the sea of Galilee, beckoned to two fishermen, and in a moment fixed them forever in his interest. With Mahomet it was a labor of three years to gain fourteen proselytes ; and Mahomet possessed all those attributes of man which are capable of winning an enemy, or of commanding a friend. Before Mahomet spoke, says tradition, he was in possession of his audience, his presence charmed them, his gracious smile won them, his majestic aspect commanded them, his piercing eyes fixed them, while his countenance revealed every sensation of his soul, and his gestures enforced every expression of his tongue. Yet Mahomet distrustful as to his own eloquence, and doubtful of success, as soon as he had collected a few partisans furnished himself with a sword, and proclaimed himself a captain. Christ, on the contrary, when most famous and successful never fully expanded his views, but retained all his humility, and even condescended to wash the feet of his disciples. Mahomet, like Christ, promised heaven to his followers ; but Mahomet, brandishing his sword, declared that sword to be the key of heaven. Christ, on the contrary, opened the gates of heaven to the repentant. Here he alarmed the conscience. With Mahomet, to conquer others was the crown of glory ; with Jesus, to conquer one-

self. To the followers of the one, this world offered everything; to the followers of the other, this world promised nothing. Mahomet opened a new world to the imagination, and added flame to fire. What oriental could hesitate to follow the banners of Mahomet, when the houries of Paradise, dancing among the palm-trees, beckoned the fierce soldier to the delirium of eternal rapture? Jesus, with one hand laid on his heart, pointed upward with the other, and held his followers by no other tie than a sublime faith. Mahomet gained everything; Christ suffered everything. Mahomet lived a conqueror, and died gloriously; Jesus lived like a vagrant, and suffered a felon's death. Mahomet established a new religion by bribing the passions; Jesus Christ by taxing the passions.

Passing on, Jesus sees two other fishermen with their father, on shipboard. They were mending their nets. "Follow me," said Jesus, and they left all and followed him. Soon the little company swells to a multitude. From all quarters, people of many descriptions flock to his presence. His fame is already extended to distant regions, even to Syria. Does the man not perceive he is hastening his own destruction? Is it not treason under Tiberius to be found at the head of so many men in a Roman province? What is his object? Is it temporal power? What weakness to collect an army without one soldier! Is honest fame or the more imposing attractions of false greatness the object of his heart? What folly to collect around him the most ignorant, the most obscure, and the most abandoned!

At the head of this checkered multitude, few of whom knew the man, or knew the motives of one another; at the head of this suspicious collection of idle, curious, wondering followers. Jesus, himself in appearance not less suspicious, ascended an eminence, and there seating himself, delivered a moral lecture. Never before was the

world illuminated with such a discourse. Never before did such sublime precepts distil from the lips of a mortal. From that day forth, the heathen sages lost their credit. Their fine-spun casuistry sunk under the weight of a sublime moral; their patch-work morality was trampled under foot and disgraced forever; all their good was melted into this half-hour moral discourse. No wonder its force and novelty astonished the multitude. No wonder they stood looking to heaven in doubt, and were ready to follow him at hazard. How could they help reposing all their confidence in the man whose unpremeditated discourse entered into every precinct of their hearts, and in humbling them by bringing to light all that was base, at the same time elevated them above this world by disclosing to them a sublime affinity? That man, who, after laying open to men their hearts, can lead them at his pleasure, has surely found the principle which governs mankind. At this day we can only imagine the expression of the man's countenance; the power of his words all men have felt. The charm of his words as uttered has departed, the beauty of his discourse is blemished by a halting translation, and the order is broken by chapter and verse; but the substance remains, and will forever remain, an object of curiosity to taste or of improvement to piety.

Human nature was thought to be raised by the Stoics to a dignity scarcely its own. But their moral austerity counteracted itself, and produced a pride and intolerance not always compatible with social life. The discourse of Jesus on the Mount gave a moral which, though built on humility, transcended the severity of the Stoics, and taught man what he ought to be rather than what he might be. The Stoics made no allowance for human frailty. Even the milder virtues were treated with con-

tempt. Pity was a weakness, compassion a crime; and love was divested not only of sentiment, but of heart. They tied up the passions, and chastised the sensations. Though he struck at the root of man's pride, Christ offered no violence to man's nature. He offered no new system; he who addresses the human heart should never think of a system.

But why did not the civil authority arrest the progress of this man? We have already told the cause. Christ never offered a system. Of all men he was apparently least solicitous of reputation; for though he commanded at pleasure the passions of others, he never manifested a passion of his own. Besides, his public life was too unsociable for popularity, rather inspiring reverence than courting favor,—though in a private circle he was willing to adapt himself, and sometimes lent his presence to domestic assemblies. A man of this description, whose constant doctrine seemed to impress on his followers the duty of obedience, and even of acquiescence under every form of government, could not be obnoxious to the Roman authority of that day. Patience and resignation to others, is the doctrine most agreeable to a tyrant. Hence the cause of the persecution of this man must have been more deep and insidious than any alarm on the part of the civil authority. But was Jesus an advocate for arbitrary power? Not Brutus was less so. With the feelings of a prophet, and with an unerring political foresight, he addressed himself, in general, to that great body of the community which in all countries and in all ages can find little on which to repose but a naked faith. Did he side with the rich against the poor? Not Aristides was more just. Did he inspirit the poor against the rich? Not Thurlow was more austere. The sagacity of Jesus led him to foresee that under every form of government the strong would prey

upon the weak ; that the rich would oppress the poor ; that human society was just like the pyramid, the bottom of which must forever support the whole weight ; and that unless there was a sympathy on the one part and a moral feeling on the other, the union of men in society would beget a system of aggression and antagonism. No, Jesus offered no new system ; he only sublimated the religion of Nature. Regardless of forms and ceremonies, in the midst of the single institution, — the social board of bread and wine, — he taught his disciples to look directly to heaven.

Nor was the civil power alarmed at this man's sudden renown. It was an admiration that followed rather than a popularity that was courted. Jesus never remained in one place a sufficient length of time for a sedition, much less for a conspiracy, to gain consistency. For whenever the people assembled in multitudes, it was his constant practice to retire speedily to some other city or village ; so that a sedition, although most terrible in a despotic government, in that it is never without cause, was not feared by the Roman authority in Judea, from the public carriage of Jesus.

In this manner Jesus travelled over the principal parts of his country, evidently devoted to some pursuit, the object of which was doubtless in his own opinion superior to any of those attainments which usually excite the passions of men ; for in the ardor of his purposes, Jesus overlooked all those objects which were most dear to the great men of antiquity, and likewise money, the passion of the present day. With a mind at once solid and brilliant, which seemed to place its chief delight in the conception of the sublimest moral truths, he left all his fame as a philosopher to the treacherous ears of an ignorant multitude, or to the care of a few associates who possibly could

not write their names ! With a courage that never turned from an enemy, and with a firmness that encountered the whole opposition of the Pharisees, this man submitted to be spit upon, to be buffeted, to be smitten, and to be scourged. With pretensions to arrogate everything, this man claimed nothing ; and only once complained that while the birds had nests, and the foxes had holes, he himself had not where to lay his head. In the midst of a people who were ready to worship him as a god, he was content to be derided as an impostor. In the midst of a people whose favor was ready to outstrip the wings of his expectation, Jesus sunk upon the public below Barabbas the robber. Yet, what is no less extraordinary, he lived perfectly contented,—neither envying the rich nor despising the poor. Nor did he endeavor to ameliorate the severity of his condition, or even to shun the ignominy of his fate,—a pathetic presentiment of which he expressed a short time before his death. Yet this man, always in the depths of poverty, was reputed to work miracles ; but the greatest miracle of all is, he never wrought one in his own favor. In such a case would not any other man have exerted his power to control his wants, or even to insure his pleasures ? Would not an Oriental have turned water into wine for his own use ? Instead of a life of penance and penury would not the congenial climate of Judea have inspired convivial gratifications ? Instead of practising complete abstinence and chastity would not an Oriental, whose blood usually flows in a fiery current or trembles in a voluptuous languor, have converted the very cedars of Lebanon into a harem ? Yet this temperate Nazarene preferred the brook or the rivulet to the joys of the vintage. Yet this humble Nazarene travelled over Judea on foot, and never rode but once, and then in a manner that seemed to court the contempt of the populace. Yet this self-deny-

ing Nazarene frequented the tables of a Wapping and a St. Giles. Yet this Nazarene was as exemplary in his affections as though he had been dipped every morning in the river Cydnus.

The fame of Jesus had now extended throughout Judea. Many of the genteel class, including not a few of the chief rulers, publicly whispered their doubts whether the man was not a supernatural being. This suddenly alarmed the Jewish hierarchy; and this was the ruin of Jesus. The disinterestedness of his morality, his simplicity of life, his quaker-like inoffensiveness, might have saved him from persecution had he foregone that attribute which claimed the adoration of mortals, and which, in the opinion of the Jewish authority, stamped him at once an impostor. This unprecedented pretension would alone have rendered him dangerous to all those who dreaded a change; for when once a religion is established, the presiding god is not permitted to interfere. The eloquence of Jesus was frequently directed against the chief priests, the Scribes, and the Pharisees. Imprudent man! He might have known that every establishment, religious or civil, is cruel and unrelenting in the degree it is perverted. Yet Jesus pursued these hypocrites even into their sanctuaries, and overwhelmed them in their own temples. This an effort of enthusiasm? No; their silence confirmed their conviction, and confessed the triumph of reason. If this man had seconded their views; if this man had thrown off his sackcloth, and doubly fringed his garments; if this man had associated with the chief priests and the Jewish authority — and why did he not, if he was an impostor? — if this man had only consented to become what his countrymen were more than ready to make him, — doubtless his abilities must have rendered him an illustrious adventurer.

The character of that age is well known. The Jewish hierarchy was paramount to the law of Moses. The ceremony of the tithe of mint, of annise, and of cummin was retained; even the seat of Moses was respected, but the spirit of the lawgiver had departed. The mantle of Elijah, long since worn threadbare, had been cast off for the fine linen of the East,—an emblem of hierarchical purity! Imprudent man! Did he not know that under such a system virtue is odious, and truth is treason? Did he not know that the man who dares attempt to bring back a corrupted age to first principles is worthy of death? Surely if this man was an impostor, of all men he was most weak. He associated with the people, who were nothing, and neglected the hierarchy, who, far more commanding than any hierarchy of the present day, were supposed to possess the fabulous key of the Roman Church.

Now opens upon us a new trait in the character of Jesus. The meek, the humble, the modest son of Mary is no longer a wanderer from village to village, he no longer retires to the mountains, or frequents the sea-shores, but boldly proceeds to the temple,—that very temple in which at the age of twelve years he had astonished all who heard him. There, in the midst of a multitude of enemies, in the temple of the Most High God, regardless of the reverence of the place, his only weapon the law of Moses, he throws himself in the face of the whole hierarchy. The Scribes and Pharisees, heartless as their own principles, are confounded; for such is the dauntless attitude of the man, and such the noble frankness of his carriage, such the heart-appalling terror of his rebuke, and such the overbearing vehemence of his reproach, that every passion of the hierarchy, except love of office, sinks under his superior presence. Though these humbled, proud men were clothed in authority, though an immediate apprehension was practi-

cable, not a whisper came from the lips of even one of the chief priests, not a motion from a Scribe, not a murmur from a Pharisee. They wondered at the deformity of one another, but each retained his own features. In contemplating the picture, they seemed for a moment to forget the painter. The Scribe revolted at the moral aspect of the Pharisee, while the Pharisee looked coldly upon the chief priests, and the latter, in turn, regarded both the others with scorn.

It was no doubt a novel scene to behold a man whose romantic life and mysterious pursuits readily raised a suspicion of enthusiasm or of imposture boldly enter, in the character of a reformer, that temple which the Jews either from policy or superstition contended was the favorite earthly residence of the Uncreated. It was no doubt a novel scene to the hierarchy to behold this man not only usurp their office, but turn upon themselves with an unexpected violence and indignation. Doubtless truth and conviction must have pointed every expression, or Jesus must have raised a corresponding violence and indignation; instead of which, the eyes of the whole hierarchy, fearful of the obscure Nazarene, are turned on themselves. Had Moses himself appeared in the temple, treading on sunbeams, his head concealed in the dark cloud which once appeared on Sinai, and holding in his hands a scroll of the decalogue, they had not been more embarrassed, they had not been more astonished. Never in Greece or Rome did any orator so readily triumph over his adversaries; and never did any orator—no, not Cicero nor Burke—venture to exhibit a public criminal in such repellent colors as those in which this carpenter's son presumed to portray the characters of fairest repute in Jerusalem. It was an overwhelming attack, not only on their system but on themselves. They were unprepared with the least apology, and the

charges were brought so completely home that all reply was precluded.

This was one of those moral risks which reveal the man no less clearly than do the more brilliant actions of the hero; and perhaps this moral experiment on the Jewish hierarchy was at once the most sublime and successful effort of indignant virtue which the world ever witnessed. Let us contemplate it for a moment.

It demanded an uncommon firmness, I had almost said a madness, of mind to pronounce in the face of the nation the fiercest judgment on those who still arrogated to themselves the seat of Moses, those whom ages had rendered sacred in the eyes of the people. There was in the public opinion, both in that and in all preceding ages, such an intimate connection between the emblem and the substance of religion, between the priest and the national divinity, that a contempt of the god was more readily pardoned than an impiety to his priests. This indeed was natural, as the priests governed the gods, not the gods the priests. Hence no less a man than Alcibiades, who at various periods of his life was the most popular man at Athens, excited the public horror from a bare suspicion of his having wantonly broken some of the statues of Mercury, and of his having acted in mockery at the conclusion of an entertainment (the awful Eleusinean mysteries), — not to mention Anaxagoras, and after him Protagoras, famous philosophers, who were thought to merit banishment for want of faith; or Socrates, reposing in his old age on a life as venerable for its virtue as were his locks for their whiteness, who was hurried before the tribunal of his country, and condemned to the hemlock for a supposed disrespect to the religious feelings of his countrymen. Yet Jesus, supported only by his own presence, regardless of common prudence, and more dauntless than

either of those Greeks, always reserved his most unwelcome discourses for the ears of his enemies. Looking around on the hierarchy, who were watching an occasion for a quarrel, Jesus colored with indignation; and while he saw the abuses of many ages lie light on their hearts, he did not wait for the tide of their malice to meet the gathering of his own rebuke, but he silenced them forever with a "Woe unto you, Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites!" Yet his wrath, the wrath of a generous mind, subsided in a moment, and like a sovereign judge who pities while he condemns, he moderated his fierce judgments in that most pathetic appeal: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

It was sufficient glory for Demosthenes to deliver his philippics in the midst of all Athens. Philip heard them not at Macedon; and when the orator, in the character of an ambassador, waited on the king, the wretch was confounded. Cicero gained half his honors from Catiline; yet Cicero, in the midst of the Roman senate, trembled in the face of his enemy. Burke had collected all the indignant epithets of the East and the West, and safely, in a British parliament, aimed them at the obnoxious Hastings. Where shall we find a man who, unsupported and apparently disinterested, has hazarded so much as Jesus Christ?

It is impossible for such a man as this to flourish long in a corrupted state of society. Passive, negative virtue is not only tolerated, but sometimes applauded in the most degenerate condition of man; but when an administration of government lends itself to national depravity, and the civil authority finds that it can gain most in the worst times, a man of active public virtue

is more odious than any object whom positive law may reach. Such a man cannot be endured; the splendor of his virtues darkens all around him; the vital heat of his influence withers up the artificial growth of the holiday virtues of his contemporaries in power. To a barren soil the early and latter rain is scarcely grateful; the meridian sun is death to the heartless verdure. Those in power soon become sick of hearing Aristides called the just. For the same cause the virtuous Gilbert Wakefield was sacrificed in the prime of life, and the much enduring Priestley hardly found respite on the frontiers of the wilderness.

Jesus must have known that his feelings and principles were wholly averse to the manners of his age, and that he could not long be endured. Yet how melancholy for a man in the bloom of manhood, before his mother had experienced the pleasure of a mother in partaking of the fame of her son; before his associates, whose strong faith laughed at the idea of his catastrophe, had witnessed the public homage and consequent honors which they thought due to his character, — how melancholy for a man, conscious of his claims on society, to die so young, and like a malefactor, while his dearest relatives must necessarily partake of the ignominy of his fate! How abhorrent to his own nature to die so ignobly, while his heroic firmness was scarcely a counterbalance to the extreme sensibility of his moral feelings!

“Yet Socrates died with equal fortitude, and perhaps with greater resignation.” Socrates was seventy-two years of age, had outlived his contemporaries, was famous throughout Greece, and in the sanction of the Oracle was the best man of his times. To a philosopher, life has few charms after seventy. Of this opinion was Socrates, and it mingled itself with the reasons of his

resignation. Among five hundred judges, Socrates was condemned by a majority of three. He was still in possession of his fame and virtue.

Socrates lost nothing but his life, while Jesus suffered many deaths. Where were his friends in the trying moment? Where was Peter? Denying with an oath that he had ever seen the man! Where was the beloved John? The beloved John had fled. To whom could Jesus look for comfort? To his wretched mother, who saw him nailed to the cross, and watched his last struggles.

To Socrates, life in a great measure was indifferent. To Jesus this was impossible. At the age of thirty-three, though the rosy fragrance of youth has departed, hope still gladdens the heart; the substance of life remains in perspective although its brightness may be faded. So that whether Jesus was possessed with the spirit of enthusiasm, of imposture, or of pure virtue, life must have been exceedingly dear to him; for whatever was his object he left it apparently unaccomplished. He had neither reformed the age, conquered his enemies, nor advanced himself. Apparently, his life was less useful than that of Socrates; his virtue was too strong, too exacting for the times. Socrates, on the contrary, was always persuasive; and this was necessary in the declining virtue of the Athenians. Jesus was always imperative, and spoke like a god rather than like a man. This, seemingly, was the height of imprudence; yet this was his manner from the beginning, and in this he persevered to the moment of his death. His last expressions, especially, indicated that he was an enthusiast, an impostor, or a Heaven-ordained messenger.

The hierarchy soon discovered their own emptiness. The contempt which the unprotected inconsequence of Jesus was ready to excite, gave a powerful effect to the earnest

simplicity of his manner, and impressed his enemies with a sort of mysterious terror. They well knew that a reformer whose manners were serious, whose morals were unexceptionable, whose firmness prepossessed the confidence of the indifferent, and whose ready eloquence seemed to take in ideas with his eyes and impress them with his looks, would soon effect a change of affairs. Hence they naturally resolved on his death. It was ever the opinion of a majority, that an enemy however virtuous had better die than that they should lose their influence. They seemed to say : "The blood of one man, imputed to many, would scarcely stain their hands. In all human probability, the miserable Nazarene would be forgotten in a short time, and his disappointed associates, ashamed of his fate, would be the first to revile the impostor, or laugh at the enthusiast. Let his partisans behold him dead ; let them witness his terrible catastrophe, and the delusion is over. No mortal ever worshipped a dead god, or erected a temple under a gibbet." Thou short-sighted Scribe ! Thou blind Pharisee ! In the opinion of a thousand generations that dead man will revive again ; a fragment of that infamous cross will be esteemed a sacred relic ; that temple in which his presence confounded you shall one day be destroyed, and his presence shall be supposed to fill the temple of the universe.

Consistent from the beginning, Jesus neither courted nor shunned his enemies. In the moment of his arrest he exhibited a magnanimity which has never been surpassed. They approached him cautiously, but Jesus, suspecting their errand, first accosted them : "Whom seek ye ?" "Jesus of Nazareth." "I am the man." There is the sublime in Nature, the sublime in sentiment, the sublime in action, and the sublime in character. Of all these the sublime in character is most admirable. Nothing from

the mouth of any other man under similar circumstances has equalled this reply of Jesus. The "Strike, but hear me" of Themistocles has deservedly been celebrated; the expression of Socrates in a moment of anger charmingly illustrates his presence of mind; the reply of the Indian savage, "We are enemies," when asked his opinion of another, was perhaps an unconscious expression of sublimity; and the "Myself" of Corneille is more elevated than either, but the whole merit of the latter is due to Corneille. It is nothing but a sublime conception of the poet fitted on a great character; whereas "I am the man" embraces not only the sublime of character, but also the sublime of action.

"I am the man," said Jesus, and surrendered himself. No resistance, no evasion, no attempt to escape dishonored his past life. Regardless of himself, he was apprehensive for his friends only; and when they were dismissed, this eloquent man was dumb. The same presence of mind and the same dignity which had accompanied him during his active life, accompanied him during the mockery of a judicial process. A short time before he had silenced the astonished hierarchy; now he is arraigned a public criminal,—his life and reputation are at hazard. Perhaps he foresees his fate; yet surely he will make one last effort to redeem his own memory from suspicion, and render justice to the motives of his followers. Surely, they may have thought a man like Jesus, who had been so copious of promises, who had parcelled out twelve thrones in heaven to twelve poor men, would not in his last moments desert those who had so honorably supported him, those whose faith at all times was ready to surpass their senses. Surely, a man whose life had been devoted to partisans, whose sacrifices to him were perhaps greater than his to them, would not desert his followers.

It was magnanimous in Socrates to wrap himself up in his past life. Socrates stood alone; no one had risked his fortunes, his reputation, or his common sense on the character or principles of Socrates. It was magnanimous in Scipio, when unjustly accused, to preserve a contemptuous silence. It was magnanimous and sufficient for Chatham, when it was insinuated in Parliament that the public moneys had been plundered, to raise his trembling, death-white hand and shake it in presence of the nation, signifying that no gold had stuck to his fingers.

The case of Jesus was different; no private individual, before or since, ever possessed such an easy and unlimited control over his fellow-men. How, then, must his followers have been astonished, when they heard the account of his dumb and passive death! What less than a public harangue, what less than an exposition of his principles and views could his disciples expect? And what a field for his own feelings! The man might have carried his whole soul into the eyes of his enemies. An emanation of his own virtue might have passed over and for a moment purified all his judges. His life was public; and would it have been derogatory in him to appeal to his public life? Might he not have proclaimed his own innocence, or at least have reasoned on the charges alleged against him? Yet this eloquent man was dumb. He preserved to the last his mysterious character, and seemed to die a natural death. The mystery ends not here: his disciples neither complained of his conduct nor sympathized in his fate. His own disciples still carried their faith beyond their senses, and adored the man in heaven who, they confessed, had died on a cross. Him they had followed; for him they had forsaken all. Them he had apparently deserted, and left to the contempt of all men; yet they followed this man beyond the grave, to place him on

the throne of God. When the man was dead, those who knew him best, who had been for three years his bosom companions, worshipped him as the only true God, persisted he was a divine being, and not only suffered martyrdom in the cause of this reputed malefactor, but in the moment of their sufferings sometimes converted their enemies to their own faith!

Here an objection, indeed a powerful one, presents itself; and that freedom of remark which pervades these pages requires a serious notice of the objection. If the disciples of Jesus were at first credulous, and afterwards fanatic, their conduct after his death was not only natural, but politic. After the crucifixion, the disciples were on the point of becoming the laughing-stock of all men. If during the life of Jesus they were not only contented, but gloried in the humility of disciples, how deeply must they have been disheartened after his strange and unexpected death! If their pride and self-love had not been greatly weakened under his discipline, their dubious feelings with the help of a warm imagination would rise into the fiercest fanaticism. Peter seems to have been the most violent of any of the disciples, and most capable of leading an adventure. Is it not possible then, is it not within the limits of probability, that some one of these zealous partisans, when they saw the God whom they had worshipped dead and buried, should propose the bold design of establishing their novel system on its own ruins? Would it have been unnatural for them to say: "Let us tell the world, and let us persist in it, that Jesus Christ the crucified God finished his career agreeably to an eternal decree, that his death shall prove the salvation of all who will believe in his divinity; and to inspire the world with new hopes of immortality, let us proclaim his

resurrection from the grave, and his ascension to heaven amidst a host of angels. This doctrine of faith so agreeable to the laziness of mankind, and this doctrine of immortality so flattering to human pride, will gain upon the world in proportion to our own apparent faith. We shall first gain the ignorant and abandoned; their sincerity will supply new zeal. Afterward the wise will follow from self-interest."

A proposal like this might have arrested the attention of honest men in like circumstances with the disciples; for there is but a hair's-breadth between fanaticism and falsehood.

An objection like this, which is entirely circumstantial, if indeed it is a mere objection, is most satisfactorily answered by a recurrence to the circumstances from which it has arisen. It would be departing from the design of this essay to give a full discussion to any objection. However, I cannot forbear to observe that the evangelists have candidly intimated the disappointment and doubts of the disciples at the death of Jesus, and in the simplicity of their narratives either did not anticipate any objections, or, what is more probable, they justly reflected that their own attempts to answer them would only render their record suspicious: so that mankind are left to choose between attributing to the evangelists great simplicity or deep design. Now, there is certainly nothing on the face of either of the gospels which reveals the spirit of intrigue, of enthusiasm, or of selfishness. Not Xenophon, of all writers the most artless, has more simplicity than Saint John. Hence if we cannot bring home to either of the evangelists the charge of enthusiasm or of selfishness, the objection loses much of its weight: especially, when we consider that one of the disciples, who was afterwards a famous preacher, denied his association with Jesus, another sold him, and a third, after the death of Jesus,

proved inflexibly incredulous of his resurrection until he was convinced by the most perfect demonstration.

This looks very little like a conspiracy of fanatics. Fanaticism is all passion; it is bound as with a chain to its object. But the disciples, confessedly, were in a state of despondency for several days after the crucifixion. Judas, the treacherous Judas, was rather a calculator than a partisan. It may justly be objected that it is impossible to suppose that the trusted Judas could follow Jesus one year, listening to his high pretensions, and, convinced of his divinity, betray him to his enemies. This doubtless seems too absurd to credit. Yet so is the fact reported. Still, Judas himself will best answer this objection. "I have betrayed innocent blood," said he; and in the pangs of remorse casting away the unholy profit, he executed martyrdom on himself,—an act which bore witness for Jesus no less than did the death of Stephen. On the contrary, had the speculating Judas at any moment during his intimacy with Jesus discovered imposture, the crafty man would have raised his own reputation and acquitted a public duty in surrendering to the State a dangerous impostor; while the credulous, disappointed disciples, ashamed of the disgraceful catastrophe of the wretch whom they had honored as Lord and master, would have turned upon the corpse in silent indignation, rather than carry on the imposture at such an imminent hazard. Otherwise, defenceless as they were, they must necessarily have effected everything by the force of speech. Destitute of the swords of Ali and Omar, and hopeless of the rewards of those conquering proselytes, the humble Galileans had to support two of the most difficult problems in nature,—the divinity of a man who had been crucified, and his resurrection from the dead. All this, without any hope of reward, either in this world or the next, unless we are willing to suppose the barren glory of martyrdom in

an unholy cause, or the dubious fame of giving currency to a daring imposture could influence those poor, inconsequential men. To suppose this would surely be refining on human motives beyond common experience.

"I am the man," said Jesus, and surrendered himself. It is thought to be greatly to the honor of Socrates that he disdained the proposal of his friends, who offered the means of escape. The proposition was derogatory, and the refusal claims no merit. Socrates was constant to himself (this is high praise); but Socrates could not conduct himself otherwise. There are certain situations in which great men are sometimes placed that forbid them to descend from their characters. The sick lion suffers in silence, and calmly parts with life; and the eagle in his descent turns his head towards the sun. It was impossible for Cato to live under Cæsar, or for Brutus to live under Anthony. In our own times it was equally impossible for the virtuous Moreau to live under Buonaparte.

The situation of Jesus Christ was different. His name had not become familiar, like that of Socrates, throughout the world. No oracle had espoused the reputation of Jesus. His fame had scarcely reached Rome, and that in a private letter. A young man like this might have fled from persecution, though capitally condemned, and have preserved his credit. To Socrates this was impossible. He could have concealed himself among the Seythians, yet had he done so the fugitive philosopher would have forgotten that he was once Socrates. Whereas if Jesus had fled, his more mature years might honorably have retrieved his character; and if he were innocent, it was his duty to preserve himself, if possible, in order to illuminate the moral world. Instead of which he flung himself away. In the prime of life, without an effort, he flung himself away; and with all his faculties wrought up to their highest tone, he died in

a manner too unprecedented to bear a rational discussion, unless we consider him an unfortunate adventurer. Then the question which has raised this inquiry offers itself: If Jesus Christ was an impostor, what were his motives? If he was an enthusiast, where were his passions? If he was a hero, where was his sword?

The life and death of Jesus have marked his character with too much precision to mistake him either for an enthusiast or a hero. The single question which will bear an examination is, Was he a god or an impostor? This question, on which the character of Jesus must forever rest, remains to be considered. I thought it more illustrative and more logical to reserve this point for the conclusion, as the preceding remarks on his life and conduct have naturally led to this inquiry,—an inquiry which is exceedingly difficult, and which allies itself to the feelings or interest of most men. Hence liberality in research may appear like levity, and the least bias will look like bigotry. This inquiry might be extended to any length, embracing human nature in all its motives, windings, prepossessions and self-delusions; but the general reasoning may be confined to a narrow compass.

Mankind have been detected so frequently in corrupt motives, and have so often suffered a dereliction from the avowed ties of moral necessity, that a profession of virtue, to the busy part of the world, has become more odious than even wicked principles; as herein the meanness of duplicity is spared, and the danger of deception more easily avoided. So that the cloak of virtue has become the baize shirt of the sailor,—worn in winter to keep out the cold, in summer to keep out the heat. This bias of mankind to suspicion is further strengthened from the disgraceful consideration, that every age, when time has illustrated char-

acter and dimmed the glare of greatness, has erected a hundred gibbets for one statue. Hence it has become not only a speculative, but a common opinion, that extraordinary pretensions ought to raise extraordinary suspicion. This belief is likewise strengthened from the fact that those who are most conversant with the busy world, have least faith in their fellow-men; so that suspicion, wariness, and circumspection have long since become a branch of the minor morals, called prudence, caution, and self-defence.

Nor is this suspicion confined to any particular class of men; the general mass of mankind, in the opinion of one another, requires incessant watching. This suspicion soon becomes a sentiment, a habit of feeling, and in the degree a man's own head becomes gray, he thinks worse of his gray-headed neighbor. Hence in the opinion of old men, the last generation is always the worst; and in their fearful apprehensions the end of the world is approaching,—a sentiment that forcibly reveals their own depravity. Fortunately, men rarely live a hundred years, and more fortunately still, they lose their brightest faculties long before that period; otherwise gray hairs and depravity would convey a like import. If youth is less suspicious and less suspected than age, it is but a short credit, which a little experience soon cancels.

Under a scrutiny so severe, he must be a wonderful man who, rising suddenly from private life, asserts himself a public reformer, and single-handed tramples on a nation's prejudices. The character of Jesus, not only in his own day, but since, has borne this test,—the test of a public reformer, and a man of exemplary morals; while the charge of imposture or of hypocrisy has never been fairly brought home to him, although his pretensions were of the highest nature, and were considered by many as proceeding from an impious arrogance.

Imposture has a cloak of many colors. The highest kind of imposture is political. It is then the offspring of a determined ambition, compelled for a time to smother its fires. When successful, it is connected with a sagacious mind, steady resolutions, and a deep knowledge of its own times. It is always full of intrigue, secrecy, and boldness, accompanied with many of the best qualities of the mind. In its object it may be defined as "corrupt views to a corrupt end." Slow and calculating in its operations, it feels its way, and becomes subservient to the times. Unlike hypocrisy, which requires only a cloak, imposture, more active, is in pursuit of some great end. In the degree it is successful it ceases to be imposture, by reason of the arduous task to which it is subjected; for no man prefers to accomplish by fraud what he can obtain any other way. We find that impostors, the moment they were able, have universally adopted force instead of fraud; and hence the proclamation of Mahomet, in the full tide of his success: "The sword is the key to heaven, and the blood of the faithful will smell to heaven more odoriferous than frankincense." Unlike enthusiasm, which carries its heart in its head, and presses blindly forward, political imposture has a tally for every step. The Macedonian and the Swede were enthusiasts. They were not in pursuit of enemies, but objects; otherwise the Scythian and the Turk would never have been attacked. Julius Cæsar was an impostor from the beginning, and calmly waited thirty years, until the sovereign power, fearful of a renewal of the days of Marius and Sulla, seemed to court his protection. The modern Attila would have been an impostor had not the exertion of an opportune force on his part and the love of plunder on the part of the French people exhibited him at once in his true character.

Religious imposture is more direct in its aim, and the enthusiasm with which it is always accompanied, gives it an easy currency, and sometimes, in the end, conceals from itself its own imposture. It is necessary that it should have a new system or a new doctrine to support, otherwise it soon loses its glow of enthusiasm, and then the charm dissolves.

To religious imposture an era of ignorance and superstition is necessary. An enlightened age never sees an imposture of this description; but the political impostor will seek to accomplish his purpose in any state of society, and is most successful in the degeneracy of a commonwealth. There is no instance of a successful religious imposture in a well-organized society.

Literary imposture, likewise, delights in systems, paradoxes, and new theories. The boldest truths are often thrown out in its extravagant pursuits. This species of imposture is seldom dangerous; its object is only a sudden and novel fame. The last century was remarkable for a number of philosophic impostors.

If Jesus Christ was an impostor, he was doubtless a political impostor; although his reserved demeanor and moral discourses exhibit an imposing religious aspect. That grandeur of character, those strong and calm traits, that habitual moderation and ready eloquence, that command over others in his most passive moments, and that eager readiness to sympathize with the unhappy, which is no mark of ambition or of enthusiasm, never yet distinguished a religious impostor. If tradition has given to Mahomet most of these great qualities, history has also given him the character of a soldier and a statesman. It would be derogatory to the abilities of Jesus to rank him in the class of sectaries. If he was an impostor, his mysterious carriage and public discourses were well

calculated to gain an ascendancy over the populace, and this ascendancy was but the nearest object in his expanded view.

Let us now inquire if the conduct of Jesus can fairly be charged with imposture. It must be granted that his life was clouded in singular mystery, and that the motives both of his public and private movements were, in general, inexplicable to his associates. How do we know that the long period of his obscurity was not consumed in the contemplations of future aggrandizement? How do we know that he was not studying the character of his times, and cultivating his popular talents? In retirement, Mahomet formed himself into the future prophet of Arabia; with nobler views, and though under the imputation of idiotism, the elder Brutus was successfully planning the liberty of his country. There certainly was, both in that and in the times preceeding those in which Jesus flourished, every inducement for political adventurers. The public mind was ready to encourage the most daring pretensions. A long-expected and powerful captain was to protect their declining fortunes in those particulars so interesting to all men,—politics and religion. In the ardor of expectation, the public was ready to add inspiration to the enthusiasts, and the most active powers of God to the impostor. The national ambition was interested, and the public, when they please, can deify. In such times a great man scarcely earns his greatness; the public anticipate him. In all probability had another great man, a crafty, prudent man, like Sertorius, declared himself in opposition to Jesus, Sertorius had preceeded in public confidence the more unassuming Nazarene. Hence, in this respect, Jesus had much the advantage of Mahomet. It was the first concern of the Arabian to prepare the public mind; whereas Jesus, had his pretensions

been even more suspicious, could not have anticipated the wishes of his nation.

If the times were thus favorable to an impostor, and if the private life of Jesus is not without suspicion, his public conduct is not wholly free from mystery.

Why did he associate from the beginning with that class of people who in a degenerate state of society consider themselves outlaws from the community, with a people so fond of adventure that it required only a beckoning to lead some of them in his train, and only a single discourse to fix them as partisans? Why did he select those who, though they left all, left nothing? He had an opportunity of winning one young man of great possessions,—an ingenuous young man, naturally disposed to virtue. Him he laid under what, at least in this age, may be called an impossible restriction; and the young man went away sorrowful. Nor, if we judge that age by our own, ought it to seem extraordinary that the rich, to whom Jesus showed no courtesy, refused to mingle with a collection of people who seemed to hold in contempt that selfishness which the usual laws of property inculcate. The rich hate abstract equality. On the contrary, if Jesus was an impostor, he wisely discountenanced the rich and the great. These are generally timid, and can seldom be depended on in the moment of emergency. Whereas those who followed Jesus, having once pledged themselves, were retained from personal considerations. Danger, far from dissipating, would unite them; fear would give courage, and instant ruin, intrepidity.

There are a few other circumstances attending the public life of Jesus, not wholly without example in the lives of other great men. His retirement to the mountains for forty days gave an unnecessary mystery to his character, already mysterious in the eyes of his own disciples. Yet it

must be confessed that the comparatively enlightened age of Judea would have rendered this secrecy impolitic in an impostor. Temporary retirement is a device worthy of a dark or superstitious age only. Numa Pompilius, no doubt an excellent man, gained much of his consequence from the Egerian grove; and the secluded character of Mahomet threw a ray of divinity over the impostor. Lysurgus, too, offers an incident similar to one which is said to have happened to Jesus. The oracle pronounced Lysurgus "Beloved of the gods, and a god rather than a man." A voice, too, proclaimed: "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased." The sacred birds of the Romans, and the holy dove afford but a partial resemblance; and likewise the dove and the milk-white hind of Sertorius. The entry of Jesus into the temple and the expulsion of the merchants bear a strong likeness to the entry of Cromwell into the British parliament. These particulars are more striking in contrast with the general simplicity of the carriage and conduct of Jesus.

To all this and much more which might be objected, I will only reply, that Jesus Christ, if he was an impostor, was of all men most weak, inefficient, and wrong-headed. Of this his early death and uniform eccentricity are sufficient proof. On the contrary, if he was not an impostor, he may be considered successful in an eminent degree. Not Alexander, who in the intoxication of pride forgot his father Philip, allied himself so equally to the Great First Cause as did the Nazarene in his sober senses, and in his most unpromising circumstances. Yet Philip, though a conqueror, whose head above the clouds became giddy from its own height, and whose eyes, dazzled by the splendor of his own glory, saw not the devastation which the print of his feet left behind, was but a laughing-stock in his pretensions to his own creatures and bacchanals, while the

Nazarene, ready to become the servant of all, at the same moment challenged unlimited faith to his sublime affinity. Therefore if Jesus was an impostor, he was doubtless unsuccessful. But if he was not an impostor, it is too much to say he did not attain his object; especially as he himself indicated as much in his last expression, "It is finished."

Who will say that Jesus was either a weak man or inefficient in his purposes? That he was wrong-headed cannot be disputed with the money schemers, the ambitious, and the calculators on time and chance. But, however shiftless Jesus may seem to the man of the world, and however weak and unsuccessful he may appear to the politician, the mysterious and instant command that he exercised over his numerous followers, himself professedly the humblest of all, sufficiently marks the strength and power of his character. Nor was he by any means destitute of address and knowledge of the world. His conduct in several instances will best illustrate this strength of mind and ready judgment.

His decision on the question of the tribute money, and his rebuke to the hasty Peter, when he drew his sword on the servant of the high priest, display a quick and prudent judgment. But his question to the Jews on the baptism of John, surpasses in sagacity anything related of Socrates in throwing his adversaries into a dilemma. His reply to those who questioned the propriety of plucking the ears of corn on the Sabbath, is a memorable instance of temperate reproach. The young man, too, who went away sorrowful, was the best possible illustration of the doctrine of grace inculcated by Jesus.

With such faculties, all-essential to an impostor, and such as might have commanded success in any of the usual pursuits of ambition, Jesus, although a public man, preserved

his original poverty, sought no offices, solicited no friends, deprecated no enemies, and still claimed a share of the Godhead. Although he persevered in this celestial claim, he carried himself with so much meekness and humility that his public conduct was marked by no human motive; for so little selfishness did the tenor of his life exhibit, that his predominant passion was a secret to his own disciples: so if Jesus Christ was an impostor, we may boldly declare that the secret of his imposture was buried with him in his grave.

If such had been the extraordinary life of any other person, his death would properly conclude the subject; but the life of this man, however uncommon, bears no parallel with his wonderful destiny, — a destiny, which had it been distinctly foretold in his own life-time, would have required, perhaps, as much faith to have believed it *then*, as is *now* required for belief in the record of the evangelists. When the dead body of this crucified person was exposed to the populace, could the faith of man be more severely tried than in listening to the story of his future destiny? It is by no means incredible that a Jew who had declared himself the Son of God, yet being incompetent to support his sublime pretensions, should lose his character, and sink below the ordinary reputation of malefactors. But at that period it must have seemed incredible to all men that this person, whose fate was so contemptible that it did not excite the common sympathy of humanity, should soar from a gibbet to the throne of God, should enjoy a co-equality with the creator of the universe, and in the opinion of successive generations, should partake of divine honors both on earth and in heaven. Wonderful destiny! that a man who when among his fellows had no home, and when dead was beholden to the kind offices of a stranger for his interment, should, in leaving his miserable garments, his coat without

a seam, to be divided among his executioners, ascend within three days to heaven amidst a host of angels, to be welcomed to the throne of the Most High God! Wonderful destiny! that such a man, once the contempt of the world, and apparently deserted both by heaven and earth, should become the vehicle of all the hopes of the children of Adam; and through every succeeding age, whether dark or enlightened, whether superstitious or philosophical, should enjoy, as well in the palaces of kings as in the cottages of the poor, the real or pretended worship of whole nations.

Such is the destiny of Jesus Christ, a man above all others mysterious in his life, singular in the circumstances of his death, and wonderful after his death from the influence of his character on the most enlightened parts of the world.

AN
ORATION,
PRONOUNCED AT
C H A R L E S T O W N,
AT THE REQUEST OF THE
ARTILLERY COMPANY,
ON THE
SEVENTEENTH OF *JUNE* ; BEING THE ANNIVERSARY OF
THE *BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL*, AND
OF THAT *COMPANY*.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
With all their country's honors blest !

COLLINS.

THE RUINS OF OUR HABITATIONS AND ALTARS MAY ARISE IN
TEN FOLD SPLENDOR, — NOT SO OUR LIBERTIES —
ONCE GONE, THEY ARE LOST FOREVER !

By WILLIAM AUSTIN, A. B.

Charlestown :
PRINTED BY SAMUEL ETHERIDGE.

1801.

CHARLESTOWN, WEDNESDAY *Afternoon*, June 17th, 1861.

THE Subscribers, a committee in behalf of the ARTILLERY COMPANY of *Charlestown*, beg leave to express to you, sir, their thanks for the eloquent and patriotic Oration which you pronounced by their desire this day, and request a copy for the press; it being the unanimous vote of the Company.

JOSEPH MILLER.
JOHN CARTER.
WM. H. MANNING.
WM. WOOD.
JOSIAH HARRIS.

Mr. WM. AUSTIN.

GENTLEMEN :

THE candor which you have already exercised, is again requested; conscious of the rectitude of principle which influences the following pages, I have only to apologize to the court of criticism.

*I am, with much respect,
your humble servant,*

WM. AUSTIN.

Capt. MILLER.
Lieuts. CARTER and MANNING.
Messrs. WM. WOOD, JOSIAH HARRIS.

AN ORATION.

AMERICANS, fellow-citizens, freemen! The respect which a people pays to the memory of those who purchased their freedom is the standard of their own worth. That nation is still free when the people dare assert that their fathers were free. If they know how to confess their principles, they are not dead to their influence.

In obedience to the laudable custom of our country, and to the wishes of a respectable portion of our citizens, we have assembled on this anniversary to honor the principle, to celebrate the deeds, to mourn the memories, but to glory in the fate of those who died for their country. The occasion, the subject, the principle, the scene, are all sublime, and worthy the highest style of freemen. For if there can possibly be an occurrence capable of abstracting man from every selfish relation and transporting him beyond the bounds of humanity to new and nobler sensations, it must be like the present; if there be a subject capable of fixing transitory emotions, of rousing the slumbering spirit of our country's love, and of reminding a nation of the first motives which induced the assertion of their rights, it must be like the present; if there be a certain principle thought sometimes to inhabit mortality, and whose presence these heights, we believe, once witnessed, if its influence be not departed, let this day fix it forever! If there be a scene in Nature from which the patriot youth would wish to receive his first impressions of a virtuous emulation, or from which the poet

would wish to insure his own immortality, or which the pencil of Trumbull would not disdain to color, or lastly, in which the war-worn veteran would wish to find a grave, — here lies that scene!

Fellow-citizens! the present occasion offers a subject on which I know your sentiments will all accord — for who is here who does not love his country? — a subject, the incidents of which will awaken the ready sympathy of every bosom; a subject which ought to melt the frost of age, and cause the current of its blood to ebb back to the days of '75; a subject which, I trust, will renovate those feelings which inspired, and strengthen those principles which asserted us, freemen. Therefore, for a few moments, let us give the present times to oblivion; let us forget the intermediate days that are passed, lest a discordant idea should break the charm; let us consider ourselves for a few moments — it is but a fiction — the subjects of England, and become spectators of that scene which we are so justly proud to celebrate, and in which some of you were actors.

The situation of our country at the period we now contemplate, demanded the united energies of man; yet such was the discord of opposing interests that the wisest cautiously adopted, or even positively mistrusted, their own counsels, while the bravest either stifled or denied their own feelings. The whole country appeared to be without any distinct or particular object. Resistance was thought intemperate rashness; a separation from the mother country was a novel idea, and listened to with alarm and surprise. The whispers of independence were treated as the effusions of madness and desperation. Compare the two countries, it was repeatedly urged. In one you behold riches, power, unlimited credit, and the vigor of a strong and well consolidated government; in the other,

poverty, weakness, distraction, and distrust. In the one you behold a self-supported and conquering nation, fresh from the field of victory, in whose presence Europe trembles, at whose feet France and Spain are still humbled; in the other, the feeble and abortive exertions of imbecility. In the one you behold Hercules in the strength of manhood; in the other, the infant of yesterday. The first blow which the enemy will strike, will annihilate your commerce, dry up the sources of subsistence, wither every nerve of opposition, and insulate you from every foreign succor. Wage a war with England! England will not believe you to be in earnest; England has still so much regard for your welfare as to lament the madness of the enterprise. To her a tedious war might be ruinous; to America it must be fatal. In addition to all this, the terrors and consequences of rebellion were impressed on our minds, and new chains shaken over our heads.

The moment was now hastening when the overflowing waters of bitterness threatened to swallow the whole country. A last and solemn appeal is made to Heaven, to England, to the world. Heaven and earth, England excepted, heard our appeal, acknowledged our reasons, and justified our measures. What were those demands that England perseveringly refused until compelled to grant, together with all her empire over these States? They were surely not unreasonable; as subjects of England we only demanded the rights of Englishmen. These were refused. Though England herself at this time was the freest nation on the globe, yet like the Spartans, free herself, she wished to enslave others. Sparta had her helots. England emulated Sparta; and we,—ought we to restrain our indignation?—we were doomed to be English helots!

The moment arrives when military power wantons over our land, and oppression becomes multiform. Now rises

the spirit of the country. Now appears man in his greatest glory, struggling against inexorable misfortune. Now are realized those scenes which degenerate ages had sullied as fictitious. Now oppression is risen to its height. Now is offered the last alternative; the sword in one hand, chains in the other. It is no time for counsel now; the present sensation disdains reflection. Interest, prudence, calculation, consequences, where are they? Forgotten or despised. The breast is made bare to the sword; the chains are hurled back in defiance. England, we appeal to thee once more, are we not worthy the British name; do we not merit the name of freemen? Then recall thy troops, disband thy armies, liberalize thy policy, ameliorate thy exactions, give us back our liberties. It is not yet too late; sheathe thy sword ere it be stained in our blood, and all may be well. Still inexorable! Must our blood flow? Then let it flow, even to the last drop; let it be poured out profusely; let its stains be indelible; let it redden the whole land; but it shall be mingled with the blood of our enemies.

There are certain moments when it may be prudent to act without any regard to circumstances; when reason will embarrass and reflection confuse. The present moment must be instantly seized, and stamped with its appropriate image, or in the next it will fade and become indistinct. Such moments are rare, deeply interesting, and always partake of the great and sublime. Such a moment is the present, big with defeat, disgrace, bondage; or victory, glory, freedom. A moment similar to this our country anticipated. The moment arrives; the case is desperate, all is involved; in an instant the die will be cast and destiny irrevocable. A moment like this might well arrest the notice of man, for it involved the dearest principle of the human breast. Europe did pause; it was a pause honor-

able to humanity. She fixed on us her undivided attention, and gave us her best wishes. Her slaves feeling their own chains lighter, kindled into sympathy, and must have experienced a transitory sentiment of liberty. Now are our enemies in imagination triumphant, while our friends tremble for the result. Both are equally astonished; the fleeting moment of our destiny is seized and immortalized. Regardless of consequences, regardless of circumstances, regardless of life, all is hazarded. The first vein which the enemy opens is to bleed seven years, and the rankling wound is perhaps never to heal. An arduous warfare is essayed which might have appalled the hearts of the stoutest myrmidons of Achilles. Still regardless of consequences, the emergency demands, and every friend to his country becomes, a soldier, and every soldier a hero.

Is this truth, my fellow-citizens? If not, contradict me. I speak in the presence of those who acted what I am describing. Am I painting scenes which never existed? No; here stands one monument of them. Am I relating the deeds of a distant age, obscured by fable, magnified by reason of their obscurity, and embellished in the wantonness of imagination? No; I dare not depart from truth. The date of these incidents is too recent, and the incidents themselves too forcibly impressed on your memories to bear the slightest exaggeration. The exploits of a Jason, of an Agamemnon, of a Theseus and others, may well surprise, it being uncertain if such characters ever existed. Fable is ever fruitful, and delights in the marvellous. An extraordinary man becomes a hero after his death; and perhaps in the next age this hero becomes a god. Our felicity is consummate. While we relate the deeds, we can point to the place, we can particularize the moment, we can show the graves of the slain, we can produce their bones, — nay, more; we can produce the living characters

which the grave has kindly spared, some of them to participate in those blessings which their sublime labors purchased for their posterity.

The blood of our brethren which is first offered on the altar of oppression, at the shrine of a fancied parliamentary omnipotence,—that blood is not lost; it animates every bosom, it circulates in every vein, it mollifies every humor, it harmonizes the whole system. Already are the colonies united; jealousies, aversions, local prejudices, partial attachments, all vanish. Customs, manners, forms of governments, religions, all assimilate. The flame of patriotism spreads from breast to breast, from colony to colony, acquires new strength in passing, and glows with equal splendor in the South and North. The echoes of liberty and of our country's love rebound from the mountains of Vermont, shake the plains of the lowlands, and bound back from distant Georgia. Already are the ties of connection between the two countries dissolved. Now in reality the broad Atlantic rolls between us; we are already the United States, we are already independent. We need not wait for the Declaration,—independence is already declared; the war is finished,—America is conqueror. We are no longer subjects, but citizens; no longer slaves, but freemen.

England, farewell! Thy influence is gone; thy empire is departed. Now look to thyself, England! Why wilt thou lavish thy blood and treasure? Are the lives of fifty thousand of thy subjects nothing? Are one hundred millions of treasure nothing? Oh, madness! that treasure which is lavished on our chains will burden thy own subjects even to slavery. Look to thyself, England! Avert, if possible, thy own disgrace; save at least the wreck of thy fortunes. Why wilt thou hazard in America those laurels which thy Edward and Henry won at the battles of Crécy and Agin-

court in France? Save thyself, then. Recall thy troops; it is not yet too late to save thyself. Tempt us no further. We do not thirst for the blood of our brethren; but tempt us no further. In vain! Still inexorable! Still deaf to the omens of the departing shade of thy own glory! Oh, heavens! we have the secret, — England believes us cowards!¹ This is too much. If we could forget the great principle which inspires us, we would forgive thee, England, all thy oppressions; we would despise all the injuries we have received; we would forgive thee that blood which thou hast already shed: this insult should annihilate every other passion, and we would bring the issue to this point, — “whether or not we are cowards!”

Never until this moment did I wish myself an Englishman. Pardon this seeming impropriety. At present, would to God I were an Englishman, and one of those who fought on these heights. Then might I be permitted, without a suspicion of partiality, to attempt a description, the merits of which you are ready to submit to the prejudices of an enemy. Then might I be allowed a statement of facts which personal feeling would forbid to embellish, but which honor would constrain to submit to truth. Then might I be allowed, if my feeble hand could restrain the daring pencil, to sketch the outlines of an action which should be painted with the same passion with which it was fought.

But this cannot be. Therefore let the veil of modesty be drawn around this scene; let a simple recital of the deeds of that day be whispered in the softest strains of moderation; let us lull all our passions to a calm; let our wounds cease to rankle; let us conceal our scars; let all our enmities be forgotten; let the grass wave over this blood-stained

¹ It had been asserted in Parliament that the Americans were cowards, and Burgoyne demanded only ten thousand men to conquer the country.

scene, and hide its crimson soil from our eyes ; let us not regard the flames of our habitations, nor the impious burning of our altars, — new altars shall be reared to our God, new hosannas be proclaimed in new tabernacles. In this temper let us tread the spot to view the heights, to contemplate the action, to remark the circumstances, and to inquire the result. Let us be more than just ; let us be generous. It is not inglorious to praise an enemy ; it is not beneath the dignity of humanity to weep over his remains. Then let us modestly hold the pencil, and trust to his generosity to color the picture.

On the night preceding the seventeenth of June our countrymen, in expectation of a new and awful scene, possessed themselves of these heights. The appeal to the sword had been made in the last resort. We had purified ourselves from the blood of our brethren ; and conscious innocency disclaimed all responsibility for the consequences. Under the command of General Putnam, a hasty fort, breast high, was raised with an expedition which spoke a resolute and determined spirit. The dawn discovered to the enemy the busy preparation. Several British men-of-war had been stationed in our harbor. These, in merriment and recreation, undertook to dislodge the Americans, and demolish their fort. In the estimation of the enemy, the appearance of the Americans on these heights was a bravado. When they discovered their mistake, they considered themselves insulted ; at length they condescended to resolve the insult into a challenge. Howe, the British general, was ordered by Gage, the commander-in-chief, to drive the rebels from their post. There were at this time, not more than one thousand of our countrymen on these heights ; yet the prudence of the British general marshalled thrice the number to oppose us, the flower of his army. He knew the force of first impres-

sions on soldiers. If the ground should unexpectedly be disputed, if possibly a battle should be fought, it was all important in its consequences that on this occasion the troops of Britain should prove invincible; and that in every future contest Bunker's Hill should be to them the pæan of victory, to us the dispiriting omen of defeat. Awful alternative! The unsuspected bravery, the prescriptive valor of the British veteran is to be successfully disputed, or the name of American to be disgraced, the rights of humanity to be derided, and the liberties of three millions to be suspended in still darker uncertainty!

Our countrymen await the approach of the enemy, lately their fellow-subjects, perhaps their brethren. The regularity, the order, the silence, the discipline, the dress, the slow but undaunted motion, above all the reputation of the British, add dignity to valor, and cannot but affect the minds of those who, educated far from the noise of war, never perhaps in imagination formed a scene like the present. Unfortunate Americans! you have to combat not only Englishmen, but what is still more arduous, your own prejudices, — prejudices which yourselves have cultivated and fondly cherished; prejudices which similarity of language, laws, customs, manners, and every relation, commercial or political, have entwined round your hearts, and confirmed into sacred principles. No wonder if the Americans, tremblingly alive to such emotions, had been completely vanquished, not by the enemy, but like that early Roman ¹ who, persecuted, oppressed, and driven from his native Rome, waged war to avenge his wrongs; but in the moment of combat, affection resigned him a prisoner to his country. No wonder if these vital principles had involuntarily moved them to avert the murdering firearm from the hearts of the enemy. No wonder

¹ Coriolanus.

if humanity had unnerved the uplifted arm, and paralyzed every effort. No wonder if our countrymen had forgotten both themselves and posterity. But the principle for which they contended was too sublime to descend to mortal feelings.

The enemy with a firm step and collected countenance slowly, but resolutely, drew near the redoubt. The heights of Boston and of the neighboring towns were covered with spectators panting high for the result ; while the reflection that a friend, a brother, a son, or a father might fall in the action, solemnized the scene. The enemy are permitted to approach until the deadly, unerring weapon is certain of destruction. Now begins the conflict. The fire from the ships, batteries, and field-artillery of the enemy adds variety to death. At this moment, to heighten the horrors of the day, the whole town is seen to ascend in one vast volume of fire. Whom the enemy spares, the flames threaten ; whom the flames spare, the fire of the enemy threatens. Here is an aged parent like old Anchises escaping from the flames on the shoulders of his son. There is a distracted mother inquiring after her lost child. Here is a wife, already widowed, seeking her dead husband. There is another in worse extremity, overburdened with three children, only two of whom she can carry, — the third is left behind. The battle still rages. An incessant stream of American fire mows down the foremost ranks of the enemy, while the rear advance to be heaped on the bodies of the van. Thrice they retreat, and thrice do their officers rally them with the point of the sword. Howe redoubles his exertions, and not in vain ; his flying troops are once more led to the attack. Warren the volunteer private,¹ though

¹ Warren had been appointed on the preceding thirteenth of June a major-general, but not to any particular command. On the seventeenth his zeal led him to the scene of action, where he fell a private soldier. This anecdote, so honorable to his memory, is not generally known.

a major-general, not less resolute, to equalize the combat generously overleaps the redoubt and wages war on equal terms. The American fire begins to suffer a relaxation; want of ammunition arrests the havoc of death. The enemy are emboldened, and again begin the attack, this time on three sides at once. Warren falls; the enemy are already within the redoubt. A retreat is sounded; but the Americans either understand it not, or refuse to hear. They still sustain the unequal combat; their discharged muskets serve them still as weapons. Emulous of Hercules, they convert their fire-arms into clubs, and still sustain the combat; nor do they think of retiring until the fort is in possession of the enemy.

The melancholy pleasure of counting the slain is reserved to the British. They report the number to be one thousand one hundred and ninety-three. Of these, one thousand and fifty-four are their brethren. They were brave men, and worthy of a better fate than to fall in such a cause.

Thus ended this famous battle, alike honorable to both parties in point of valor,—not so in its consequences. Those days are past; let us for the reputation of Britain deny her adoption of a new system of warfare which superseded the rights of humanity. Those days are past; let time mellow our resentments into civility and respect, but never into affection. In the agitations of life, let us give them our hands, but never trust them with our hearts. The shades of these martyrs forbid the prostitution.

It has been hinted by some of our invidious enemies, who neither fought nor saw the battle, that a blind and mad valor possessed the Americans on this occasion. If this insult had proceeded from those who survived the day, it might merit an answer. Rather let us say that it was an intrepidity of soul which caused them to see danger as though they were not exposed to it, and which led them to brave it

as though they saw it not.¹ It is the prerogative of true valor to discover itself full grown; it requires no tardy progression. Discipline may direct it, practice may moderate its vehemence, but it disdains precept or example. The indefatigable Frederic could never fashion a coward into a brave man. True courage is equal to all occasions; it is ever accompanied with a presence of mind which coolly appreciates every occurrence, and which no novelty of surprise can disconcert. Hence our undisciplined and unpractised countrymen who fell on this hill, became heroes in one day. They immortalized this scene; they severely resented the ungenerous aspersions, annihilated the false suspicions of their enemies, and crowned their country with that laurel which England had asserted would not flourish in America.

The contemplation of those monuments of blood which ambition has reared to vain glory, the celebration of those victories which have made a desert of the finest countries without benefiting the conqueror, may captivate the young warrior whose sanguinary ardor already promises a revelry on human misery. But yonder monument was not raised to commemorate the exploits of ambitious violence, nor of the adventurous warrior. It was not raised as a boasted trophy of valor, nor as an insult to the shades of the enemy; it was not raised to flatter our own vanity. It was raised for a far nobler purpose,—to honor and, if possible, to fix forever that principle which actuated those who lie here buried. No; on our part it is a monument of principle against oppression, aggravated by humiliating sarcasms on the courage of our fathers. On our part we did not shed the blood of England to serve the politics of a

¹ Duguay Trouin avoit reçu en partage cette intrépidité d'ame qui fait voir le danger, comme si on n'y étoit pas exposé; et qui le fait braver, comme si on ne le voyoit pas. — M. THOMAS.

corrupt court; it did not flow in support of a house of York, or of a house of Lancaster; it did not flow to gratify the pride of conquest. We did not like modern gladiators sacrifice the blood of our brethren to amuse the contending factions of ministers of State. On our part we can lay our hands on our bosoms and call Heaven to witness that the blood which stained these fields was justifiably spilt. On our part we can tread this spot with a virtuous emotion; and while we contemplate the battle, the *principle* for which we contended stands ready even to sanctify the bloody consequences. Yes; angels would not have sullied their native purity in pursuing to extremity the principle for which we fought. Though they had shed torrents of blood, and crimsoned over their spotless robes, Heaven had discovered no blemish. Nay, more; had these heights drunk the last drop of British blood, had the enemy's bones whitened all the country round, we might have wept over them; we might have cursed the unhappy cause which roused the angel of destruction; we might have forbidden our own feelings to have triumphed over the lamented scene,—yet we would not have abjured the principle that should have triumphed over the ruins of mortality.

Can there be one in this assembly who demands the nature of this principle? Oh, shame! If he do not feel it, why is he here? If he do not feel it on this occasion paramount over every other sentiment, the indignant shades of these heroes forbid us to describe it. In their name we pronounce him alien to the spirit of '75, and unworthy to appear among freemen.

Let us never, my fellow-citizens, define this principle; the attempt will only weaken it. Suffice it for us that we feel it; suffice it for us, that it appear in action at the call of emergency. The nobleness of this principle has caused

false patriots in every age to disgrace it ; hence many have denied its existence, and have defined it away to nothing. This principle is indeed too noble, too superior to the accustomed feelings of nature, too sublime, to be common. Not infrequently, whole nations are dead to its influence ; but the reality of its existence is unquestionable. It has appeared in the world in different eras ; it appeared in Greece, — at Marathon, at Thermopylæ, and at the Straits of Salamis. I do not know if it appeared among the Romans ; for this principle is not ambitious of conquest, nor has it any concern with politics, nor is it allied to motives of interest ; it detests the bloody laurels of systematic war, modified into a barbarous commerce of loss and gain. Even national glory is not its object, though national glory is ever its consequence. It is indispensably accompanied with an enthusiasm of valor. Yet valor is only a necessary incident ; neither your Alexanders, nor Cæsars, nor the Swede, ever attained to this principle. It appeared, seventeen hundred years ago, in Great Britain. In more modern days it appeared in the United Provinces, and rarified the congealed blood of their inhabitants. It once passed over Switzerland, and in its transient passage left a lasting monument of its existence. In a still later period it appeared in all its glory, though unsuccessfully, in Poland, and glowed in the breast of Kosciusko. Shall we dare speak it or refrain ? We believe this principle appeared lately in Ireland. Need we offer another instance ? We might, but it is unnecessary.

O my countrymen ! excuse the fervor of enthusiasm ; the occasion produces, and the subject warrants, the warmest apostrophe to the noblest of principles. Then let me urge home this principle to the centre of your hearts. — the heart is its native home ; there it must inhabit. That laurel which adorns the brow of the hero, if not rooted in his own

head, will soon wither. So this principle, to ennoble man, to redeem him from the dust, to fix his character, must be rooted in his heart; otherwise it is but a counterfeit, a splendid meteor, aspiring indeed to a place among the stars, but its earthly grossness shows itself long before it reaches the pure empyrean. Without this principle you must be slaves; with it, you must be freemen. This is really that magic wand which turns wretchedness into felicity, the deserts of America into a paradise, and man into a human god. Neither records nor monuments nor engravings on brass and marble can preserve it. If you do not keep it more sacredly, it will in time steal from your Constitution, and then your government is already changed, though your Constitution may remain, like the freedom of Rome, engraven on twelve tables, an honorable monument indeed to times past.

O ye shades of martyred heroes! we will not profane this day, sacred to you, with a suspicion that you offered up yourselves for one, two, or three, generations. The rich inheritance which you purchased, your early fates forbade to enjoy. This inheritance came unimpaired into our possession; and we trust, ever honored shades! that the principle which purchased our freedom descended with it! Before this principle wings its flight to more happy climes, we will still testify so much regard to your memories, as to destroy every vestige of this monument; if we cannot remove these heights, we will give them a new name, and erase from our annals every remembrance of this spot. We will forget that we once were freemen; we will deny that any battle was contested here; we will deny that any such man as Warren, ever died for his country. Yes, injured shades! oblivion of your memories, denial of your deeds, destruction of your monument, and contempt of freedom shall be some little apology for us, before we deny the principle for

which you suffered. When those times come,—mortifying thought! — perhaps some one not wholly degenerate, not perfectly renegade to the glory of his ancestors, whose bosom still glows with a flame in some degree true to the native fire of his fathers, shall tread this scene; and moved by the genius of the place, he will exclaim, “On this spot, though the annals of the country deny it, a famous battle was once fought in support of freedom. It is said the pride of Britain was first humbled on these heights; and that a few brave men under the influence of a certain principle now forgotten or despised, dared thrice the number of the enemy, and by their victorious deaths restored the falling fortunes of their country. Somewhere on this spot, though now no memorial remains, it is reported a monument was erected to the memory of a hero called Warren, and his compatriots. Such days were, though the date is now forgotten. Yes, the feeling which the scene inspires tells me such days were. Truly, our ancestors once reared a most stupendous pyramid of glory on this spot, and cemented it with their blood; their posterity, an unworthy race, have made a mockery of their principles, have denied their deeds, have destroyed their monument, have forgotten their memories, and denied that they once were free.”

O God! before this period arrives, grant,—it is a last effusion of earnest supplication,—grant that some friendly convulsion of Nature may rend these heights from their lowest foundation, and that the overflowings of the ocean may embowel in the darkest recess of the sea all remembrance of our disgrace.

Americans! this cruel jealousy of your posterity is unworthy of you; it will dishonor your own reputation. On the contrary, we are proud to believe that as you in the day of your emergency “rose from defeat, and strengthened

while you bled,"¹ so your posterity, if occasion should demand, would on these very heights revive the days of '75, emulate your deeds, bleed as you bled, rear a second monument by the side of the present to the same principle, and, in one word, renovate your own selves. No, Americans! there is only one view in which we are willing to contemplate this monument as having been reared in vain; in one respect it was prematurely raised,—the spirit which it is designed to honor is not yet fled.

We have now secured the principle, we have seen the action, and honorably repelled the insults of our enemies. It now remains to honor the memories of those who fought, who bled, who died, to repel the ungenerous insults of our enemies, and whose deaths have hallowed the scene.

The celebration of those who have fallen in support of the liberties of their country is ever esteemed among free-men a solemn duty, nearly allied to piety. In the rudest ages this custom had its origin. A simple pile of stones served both to memorialize their deeds, and to advertise the traveller not to profane the spot, for it was holy ground. The tribute which a nation pays to such patriots is generally coeval with their liberties. When they cease to be respected, it is already too late to inquire the cause; the reign of despotism is already begun. It is dangerous to appeal to times past; it is the height of sedition, and

¹ This line, so appropriate to the American character of those days, is from Mr. Story, author of the charming poem on "Solitude," so well worthy of the days of Akenside and Armstrong.

[The late Mr. Justice Story, a classmate of the author, in one of the notes to his poem, entitled "The Power of Solitude," published in 1804, in quoting from this Oration, writes: "It deserves remembrance from its impartiality, its spirit, and its eloquence. It would not have disgraced the reputation of those Grecian orators, of whom Cicero says, '*Grandes erant verbis, crebri sententiis, compressione rerum breves.*'"—ED.]

even worthy of death, to assert that Cassius was the last of the Romans.¹

Americans, how ought you to feel? Under your benign government no honors are more highly esteemed nor more liberally bestowed than those which are offered to the memory of patriots who died for their country. How ought you to feel when the principle for which your countrymen suffered, and to which you owe your past and present greatness, allies itself to the religion of your country, and is asserted in the sacred temple of the Most High? How ought you to feel when the fall of those who dignified these heights is not with their sons so great a cause of regret as envy of their fate? Happy shades! you convert our envy into the noblest passion; for those who envy you most do both you and themselves most honor.

Happy shades! on the morning of that day which this anniversary commemorates began your labors; before evening they were finished. One day witnessed your glory; the same day it was perfected. Your laurels were green on your brows; they had not time to wither, and now they never can. Happy shades! you did not survive your glory; your passport to fame was through the splendor of your renown. The moment in which you were all you could be, you ascended to heaven. Happy shades! your monument is more durable than marble, more honorable than any trophy which human art has yet raised; yours is erected in the hearts of your countrymen. Happy shades! though you fell in the morning of the Revolution; though you were forbidden to swell the triumphs of your fellow-citizens; though no heavenly vision of your country's approaching liberty softened the agonies of death and en-

¹ Cremutius Cordus, an impartial historian, had bestowed encomiums on Brutus, and called Cassius the last of the Romans. This was the height of sedition, and the cause of his death.

raptured your departing spirits, yet you did not depart without your glory; you did not depart without your triumph. The indignant genius of your country had declared that her sons had lived as long as life was honorable; you were demanded a sacrifice; your obedience consummated your glory; your fall triumphed over death. Happy shades! though you fell among the first, you shall be honored among the greatest of our worthies. All that the living can bestow on the dead shall be offered to your remains. *Virgines, puerique, manibus date lilia plenis, purpureos spargite flores, animasque his saltem accumulate donis.* The Muses too shall bring you their richest offerings. The majesty of History shall dignify you; Poetry in your praises shall lay claim to new graces; and Eloquence shall aspire to new pathos in painting to your sons what their fathers were. Happy shades! some bard shall yet arise to do you justice; some orator shall yet appear worthy the subject, capable of feeling, capable of asserting, and capable of infusing into every breast that principle which you died to support. Happy shades! what more can we say in your praise? All your own sufferings and all the succeeding complicated miseries of your brethren did not half satisfy the purchase which we enjoy.¹ What more can we say in your praise? Should Heaven in wrath sink us this day into slaves, we have already been free, and you stand acquitted.

Citizen soldiers! before we leave these heights, permit me to address one word to yourselves. While you testify your own principles in commemorating the days of Amer-

¹ "A day, an hour, of virtuous freedom
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage."

Thus Roman Cato thought, and thus Addison spoke. If the sentiment be just, our liberties were cheaply purchased with a seven-year war.

ican glory, your fellow-citizens are not regardless of another circumstance, equally interesting to their feelings. How much is the pleasure of this day enhanced in contemplating the most dignified object which a free people can witness, — the patriot soldier, equally ready to take up or lay down his arms in obedience to the laws ! Behold, soldiers, what confidence your fellow-citizens repose in you ! May you never — you never will — betray that confidence. But if these States ever do lose their liberties, it will be when the soldier ceases to be the citizen. Cherish, then, the principles of your fathers, and in peace you shall be regarded not as soldiers, but citizens ; in war you shall be respected as the safeguard of the Republic. In peace you shall repose under the wing of our Constitution ; in war our Constitution shall repose under your protection. May you ever be prepared to assume the soldier ; but never, oh, never may you cease to be the citizen.

THE END.



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